

# PICTURE-PLAY

Back Cover

MAGAZINE

APRIL 1923

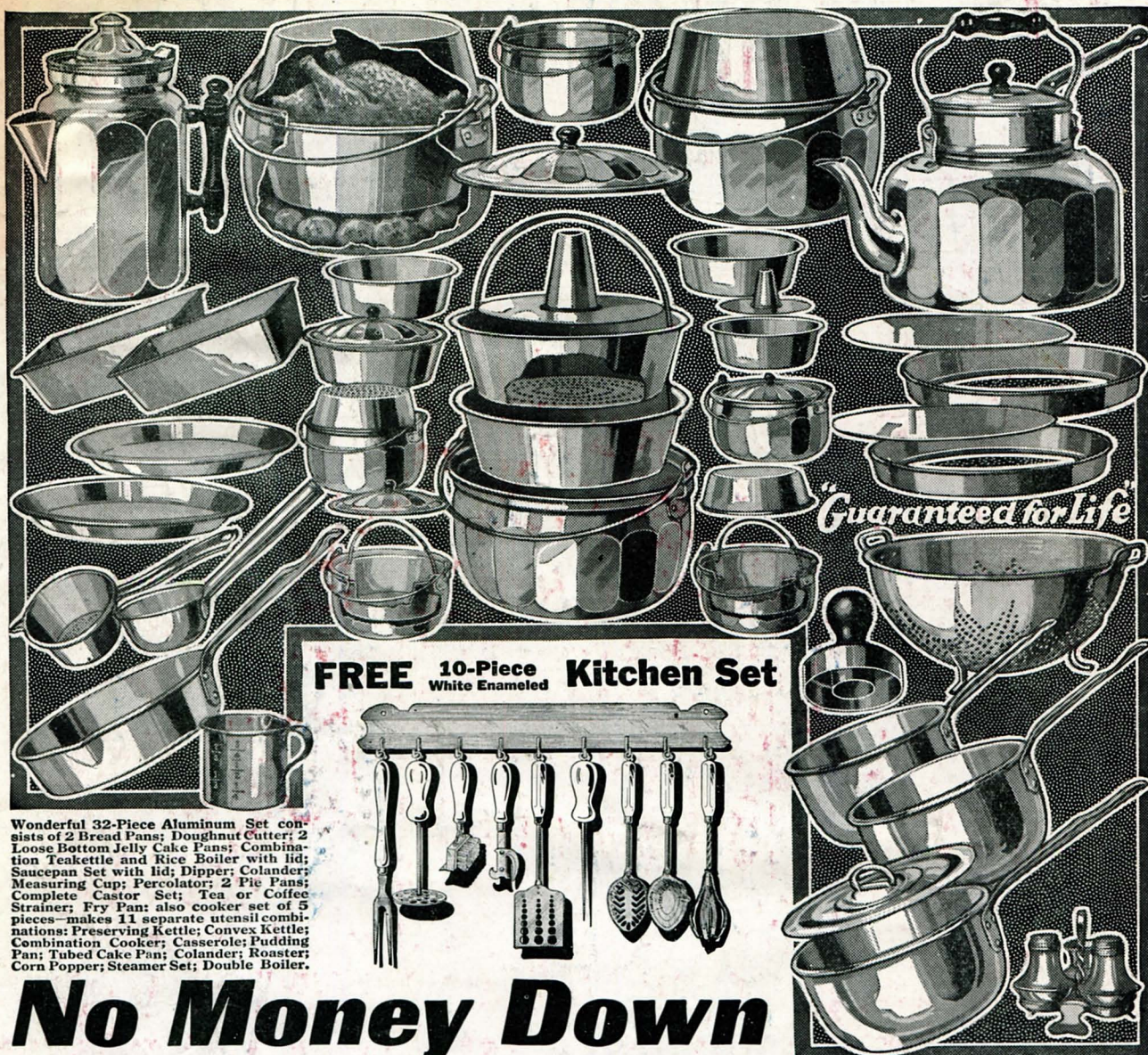
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*The  
Best  
Magazine  
of the  
Screen*

LOIS WILSON

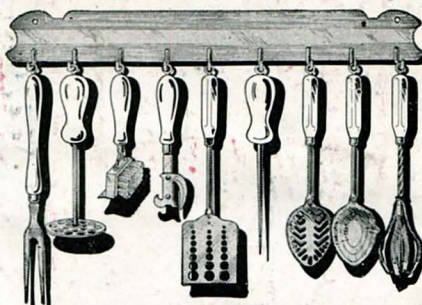




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Egg and Cream  
Beater  
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Fork  
Egg and Cake Turner  
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## You Can Be a Big Money Maker

I have trained over 20,000 men in electricity—thousands of successful men all over the world attribute their success to my training. I can make you successful too. In fact I will guarantee your success. If you will follow my home study course you can become an expert, drawing a fat salary, in the same time it takes you to get a little raise in the work you are doing now.

Jumps  
From **\$125**

A Month to  
**\$750** and  
Over

**READ**  
the Story of  
**W. E. Pence**



**W. E. Pence**  
in his working togs

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I have more work than I can do. The people around Chehalis come to me to fix their starters, generators and ignition troubles because they know that I know how to do it right.

My success, I owe to you, Mr. Cooke. The thorough practical training which you gave me through your Easily-learned Home Study Course in Electricity has made me an independent, highly respected business man in this community.

Sincerely yours, W. E. Pence.

Chehalis, Wash.,  
Oct. 9, 1921

## Age or Lack of Education No Handicap

No matter how old or how young you are, or what education you have, there is a real future for you in electricity. If you can read and write I can put you on the road to success. I can help you to a position that will make people admire you and look up to you.

## Cash In on Your Spare Time

Use your spare time to get a better job. Most of us have enough spare time every day to sell a little at about \$10.00 an hour. Sell some to yourself at this price. Watch how quick you will earn the money back if you put the time into study.

## Electrical Working Outfit Free

Every man who enrolls for my electrical course gets a big outfit of tools, material and instruments free. This includes an electric motor and other things not usually found in a beginners outfit. These are the same tools and the same material you will use later in your work. Everything practical and good right from the start.

**L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer**  
**CHICAGO ENGINEERING**  
**WORKS, Dept. 444**

2150 Lawrence Ave., Chicago

## I Guarantee Your Complete Satisfaction

I am so sure I can make a big pay electrical expert out of you that I guarantee your success. I agree under bond to return every cent you pay me for tuition when you have finished the course, if you are not satisfied that it is the best investment you have ever made. If you don't make good, this million dollar institution will.

## Act Right Now

Let me send you my big free book giving details of the opportunities electricity offers you and a sample lesson also free. Mail the coupon and get this at once.

Learn how other men "got themselves ready to hold good paying jobs" and how I can help you do the same. This is your big chance—take it.

**L. L. Cooke**

**Chief Engineer, Chicago**  
**Engineering Works,**  
**Dept. 444, 2150 Lawrence Ave.,**  
**Chicago, Ill.**

Dear Sir: Send at once Sample Lessons, your Big Book, and full particulars of your Free Outfit and Home Study Course—all fully prepaid without obligation on my part.

Name.....

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*Earn*  
**\$75 to \$200**  
*a week*



# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

## CONTENTS FOR

APRIL, 1923

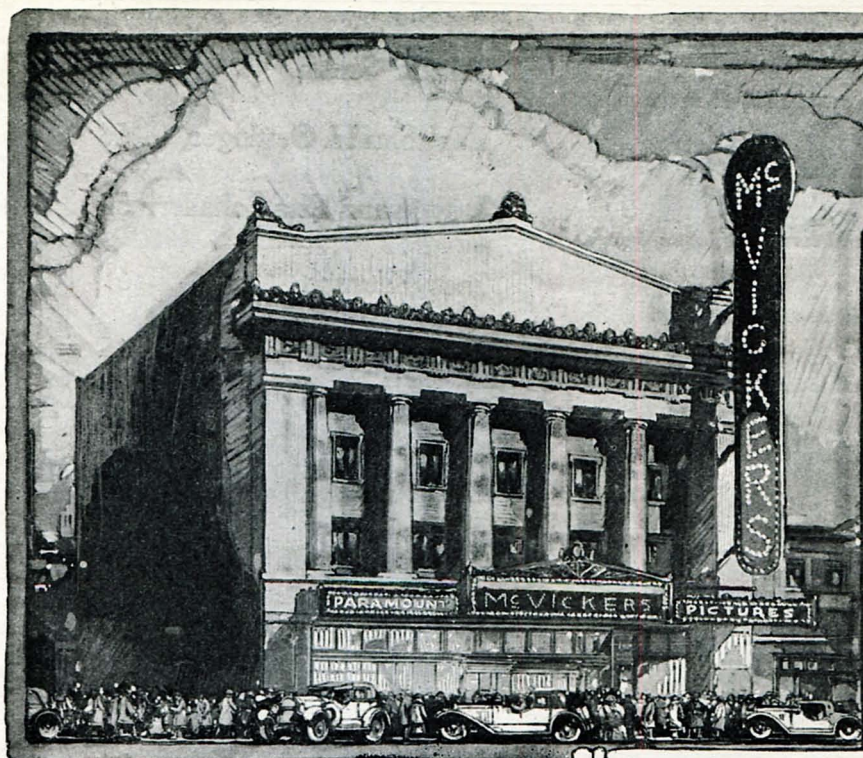
What the Fans Think . . . . .	8
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.	
Along Came Ruth . . . . . Ruth Mary Harris .	18
An account of a fan's visit to a studio.	
Two Letters from Location . . . . .	22
Lois Wilson and Jackie Coogan tell about some of their recent experiences.	
The Observer . . . . .	25
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning motion pictures.	
Cursed with a Comic Face . . . . . Barbara Little .	27
That's how Henry Hull thinks of himself.	
Wallace Reid as We Knew Him . . . . .	28
Some recollections of the late idol by PICTURE-PLAY writers.	
A Bridal Bouquet . . . . . Caroline Bell .	30
Walter Hiers is ecstatic over matrimony and a new starring contract.	
Being Bohemian in Hollywood . . . . . Gordon Gassaway .	31
A jaunt through the art colony that is developing in the movie center.	
He Makes New Homes Out of Old Sets . Charles Carter .	34
The story of the unique side-line occupation of actor Jack Donovan.	
Favorite Picture Players . . . . .	35
Portraits in rotogravure of well-known screen players.	
She Danced at the Princess' Ball . . . Charles Gatchell .	43
Some details about Mae Marsh's experiences abroad, and her future picture plans.	
Why is Screen Acting "So Different" . Edwin Schallert .	44
Some ideas on the subject by prominent players.	
Over the Teacups . . . . . The Bystander .	46
Fanny the Fan's gossip and opinions about players and productions.	
Memories on My Own Screen . . . Norbert Lusk .	49
The concluding installment of a delightful series of reminiscences.	

Continued on the Second Page Following

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Paramount leads with a dependable nationwide continuous supply of better pictures.

A great ideal, great resources to carry it out, and a great national endorsement of the wonderful shows that have resulted—there is Paramount's history, there is Paramount's future.

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it's the best show in town."*



FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION  
ADOLPH ZUKOR, President  
NEW YORK CITY



# 8

## of Paramount's Super 39

**POLA NEGRI** in  
A George Fitzmaurice Production  
**"BELLA DONNA"**  
Supported by Conway Tearle,  
Conrad Nagel and Lois Wilson  
By Robert Hichens  
Scenario by Ouida Bergere  
Presented by Hamilton Theatrical Corporation

A William deMille Production  
**"GRUMPY"**

With Theodore Roberts, May McAvoy and  
Conrad Nagel  
By Horace Hodges and T. Wigney Percyval  
Screen play by Clara Beranger

**"THE GO-GETTER"**

By Peter B. Kyne  
With Seena Owen, T. Roy Barnes  
Directed by E. H. Griffith  
Scenario by John Lynch

A Cosmopolitan Production

**GLORIA SWANSON** in  
**"Prodigal Daughters"**

Adapted by Monte M. Katterjohn  
From the story by Joseph Hocking  
A Sam Wood Production

**DOROTHY DALTON** in  
**"The Law of the Lawless"**

With Theodore Kosloff and Charles de Roche  
From a Pictorial Review Story by  
Konrad Bercovici  
Directed by Victor Fleming  
Scenario by E. Lloyd Sheldon

**THOMAS MEIGHAN** in  
**"The Ne'er-Do-Well"**

By Rex Beach  
Directed by Alfred Green  
Scenario by Tom Geraghty

**MARY MILES MINTER** in  
**"The Trail of the Lonesome  
Pine"**

With Antonio Moreno  
From the Novel by John Fox, Jr., and the  
play by Eugene Walter  
Directed by Charles Maigne

A George Melford Production  
**"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR  
WIFE"**

With Leatrice Joy, Nita Naldi, Lewis Stone,  
and Pauline Garon  
By Waldemar Young  
Suggested by Hector Turnbull's story

# Paramount Pictures



The Screen in Review . . . . .	Alison Smith . . . . .	52
A survey of the important film productions of the month.		
The Complete Artiste . . . . .	Malcolm H. Oettinger . . . . .	56
A study of Nazimova, her hopes and ideals.		
Hollywood High Lights . . . . .	Edwin and Elsa Schallert . . . . .	58
Latest news and comment from the motion-picture center.		
The Indiscretions of a Star . . . . .	Inez Klumph . . . . .	61
A famous idol's own tale of his hectic adventures.		
All That His Name Implies . . . . .	E. Lanning Masters . . . . .	65
Richard Dix has the qualities of all those illustrious heroes whose namesake he is.		
Folks Around Our Studio . . . . .		66
Some intimate and rather satirical impressions of picture types.		
How the Director Knows . . . . .	Doris Irving . . . . .	68
The first of a series of sketches of the little-known men behind the pictures.		
Knocked, But Not Broken . . . . .	Helen Klumph . . . . .	69
What Katherine MacDonald thinks of her pictures, the public, and the critics.		
America's Beauty Market . . . . .	Inez McCleary . . . . .	70
The story of the "Follies," from whence come a large number of screen beauties.		
The "Prom" Girl . . . . .	Malcolm H. Oettinger . . . . .	83
Jacqueline Logan is all that that term means.		
The Picture Oracle . . . . .		94
Answers to questions of our readers.		

## HOW ARE THE "FOLLIES" GIRLS CHOSEN?



The "Follies" as Inez McCleary tells you in her article in this issue of PICTURE-PLAY, has become the "beauty market of America."

More screen stars have emerged from their ranks than from any other training school. The list of "Follies" girls who have married millionaires and retired to a social life of ease and luxury is surprisingly long.

### There Are Certain Definite Tests

that Florenz Ziegfeld, producer of the "Follies," has evolved through years of study, tests which he applies to the applicants for positions in his famous "beauty market," and by which he determines the fitness of each girl chosen. They include standards of measurement, coloring, type and so on.

These tests will be printed next month in an article that Inez McCleary has written for us, in which the Ziegfeld standards for beauty are reduced to a set of rules so simple that any one can apply them.

### The Death of Wallace Reid

has profoundly touched the hearts of all lovers of the screen. Evidences of this have been pouring into our office in the form of letters from the fans ever since the news of Wallie's death was made known. Out of all the letters we have received so far we have chosen one, from a writer who preferred to remain anonymous, as best representing what all the others were endeavoring to express. You will find it on page eight, the first letter of "What the Fans Think."

Further over in this issue we are printing an article reviewing the impressions which different writers got of Wallace Reid over a period of several years. Meanwhile, we have been collecting a great number of stories and anecdotes about this most lovable personality—stories never before told—which, taken together, will give you a better impression than anything else that has been printed about him, of the real man as his friends knew him. These will appear in our next issue.



"We are advertised by our loving friends"



# A Mellin's Food Boy



Robert Frederick Hale,  
West Somerville, Mass.

All Mellin's Food  
babies are conspicuous  
by their fine, robust  
appearance and happy  
dispositions.

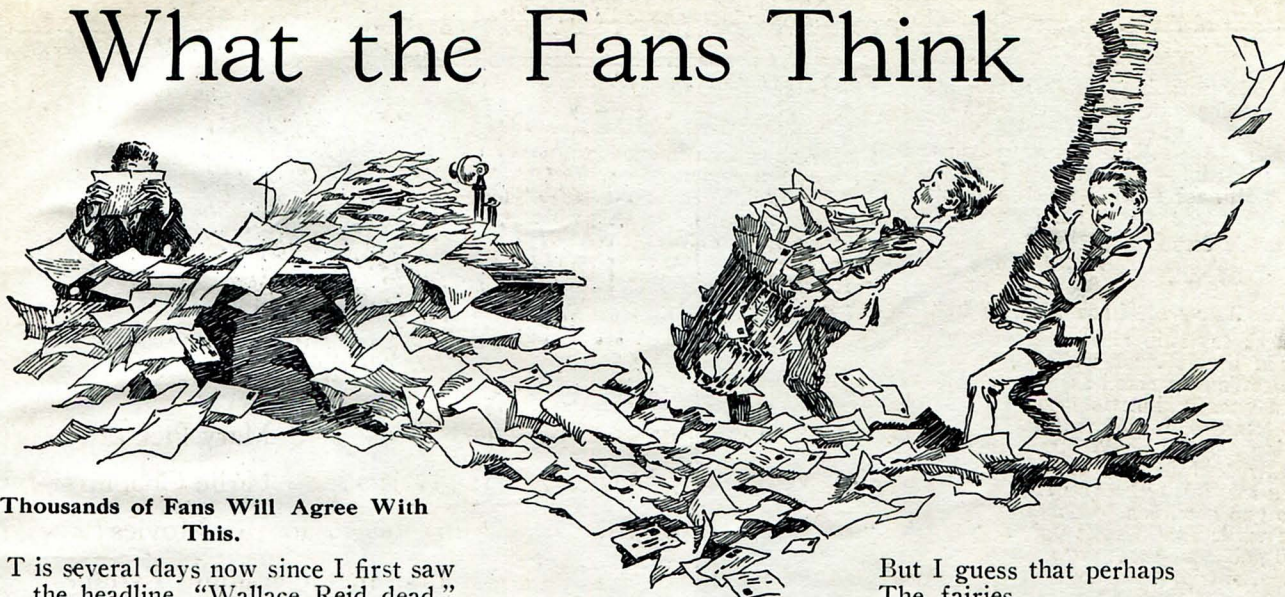
*Write today and ask us to send you a Free  
Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy  
of our book, "The Care and  
Feeding of Infants."*

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.





# What the Fans Think



## Thousands of Fans Will Agree With This.

**I**T is several days now since I first saw the headline, "Wallace Reid dead," but I cannot forget the shock the news brought me. I didn't know him personally; I hadn't ever seen him in person. I hadn't even written him a fan letter, though I often wanted to. You see I was just one of the thousands of people who looked on him as one of their dearest friends. His gayety never failed to make me forget my troubles—and just seeing his dear, boyish, wholesome ways on the screen gave me an ideal of young American manhood that all the talk of present-day wickedness among the younger generation couldn't refute. And he was so friendly! It seemed sometimes almost as though he looked right out from the screen and cast me a little smile of welcome.

Wallace Reid dead! Why, it isn't possible. He is going to go right on making friends and cheering us up, and, though we are deprived of seeing any new pictures of him, we'll treasure the old ones the more. And Wally's spirit will be hovering over us, I know, and every chuckle and bit of applause will be welcome to him.

You put up a good fight, Wally, and we know what battles are—most of us have had ours—some small, some not, but we can stretch our rusty brains a bit and get an inkling of the struggle you put up.

Look back from wherever you are Wally and see a million hands outstretched, good cheer in every palm. There may be a few with their backs turned to you—there always are a few who do not understand. But it is their loss.

We fans are a fickle lot, but our allegiance to you has never wavered. We're treasuring all our memories of your boyish grin and that careless-indifferent-altogether-adorable manner, that suggestion of a big kid that doesn't take things too seriously to be interesting. We're proud of your talent that was capable of "Across the Continent" in its lesser moments and "Peter Ibbetson" in its bigger ones.

And, Wally, we're never going to forget you.

JUST ONE OF MANY.

### To Jackie Coogan.

Jackie, I think I've surprised  
Your secret.  
You're really not a little boy  
At all;  
You're Peter Pan!  
I don't know how  
You escaped from the Gardens,  
And got 'way out to California,

But I guess that perhaps  
The fairies  
Began to get jealous

Because you were so very much nicer  
Than they;  
So they let you grow  
Another pair of wings,  
And this time  
You found a window  
Without any iron bars,  
And the mother inside of this one  
Didn't have any other little boy  
In her arms.  
She looked lonesome,  
So you just flew right in,  
And 'dopted her.  
Of course she didn't know  
That you were really  
Peter Pan,  
So she called you Jackie instead.  
But I don't think you minded  
Much; and you're never  
Going back to the fairies again,  
Are you,  
Peter Pan?

ELIZABETH ABELL.

No. 106 Second Street South Orange, N. J.

### More Power to Rodolph!

Have just finished reading your splendid magazine. As Emil Coué says, "You are getting better and better in every way, every month."

You were so frankly loyal to Valentino. Rudy's battle is of more importance than many persons think. Rudy is fighting for a code of ethics in the moving-picture business. Some would have us believe it is a mass of petty complaints. But if you have seen his last picture, "The Young Rajah," you will know what he is fighting for, and I believe he will win. The public is for him. It has stood by him in other adversities, and it will continue to be loyal.

I am glad Valentino is battling for better plays, better support, direction, and more money. He may not know business yet, but he is learning, and he does know the movies. He knows exactly what makes for better pictures and what will satisfy an ever-progressive public or disgust them. More power to him and to his loyal wife, Natacha Rambova.

JOHN L. CUNNINGHAM.

San Francisco, Calif.

Continued on page 10





Do you know what Adolph Zukor really paid Mary Pickford?  
Do you know why Mack Sennett nearly fired Charlie Chaplin?  
Do you know how Jesse Lasky first began in the Movies?  
Do you know how Lou Tellegen first met Geraldine Farrar?

If you want the real inside history of the movies, dash right off now and begin the most fascinating memoirs you have ever read—

## "BEHIND THE SCREEN"

By Samuel Goldwyn

in

# PICTORIAL REVIEW

for March

Everything you ever wanted to know by one who is in a unique position to tell you. The founder of the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation has known intimately all the great celebrities of the screen and now for the first time is going to publish the secret history of the film world in Pictorial Review.

He tells intimate stories of the great personalities of the screen that no one else could tell. And they're all true. He keeps nothing back. Mr. Goldwyn gives names, dates and places. He tells you all about Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Geraldine Farrar, Lou Tellegen, Mary Garden, Adolph Zukor, David Griffith and Jesse Lasky, and dozens of others.

Don't dream of missing the first instalment of "Behind the Screen" in

## Pictorial Review

for March

15c a Copy

2,425,000 copies of this March edition have been printed.



Continued from page 8

**Recognition at Last.**

Some weeks ago, in an inspired moment, I took my pen in hand and wrote a passionate blurb in praise of Gloria Swanson.

Much to my surprise, it was printed in the December number of your valuable magazine.

"Ha!" I said to myself, "here is where the beautiful Gloria will at least reward me with an autographed portrait of herself—showing her beautiful arms, which I especially mentioned. Here," I repeated, "is where Mr. Zukor will write to press upon me an invitation, should I chance to be in Hollywood, to visit his famous studios. After my ringing words in defense of one of his favorite stars he surely can do no less."

At this writing, six dreary weeks have passed by since my letter appeared. Did either of these two beings react as I supposed they would? Well, not so you could write home about it. I have one bit of consolation, however. To-day I received a letter from the coat-room boy at the Hinshow House at Horseheads, Maine, who writes to tell me how much he appreciated my efforts to uplift the screen drama. SERGEANT JOHN F. ROGERS.

Air Service, U. S. Army, Langley Field, Va.

**We'll Try to Oblige.**

Please publish lots of pictures of Miss Norma Talmadge in *PICTURE-PLAY*, as I am making a scrapbook of her magazine pictures. I already have one hundred and thirty-four of these pasted in my book. I suppose from my letter so far you will think I never look at any other star. This is wrong, but I think none can compare with Miss Talmadge. Sincerely,

EVELYN MURRAY.

3024 Parkwood Avenue, Toledo, O.

**A Tribute to Mary Pickford.**

Years ago, when Bernhardt made her first tour of America, I was given the privilege of seeing her in "Camille." It was during the great theatrical fight, and she, as always, was both radical and democratic. So in a great city with many theaters she played in a great, bare, barnlike auditorium, unheated, and with no scenery. For nearly two hours she held her audience so absolutely quiet that had a sudden noise been made we would have screamed, so great was the tension. We not only shed tears, but sobbed hard, dry sobs and left the place in silence, our emotion too deep to express in words. What was the illusive quality that so held us? It was not beauty—there were no handsome accessories. Only a dying woman, and a voice that once heard shall never be forgotten. The voice came from the soul of a genius that expressed itself through the body of a woman no longer young.

For years I have watched a genius like this glow and express itself through a child, growing in quality as she approaches womanhood. Where is another who could become and express *Stella Maris*, *A Poor Little Rich Girl*, *Suds*, *Tess*, and *Dearest*, to name but a few of the many contrasts she has lived for us, never disappointing her audience. Greatly has she illumined her characterizations with the light of genius.

France has had many actresses of note, but France boasts that Bernhardt towers above all others. Italy boasts of Duse and Caruso. Why should America refuse to place the laurel crown of genius upon the brow of one who, in a new art, with no blazed path before her, has carried its

torch high? The one truly great, unspoiled exponent of motion pictures—Mary Pickford. NELLIE C. WILSON.  
5808 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

**A Great Indoor Sport.**

In the December issue of your valued magazine I came across one or two articles in "What the Fans Think" department regarding the photographs and clippings from film magazines of cinema stars. I very seldom comment on an article of this sort, but these interested me not a little.

Clipping pictures of stars from magazines is a great indoor sport and a hobby which a fan cannot well afford to miss. Look at the intrinsic value a collection of these clippings has many years after when you can say to your children: "This is a picture of Bebe Daniels when she appeared in 'Singed Wings' ten years ago."

Although I have not as large a collection of these as the ones mentioned, I'll bet I have as many of any one star as any one, and that one star is Bebe Daniels. PERCY MOORE.

Press Correspondent, Mancos, Colo.

**It Surely is No Wonder.**

While attending a showing of "The Young Rajah" recently I was attracted by a three-year-old child who sat next to me. During the scene where *Amos Judd* backs against the window casing and holds his head in horror of the accident, the baby exclaimed, "Oh, poor man's going to cry!"

That aroused my interest, so I talked to him. He was very much interested in pictures, I found, but what impressed me most was that when the young man dismounts at the gate the baby grabbed my arm and said: "Lady, it's Balentino, ain't it?"

He actually seemed tickled to death every time Rodolph's face showed upon the screen. Is it any wonder people like Valentino when even the babies are drawn to him in pictures? The youngster was a boy, too, so they can't blame the girls for that. Sincerely, MRS. A. E. J.  
Oakland, Calif.

**A Young Veteran Offers His Opinions.**

May a shy, unassuming University of Illinois senior who has been going to the movies for many years, venture a few opinions?

First of all, Gloria Swanson. She isn't beautiful, because no one with her cold slant eyes, unattractive nose, and sneering lips could be beautiful. She has been called a wonderful clothes model, but the way she dresses her society characters is ludicrous. No self-respecting, well-bred society woman would consider wearing the outlandish, extreme, just-plain-loud garments that Miss Swanson poses in on the screen. She seems to strive for bizarre effects, and she certainly succeeds in achieving them. I've seen Gloria often because I like Elliott Dexter, Thomas Meighan, and Theodore Roberts, and because my kid sister thinks Gloria the *ne plus ultra*, and insists that I take her to see Miss Swanson whenever I am home on a vacation. So that's that.

Following are some of my thumb-nail impressions of stars and directors:

Rodolph Valentino—A sincere, capable actor who is handicapped by excessive good looks and a distinctly foreign air.

Agnes Ayres—A beauty who hasn't the slightest idea of what it is to act.

Marion Davies—See directly above and divide by two.

Constance Talmadge—One of my old-time favorites who disappointed me terribly by her "cuteisms" in "East Is West."

Betty Compson—A flash in the pan.  
Marshall Neilan—First in providing genuine entertainment.

D. W. Griffith—A pioneer who sometimes achieves and sometimes doesn't.

Mary Miles Minter—Supremely colorless and supremely dull.

Richard Barthelmess—Runs neck and neck with Jackie Coogan for title of "the best actor on the screen to-day."

YOUNG VETERAN.

Chicago, Ill.

**This Fan Admires Eric von Stroheim.**

My case is a trifle different from the rest of my fellow fans. Until recently, constant travel at home and abroad prevented me from attending many motion pictures, and therefore I was not "educated" to them. When I began going to them, I found that "the best was like the worst." Apparently there was no distinguishing mark of ability in any of the many flickering stars of the silver sheet! Foreign stars were more appealing to me, but that was probably prejudice. I endured picture after picture in a brave attempt to find one that was absolutely perfect. Rodolph Valentino came very near my idea, but it took Eric von Stroheim to give me a mental earthquake.

He is the most superb human being and actor in the country to-day, in my humble opinion. Never among all the people I've ever met have I found an equal of this wonder man. His magnetism is so powerful on the screen—what must it be in the flesh? I would be afraid to meet him—almost. It would make one an enthusiastic wreck. My message to the fans is: Eric von Stroheim! Eric von Stroheim! Eric von Stroheim! "Foolish Wives" is a picture such as the world will never see again. It was the film of centuries! Such absolute perfection, such wondrous direction, so much astounding beauty, and then again Stroheim! *Always STROHEIM!* He is more of the gods than of men—he belongs to the class of the immortals! If only my vocabulary was not so limited I might then in some way begin to reveal my admiration for this glorious film hero, director, and scenarist! ELLA SUL TAN.

Sebastopol, Calif.

**See Americans First.**

Why does the American public bestow such undue honors upon the foreign movie actors? I am sure we must admit that we have equally good, if not much better American actors. Let us be one hundred per cent American and idolize our own first in preference to foreigners.

I believe, in order to protect our own players, it would be advisable that the stars qualify as American citizens. In other professions of distinction citizenship is a necessary qualification for a license to practice, why not in motion pictures?

ADELE LUX.

23 C Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

**The Next Screen Idol.**

How incensed I was at reading "Who Will Be Our Next Screen Idol?" in your January issue, with its intimation that the public is ready for a new favorite. Never, for years and years to come, will there be a favorite that can even threaten to take the place of Rodolph Valentino. His followers will abide by him even though he is kept off the screen for the two years of his contract, and until his return, and long after it, he will remain the undisputed leader. MRS. JOHN I. SHELKER.

Houston, Tex.

Continued on page 12





He laughs at defiance and danger, this fierce young Caid of the desert. Hot-blooded as Egyptian sands, no wonder he exclaims . . .

**F**EARED by his own tribe; hated by the Sultan of Morocco; a price set upon his head by the United States Government, yet loved devotedly and defended valiantly by his Mother who proudly exclaims:

"My son does not steal women to gain favor with the Sultan."

This is Chiddar Ben-Ek, a young Chieftain who loves as tenderly as any "civilized" man. Headstrong, passionate, courageous—and as adoring a lover as every woman desires!

You watch his every expression; you are thrilled by his behavior and finally you exclaim, "This is superb acting! Monte Blue is the Sheik."

But he is not the only actor who makes "The Tents of Allah" the thrilling picture it is.

Mary Alden is considered the greatest character actress on the screen and as Oulaid, the young Caid's Mother, she does the best work of her career.

Your interest not only is in the young lovers and whether the beautiful American girl will actually marry her captor-defender, you are also enthralled by the older lovers and whether or not all will be well with them.

**"By Allah! I want her, and I'll keep her."**



**B**ESIDES giving entertainment, Moving Pictures have done more to educate and to influence the lives of millions of people than has any other modern achievement.

Since motion pictures are such a force for good or evil, it is highly important to choose the better ones. Doubtless you, too, want them—and we want to give them.

So we have worked out a plan which we believe will give you just what you want. We have made arrangements with the leading motion picture Review Service, which gives unbiased criticisms on all new pictures, which will be sent to you and any committee you form who wish to choose the pictures you want to see.

For example: a Club Woman, Lawyer, Doctor, School Principal, Society leader, Department store head, Minister, City Official, Banker and Picture Exhibitor may form a "Committee of Ten" to get better pictures.

If you have initiative, write today for details of "Getting Better Pictures." Address: Arthur S. Kane, 7th Floor, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

"The Tents of Allah" has all the allure of the East, all the drama and foreign customs of an ancient land which adds to your enjoyment of plot and acting.

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**E**VERY picture which bears our name—"Encore"—must stand for the highest form of entertainment and interest-value.

"Breaking Home Ties" is an Encore Picture not only for its love story but also for depicting family love and traditions, good to see in these free days of youth.

"The Tents of Allah" is an Encore Picture because it is superlative entertainment.

"A Bill of Divorcement," an Encore Picture just being presented, is worthy our name, because it is a great story based upon great human motives.

If you like these pictures, admire our standard and wish to see advance announcements of Encore Pictures to come, write Associated Exhibitors, Inc., 7th Floor, 35 West 45th St., New York City.

**"In this hour of our distress,  
Lord, forsake us not."**



If you've ever lost a loved one, you know the ache of parting. You rely on the Book of Books to pull you through.



**I**NTO the lives of all of us at some time come sorrows and bereavements: But no sorrow is like unto that of loved ones, parting.

"Breaking Home Ties" is a Picture which shows love of family, love of friends, love of fine ideals and old traditions and love of beauty in all its highest forms.

Sooner or later, right triumphs. aching hearts are made glad again and civilization slowly moves on, stronger than before. If only we love enough.

In a moment of anger and suspicion a dearly loved son commits a deed which separates him from his family, robs him of his best friend and forces him to leave his loving parents—forces him even to leave his country.

How he atones, how he makes good in America—the land of wide-open chances!—how he at last finds his beloved old father and mother is graphically told in a story you will not forget.

Romance, there is, too, but one's eyes become wet and one's heart beats with pity for the seeking, loving family, each trying to find the other.





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Write postal or letter today to  
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World M. P. Corporation  
245 West 47th Street, Dept. 692M, New York, N. Y.

## What the Fans Think

Continued from page 10

Who will be the next screen idol? A question which I am sure has aroused great interest in all the readers of your wonderful magazine. And with firm determination and certainty of what I say, I respond to your query: Ramon Novarro will.

Never before has the screen boasted of such a marvelous actor or a man of such Apollolike beauty. Any one who has seen "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Trifling Women" will agree with me. If he does not take the world by storm, it is because it is ignorant of the wonders it holds and needs an education in finer things. And to think he is only a beginner in this profession. I can fully place my entire confidence in his intelligent acting and manly beauty to make the motion-picture business what it really should be, an art.

PAULINE HOTARD.

7811 Green Street, New Orleans, La.

## Having a Crush Has Its Difficulties.

This is my first fan letter and relates to my first crush. I may add that I wish it to be my first, last, and only one. What between waiting for more movie magazines, going after them, and defending your object of fan worship from the statements and slams thrown by less-interested friends, it is too hard on any one. I have been trying to lose several unnecessary pounds for a long time and I've lost them now. If I have to change the opinions of many more friends' minds I'll be a shadow, which will just suit me. I can move much quicker then. The reason for fast moving is easily explained. When I go to see Mr. Valentino I always come just when the theater gets crowded, therefore I must take a seat where I can't see very well. Pretty soon some one moves and now I can get a good seat for the whole two shows. (One show is no good.)

I saw Valentino in "The Sheik" first. Oh, how I hated him! I found adjectives that I never used before, then some one persuaded me to go again. Well! I never fell for any star before. I used to laugh at other fans, but I'll never laugh again. When I did fall I nearly broke my neck.

I think Mr. Valentino showed that he has brains as well as ability to act when he refused to work for Lasky unless he was given better pictures to act in. Many stars have fallen because of poor stories, and Valentino realized this. I am a little bit disappointed in "The Young Rajah," but Valentino did the best he could.

LILLIAN EDWARDS.

7254 Ridge Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

## What the English Fans Like.

By a stroke of good luck, some time ago, I chanced upon a bookseller who gets PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. I could not describe how I have enjoyed reading your magazine for the last twelve months, and I consider it by far the best magazine available. It has become so interesting to me to read the opinions of Americans that I am convinced your readers will be interested to know what we in England think of your great actors, actresses, and producers.

To England, Norma is the only one. We like Mary Pickford, Shirley Mason, Viola Dana, the Gishes, and Priscilla Dean, but mere words cannot express what we think of Norma. She is beautiful—everything that she should be. Only once has she disappointed us, and that was in "The Wonderful Thing." "Smilin'

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Through" turned even the very levellest of heads. It has had a run at a theater longer than any picture before in our town. You can imagine our joy when she came to our isle and adopted Margaret Leahy, "our girl."

Eugene O'Brien and Thomas Meighan are great favorites here. Charlie Ray is not considered much. Buster Keaton we enjoy very much.

We are waiting patiently to see this Pola Negri. Of course, she cannot out-shine Norma or Mary or Lillian Gish.

EILEEN WATERS.

86 Love Lane, Heaton Norris, Stockport, England.

### This Would Discourage Almost Any One.

I have been very much interested in the letters of your readers about sending money for pictures.

I suppose we all single out some star to admire, see all her pictures, and feel proud of her successes. I did so, and one day, with a sudden desire to do something to please my paragon, I sent a beautiful batik-dyed chiffon scarf and waist that had been given me, simply asking courteously to be told if they were received safely.

Later, when reading your advice to inclose money when writing for a picture, I sent a two-dollar bill by registered mail, asking for as nice a picture as that would pay for.

I never received any reply from either, nor was my money even returned.

I am now inclined to think that these wonderful stars feel that they live in a gilded heaven, far removed from us common people, who do not spend our time making believe we are kings and queens and haughty duchesses before crowds of subservient extras, and that they feel the same haughty amazement and contempt, if we are so bold as to address them, as the former German war lord in the zenith of his glory would if approached by a barefooted ragamuffin.

The object of my admiration might have thrown my modest, respectful offering into the ash barrel, but I would have had more respect for her if she had had the courtesy—if unwilling to send any picture—at least to return the money.

I guess I have learned a good lesson. I have no picture of any one, and I do not ever intend to send to any of them again, to be so humiliated.

DISILLUSIONED.

60 India Street, Boston, Mass.

### Two Letters That Drew Replies.

So many people are complaining of failing to get a photograph or an answer after sending in their quarters. I have never been able to screw up the courage to write to a movie star, though I've wanted a photo of two or three special favorites. However, I have written two letters, one to a director and one to a writer who often has specially interesting articles in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE. Now, neither of these letters required an answer, but I want you to know I received prompt answers to both, and they were not mere "courtesy notes," either! They were just genuine lovely letters, and I don't know of any letters I ever appreciated more. Of course, I am keeping them, and naturally will always feel a more personal interest in their work hereafter.

I surely think that K. M. Chauvin's letter in the January magazine "hits the nail on the head" when it comes to finding what is the matter with some of the players on the screen, consequently I enjoyed the article by Agnes Smith in the same magazine. I have almost stopped going



Miss Charlotte Stevens, Christie Film Company.

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—Sergei Marinoff

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—for greater beauty—for poise —for slenderness—dance!

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to pictures wherein some of our stars dress up and walk around, and hail with delight a picture with some of our lesser lights acting or "being" the part. Let us hope that our best actors and actresses will profit by the example of so many—that when they are starred and made much of they will not acquire the "col-con"—and I don't think that Lois Wilson ever will. Why don't her directors at least give her the chance to prove she won't? Very sincerely,  
VIVI E. SIMMONS.  
815 Sixth Street, Alexandria, La.

### Concerning Complaints About Not Receiving Photographs.

Why so much fuss about the stars' photographs? Does their popularity with us depend upon whether they send us their photographs or reply to our letters? A thousand times no! And this idea of writing to fan magazines with personal grievances that So-and-so, who did not send his or her photograph, is going entirely too far.

If I admire any one enough to ask them for their photograph, I certainly admire them enough to remain silent if I do not receive it, and consider it an honor to do so. I might write to the one who failed to send me the much-coveted photograph to tell them that my feelings were hurt and to renew my request; but I love them all too much and value their respect and admiration and friendship far, far ahead of all the photographs in the world put together even to think of making it public that I had not received the much-wanted photograph. There might be any number of very good reasons why they didn't send it, and it is not alone selfish, but unfair and most unkind for any fan to rail about it.

MRS. LORENZA STEVENS.  
711 Superba Street, Venice, Cal.

### More Praise for Gloria.

I am a great PICTURE-PLAY fan, but when I read that Gloria Swanson is "Artificial and unreal," by Agnes Smith, also that Marion Davies is not a fine actress, I can no longer hold my peace. I understand that it was an answer to a fan, but even if it is, I do not think the likes and dislikes of one fan should be the subject of an article.

To me Gloria is the best of them all. I would go to see her in anything, because she can act and does act. Unreal! That should not be said of her. She is no more unreal than the others. Who carries clothes with her grace and style? Who acts more naturally than she? Why "The Great Moment" and "Beyond the Rocks" are picked out of hundreds of plays and spoken of in connection with all that is not fine and the like is what I want to know. What was the matter with them? I saw them and enjoyed them.

Marion Davies. How could any one consider Marion Davies as anything but one of our best actresses? She has beauty, ability, and carries clothes well.

Miss Smith's article stated that Gloria appealed to young women. I am far from young, and so are my friends, and we defend Gloria. RUTH QUISENBERRY.  
Santa Paula, Calif.

### A Protest Against Extreme Scenes of Horror.

Though they are not new pictures, it was not until recently that either "Orphans of the Storm" or "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" was shown in my city. But they came simultaneously, and the two seen on consecu-

Continued on page 106

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154 Nassau St., New York  
Suite 624, Dept. D



# Her First Story Was Bought By D. W. Griffith

And she won the \$2,500 first prize against 10,000 scenarios in the J. Parker Read contest

FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH trained herself to transfer her natural story-telling gift to the screen. Will you send for a free test of your ability?

When Frances White Elijah first thought of screen writing, she never imagined she would become a successful photoplaywright after a few months of diligent study.

And what reason had she to think she would write the following in a letter to the Palmer Photoplay Corporation less than a year after taking up this work.

*"I have just received your check in payment for my story, 'Wagered Love,' which your sales department sold to D. W. Griffith.*

*"It has scarcely been six months since I registered with you and your assistance and encouragement have made my success seem like magic."*

Think what that means: Her first story sold to one of the most discriminating producers in the film world. And she had only started to train her story-telling gift six months before!

Stimulated by her brilliant success, this Chicago girl developed herself into a professional screen writer for a great Los Angeles studio. Today she enjoys success as a scenarist and the distinction of having written the best of 10,000 scenarios submitted in the recent J. Parker Read contest, in which two other Palmer trained writers won the second and third prizes.

What does this story mean to you? If it causes you to ask yourself "Could I sell a story to Griffith—or Ince—or any of the producers?" this will prove the most interesting announcement you ever read.



FRANCES WHITE ELIJAH

## Perhaps You Can Do This Very Thing

AT the outset, let us correct one false notion many people have. Literary skill, or the writing style required for novel and magazine authorship, cannot be successfully transferred to the screen. The first requisites of photoplay writing are creative imagination and the ability to think out and tell a good, dramatic story. With that ability proved, *any man or woman can be trained to write for the screen.*

But, you say, how can I know whether I have that ability?

To answer that question is the purpose of this advertisement. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will gladly apply to you a scientific test of story-telling ability, provided you are an adult and in earnest. And we shall do it free.

## Send for the Palmer Test

This test was developed by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation through the adaptation of some of the tests used by the United States Army. If you have any story-telling instinct, if you have ever said to yourself when you left a motion picture theatre, "I believe I could write as good a screen-story as that," send for this test and find out for yourself just how much talent you have.

We shall be frank with you. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation exists first of all to sell photoplays. It trains photoplay writers in order that it may have more photoplays to sell to contemporary producers as well as to supply its own Productions Division with story material (see offer elsewhere in this announcement). It

holds out no false promise to those who can never succeed.

With the active aid and encouragement of leading producers, the Corporation is literally combing the country for new screen writers. Its Department of Education was organized to develop the writers who can produce the stories. The Palmer institution is the industry's accredited agent for getting the stories without which production of motion pictures cannot go on. Producers pay from \$500 to \$2000 for acceptable stories.

## The Story Teller's Opportunity

THE same producer who bought Frances White Elijah's first story has rejected the work of scores of novelists and magazine writers whose names are known wherever the language is spoken. They did not possess the kind of talent suited for screen expression. Mrs. Elijah, who was absolutely unknown to the motion picture industry, and hundreds of others who are not professional writers, have that gift.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation cannot endow you with such a gift. But we can discover it, if it exists, through our test. And we can train you to employ it for your lasting enjoyment and profit.

## We Invite You to Apply Free Test

CLIP the coupon below, and we will send you the Palmer Creative Test. You assume no obligation, but you will be asked to be prompt in returning the completed test for examination. If you pass the test, we shall send you interesting material descriptive of the Palmer Course and Service, conditions in the studios and the success of others who have passed this test. If you cannot pass this test, we shall frankly advise you to give up the idea of professional writing for the screen.

Professional screen writing may not appeal to you. There are many men and women enrolled for the Palmer Course and Service who feel that way. They study it, however, because they know that Creative Imagination properly developed, means greater success in any line of endeavor. And they appreciate the opportunities which this course presents for developing this invaluable talent.

This test will take only a little of your time. It may mean fame and fortune to you. In any event it will satisfy you as to whether or not you possess this power. Just use the coupon below—and do it now before you forget.

## \$1000 and Royalties

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation will pay \$1000 cash and royalties on the profits of the picture for five years to the Palmer trained writers of stories selected for production by its own Productions Division. Thus, for the first time, writers may share in the proceeds of their successful work as stage playwrights and book authors do. This plan is endorsed and authorized by the Palmer Advisory Council, the members of which are:

Frederick Palmer, Author and Educator	
Thos. H. Ince, Producer	Rex Ingram, Director and Producer
Allen Holubar, Producer and Director	C. Gardner Sullivan, Scenarist to Thos. H. Ince
E. J. Banks, M.A., Director	J. L. Frothingham, Producer
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Clayton Hamilton, M.A., Director of Education	Eugene B. Lewis, Editor-in-Chief
Douglas Z. Doty, Associate Editor	Geo. Elwood Jenks, Associate Editor

## Palmer Photoplay Corporation,

Department of Education, Sec. 1304,  
Palmer Building, Hollywood, California.

Please send me by return mail your Creative Test which I am to fill out and mail back to you for analysis. It is understood that this coupon entitles me to an intimate personal report on my ability by your Examining Board, without the slightest obligation or cost on my part. Also send me free, Carrol B. Dotson's booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

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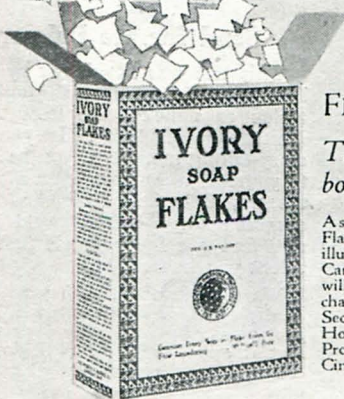


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# PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

Volume XVIII

APRIL, 1923

No. 2



Photo by Freulich

Just a glimpse of one of the most promising productions of the year—"The Hunchback of Notre Dame," which Universal is producing. Patsy Ruth Miller appears as "Esmeralda."



# Along Came Ruth

Her first adventure in the silver land of romance, in which she storms the Pied Piper's mountain and meets three beautiful princesses.

By Ruth Mary Harris

EVERY girl of my age has some wild and secret desire, like being cast on a desert island with Rodolph Valentino or being madly courted by a Hindu rajah. But they generally end up by mooning over the captain of the home-town football team or devouring love stories. Not that reading romances wasn't my life, either—until two things happened. My uncle bought the Gem Theater—and I read "The Sheik."

It is not a small thing to make a collection of your best friends and grandly usher them past the ticket office without having to pay. Uncle complained bitterly about profits, but it made me awfully popular and kept my ice-cream allowance in fairly good condition, for I seldom had to treat any more.

Those once-a-week movies! In comparison, mere frosted chocolates lost their appeal. All evening long I wouldn't even know when a peanut shuck hit me—the youths of our town take that low way to attract our attention—for I was hanging close to the cliff's edge with the heroine. When the reel broke in the midst of a cowboy picture and everybody razed Mike, the nervous operator, I refused to laugh at their common remarks. My mind was on my one desire. Even the lollipop craze passed me by on the nights when our pianist's sweetie took her out on his motor cycle and I coaxed my fuming uncle into letting me play the piano.

Can you imagine the thrills I had when the lights went out, and to my somewhat shaky strains of "Oh, Promise Me," handsome heroes leaped from their saddles almost at my feet and social butterflies flitted so near that their elegant chiffon draperies seemed to brush my old homemade cape. Every time Norma Talmadge appeared I played "Hearts and Flowers"—I could almost smell costly perfume. Oh, why couldn't my heroine step out from the silver sheet and smile at me? Not that I wouldn't have swooned with delirium if she had—but if I'd been a day younger I would have peeped behind the curtain after the show was over, to see if perhaps Erich von Stroheim weren't lurking there—for the girls in our set weren't so hard to look at.

But now you have guessed the secret ambition that was eating the damask from my cheek. I was burn-



*"Feeling tiny as a midget, I peered into a huge cavern—bigger than your wildest dreams of Santa Claus' workshop."*

ing to meet every movie actress in the world. But if I had even breathed this request at home, my unfeeling brother would have howled: "Oh, yes, she is! Movie actress—my eye! Just say movie actor and we may well believe you!"

So I bided my time. But truth to tell, after one has embroidered her one party dress and danced on the sidewalk with all the callow youths in town, to every band concert for a season, she gets tired of biding her time—and hides her head in books, where strong men of the world swear to be enemies of all womankind, and then fall flatter than Marc Antony when one clever coquette languidly waves her ostrich feather fan.

So one Saturday when I was at my usual fiendish task of dusting—and reading "The Sheik" whenever I could safely steal it from under the dining-room shelf—I gave up dreaming that Thomas Meighan would come walking into the parlor and tell my awe-struck parents that there was a mistake in my birth and that by rights I should be a fair princess with a kingdom by the sea. I now saw by "The Sheik" that this was all wrong—I must go after my own adventures.

This was a dandy discovery, but hard to work out. I was mulling it over when I heard snatches of conversation from the kitchen: "No movies tonight—whole enterprise failed—Baines asks such high rent—can't make it."

No more movies! Talk about Milton's "Paradise Lost!" I was turned from my garden of Eden, all right, all right. I

could have written a whole Senior Lit paper on just how the flaming sword looked that fatal day.

What could I do?

But even as I bemoaned my fate, a plan came to me—not easy, but the only way to escape the well-meant efforts of my elders to make a perfect housewife of me. *Why not assume a burning thirst for studying Latin in New York?*

I did. I hypnotized my parents, paralyzed my brother with the idea—he's still wondering why he didn't think of it first—packed my suit case whenever the cat would oblige me by curling up somewhere else, and came to the city with all of mother's admonitions ringing in



my ears—and I'm not going to forget them, either.

After enough hardships to make "The Face On the Barroom Floor" tame reading, I found a little studio, a homely gray kitten—and lots of classes in Latin. Meekness is my first name at Columbia. We talk Latin only, in one class. I sit and wonder to myself in English if New York is so terrifying and fascinating to every one else. Then I cuff off a select epigram, whatever that is, by Martial—and try to find my way home again, which I could never do if it weren't for the good-looking policemen that you read so much about.

Now history has begun for me.

This morning something cold and wet struck me in the neck. I sat upright. A soggy catnip mouse tossed about by the kitten was my alarm clock.

Six-thirty only! Four hours until—but maybe in the meantime I could find a pair of earrings that matched and also recover from that giddy feeling, half fearful, half delicious, that swept over me when I realized that my dream of years was to come true. I was going to visit the Famous Players studio and meet the silver-screen stars!

How the girls would envy me and how superior I would feel as I wrote them, in a blasé manner, of dropping in to see the Lasky stars at work! But just now I wished that my mother were here. I was ready to expire with excitement.

If you had never met a real live editor, to say nothing of sitting in his reception room and hearing him say: "I think perhaps I'll take a day off myself and escort you around the studios," you can imagine how I had been walking on plummy, pink clouds ever since.

Mere breakfast held no attraction for me. In a dream I seemed to float among lesser mortals until I met the editor of PICTURE-PLAY and we slithered through the tunnel to Long Island. He remarked that it was a great privilege to see the Lasky studio. I was appreciating the privilege—my chin was trembling most ignobly. In all honesty I ought to ask to go back home. My mind felt like Ben Turpin's eyes!

And then the enormous studio appeared—glittering white, mountainlike, with a circular entrance. To me it was the Pied Piper's mountain. "I really am not frightened," I said to myself, "for through there is Fairyland."

We entered a tiny foyer and were most courteously ushered into the very center of our mountain. Feeling tiny as a midget in a giant's vaulted storehouse I clung to some friendly curtains and peered into a huge cavern. Bigger than your wildest dreams of Santa Claus' workshop! Giant scaffoldings, lofty skeletons of framework, mam-



Bebe Daniels and Nita Naldi in one of the modiste-shop scenes from "Glimpses of the Moon."



"My first great moment was when I met Alice Brady, in South Sea Island make-up."

moth pulleys with blinding, malicious eyes of light sliding overhead. Armies of pygmy workmen shouting to each other. Then in a glare of brilliance the orchestra. Music beguiling enough to make a minister long to rob a bank.

Isn't there a lure to just moving painted scenery about? I was thrilled purple! It was just like getting up a high-school play out home, only on such a giant scale.

We found ourselves on a Chinese set. "Java Head" was being screened, we were told. Like the House that Jack Built there was nothing but fronts of tiny houses closing in a narrow street. But that didn't matter. It seemed real to me. I wanted to sidle along under one of the balconies and see if a hatchet-

man would try to get me. Just as I was feeling half afraid some one touched my arm—and I turned, facing a mob of murderous-looking Chinamen. Real ones, too!





*Bebe Daniels makes a gorgeous picture when you see her personally, because of her coloring.*

Fate has a perfectly slick way of staging her own stage tricks, hasn't she? I was led over to another set, my heart already bumping against my left ear—none of that veteran's poise that I had practiced before the mirror was left—and my first great moment found me shell shocked. For there, silhouetted against the darkness, was Alice Brady!

I caught my breath. As she spoke, bells seemed to be chiming, lustrous jewels flashing, and the air heavy with a sweet, bewildering perfume. I was on a Ferris wheel of emotions, for it seemed that my fairy princess had been lifted right out of my dreams. A slender, mauve-kimonoed houri, reclining on an improvised chaise-longue, smiling at me! Fluffs of dusky hair half held by a wide, mauve band shaded her eyes—magnetic eyes that in the purplish light shone like dazzling emeralds.

What would you have done in my place? I folded myself into a camp chair, awkward and tongue-tied. In order to distract my moon-calf gaze, I suppose, she tinkled a cascade of silvery bracelets and laughed. "Woolworth's. Two whole dollars' worth. But I love to wear bracelets and these are pretty, don't you think so?"

They were. Some looked like platinum; others were many-faceted, twinkling like diamonds on her brown arms.

"This South Sea stain on me is hard to remove," she explained, "especially when I tear home at six-fifteen and am supposed to be ready for dinner at seven."

"Have you seen any of the 'Java Head' sets?" she queried, and from that we passed into a discussion of Hergesheimer's story. Wasn't I glad now that a base subservience to marshmallow spreads and decorating

candle sticks hadn't kept me from wading through that book! To Miss Brady's mind the main point of "Java Head" could not be pictured. It was this: that instead of the smug New England Salem-ites freezing within themselves when the Chinese girl came into their midst and instead of their looking down on her, that she, as a representative of age-old culture, education, and even glacial repression should really regard the parvenu New Englanders with contempt and pity.

Wasn't I enjoying myself? I had feared that this young star would act cynical and bored—and here we were, as interested as my best chum and I, after we had finished reading the same book. Just to keep the battery of those big dark eyes shining in my direction I raved to her about coming from a small town—I kept the Latin complex hidden, for that's a sore point with me—and how happy I would be to remember her as the first actress I had ever met. I added ruefully that I was so fussed that I couldn't think of the usual questions to ask her. "I'm glad," she smiled. "I can't talk that blah-blah stuff, either. When one ambitious person asked me the other day why I wore black so much, I answered: 'Undoubtedly

because red is my favorite color!'"

We both giggled at that.

Then Miss Brady was called to the set, and I passed on toward a Parisian modiste's flower-scented reception room for "Glimpses of the Moon." I almost broke the ropes holding a "Keep Off" sign, in my enthusiastic attempts to get a nearer view of the *objets d'art*, for I had just heard that even the jewels used in this play were to be real. And to prove that this was my lucky day I caught a glimpse of an enchanting Poiret creation—Miss Bebe Daniels!

She was on her way to another set but stopped long enough to show me the gorgeous diamond bracelet that is given her as a bribe, in "Glimpses of the Moon." I could see a mere diamond bracelet any day—in Tiffany's show case!—but not so with the lovely Bebe, after whom the boys out home have named their Auto Club. A velvet evening gown of pale gold set off her satiny shoulders and shining coiffure of midnight hue. She reminded me of the quotation:

"Venus oft with anxious care

Adjusted twice a single hair."

We had just started an interesting discussion about fan letters when she was whisked away.

A huge scaffolding loomed before us. "Do you dare climb that?" I was asked. Funny question. All I wanted was the chance, for there were bright lights overhead. When we reached the top platform we found, sitting as placidly as if it weren't on stilts, a chop suey restaurant! "There at the left is Miss Leatrice Joy, the heroine of 'Java Head,'" was the whispered information, "and the lady next to her is Raymond Hatton's wife."

I leaned and looked, but all I could see was the back of a tiny head, with a sleek, flower-bedecked coif-



future. Slowly it turned and disappeared. Just my luck! But the chop suey house looked so real that we were all stricken with sudden hunger and descended quickly. I had no idea of where we were going, but as we rushed downstairs, along corridors full of patient, waiting Chinamen I felt as gay as Merton when he first ate on the lot at Hollywood.

Would you have accepted the invitation to be fourth at our table? We were in the center of a sea of good-looking extras—picturesque sailors laughing and banging on the tables, and beives of little Chinese maidens fluttering past, looking like bouquets of gold and purple chrysanthemums. Albert Roscoe, the young and fiery hero of "Java Head," was sitting at a near-by table with Mrs. Hatton and Miss Joy, whose back was still turned toward us.

"We have one hundred and fifty Chinamen in this cast," remarked Mr. Wingurt, the Lasky publicity director, and added ruefully, "We had to get one hundred and fifty pigtails, too. A few years ago they would have grown their own."

I snickered at the idea of pinning on one hundred and fifty pigtails.

Whenever I felt too romantic for even fried chicken I could gaze at a tall, pensive sailor who looked like "that old sweetheart of mine," Rodolph Valentino. I was sure judging from his black, fire-lit eyes that he had a "mystic soul and a sad story." At my left was a pathetic figure—a withered old "gazooocus" with three strands of white hair hanging over his bleared blue eyes. "I can't eat another mouthful as long as I can see that trembling old man," I declared with tears in my voice. "Do you suppose he's poor and ill?"

"Ha, ha!" boomed the publicity director. "That's really a young man made up. Ha, ha!" I looked scornfully at said Ancient Mariner and devoted the rest of my attention to potatoes Julienne.

"What do the Chinese have to eat—chop suey?" asked the editor.

"No chop suey to-day. The agency man tells them that they can have a ham sandwich, cup of coffee, and ice cream—and probably takes it out of their pay."

Lunch was over. I turned for one more glance at the handsome sailor with the soulful eyes—but a fierce pirate was in his place.

I had qualms about meeting Miss Joy, for at a distance she seemed so regal, so aloof. When suddenly she appeared around the corner of some scenery I had the surprise of my life. I wish you all could have been with me or at any rate have whispered some leading questions in my ear. She was the daintiest little Chinese doll imaginable! I don't blame the captain's son for running away with her. If Mr. Hergesheimer had seen her while he was writing "Java Head" I know he couldn't have had it end so sadly. She was so tiny, so appealing, with her great dark eyes shining warmly from their quaint, slanting make-up. I didn't need the sentimental music stealing from the background to make my heart glow.

I admired her glossy hair; it was so elaborately coiffed. Even in the back there was a half

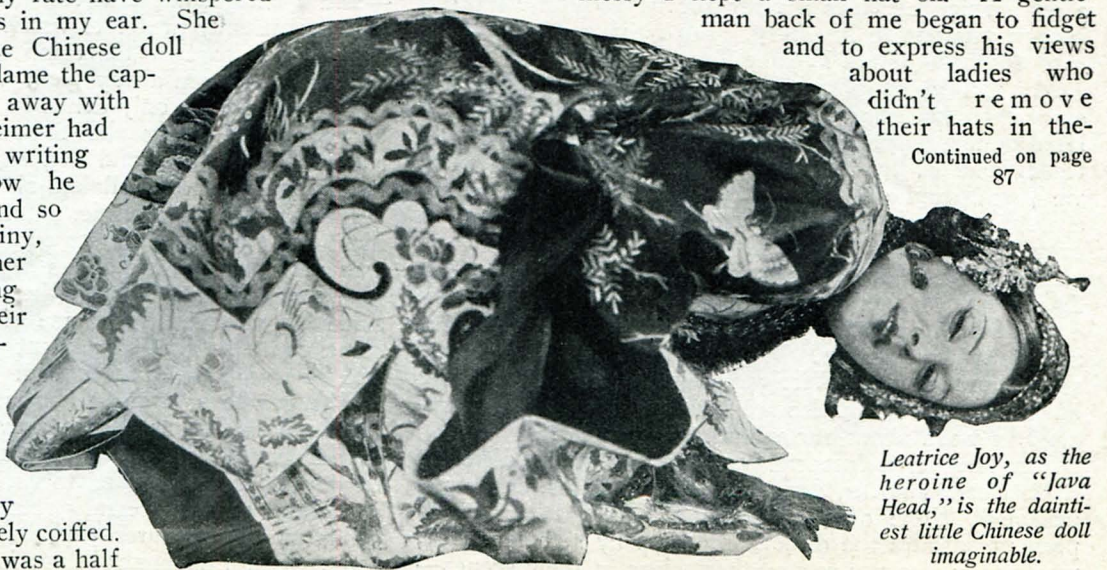


"The Chinese street set for 'Java Head' seemed so real to me that I was half afraid to walk down it."

circlet of pink buds. Over one ear hung two silken tassels; from the other a tiny basket of corals dangled alluringly. "Such oily hair," she laughed, protestingly. "I try to keep it covered all the time I am away from the studio. The other evening we went to see 'The World We Live In,' and as my hair was unusually messy I kept a small hat on. A gentleman back of me began to fidget

and to express his views about ladies who didn't remove their hats in the-

Continued on page 87



Leatrice Joy, as the heroine of "Java Head," is the daintiest little Chinese doll imaginable.





## Two Letters from Location

Lois Wilson writes a letter from Camp Cruze, Utah, and tells some of her experiences during the making of "The Covered Wagon."

To Myrtle Gebhart

Camp Cruze, Utah.

DEAR MYRTLE: Well, I promised to write and tell you about our experiences on location here in the heart of Snake Valley, where we are filming "The Covered Wagon." We're *only* eighty-five miles from a railroad! The camp, housing the greatest number of people ever taken on location, includes the mess tent, commissary, and small tents for each member of the cast and is laid out like a regular city, with a poplar-shaded "Boulevard" and numerous cross streets. It is built around a lake which becomes a river for us because Emerson Hough put one in his story. I'm playing *Mollie Wingate*, the belle of old Liberty Town.

My kid sister, Constance—who is celebrating her eighteenth birthday by playing extra—and I share a large double tent and now we feel like royalty, for yesterday one of the carpenters felt sorry for us when we found sand and bugs in our cold cream and put in a floor. It is, kindly understand, the only floor in camp.

You may think it's always hot on the desert; but listen, Myrtle, you've never been up here on the very edge of it, have you? Where one day it's hot as blazes and next day—snows. We had a peach of a snow-storm, and Warren Kerrigan and I sneaked away and built a snow man. Also we had a flood, which threatened to wash away our whole encampment.

We have five hundred Indians, of three different tribes, the Bannocks, Arapahoes and Navajos, encamped near us. None of them speak English, so an interpreter translates the director's orders by sign language, which they also use among themselves in their scenes—

the first time the primitive sign language has ever been photographed. And let me tell you, these aborigines, with their simple, natural methods of acting, put it all over us so-called polished thespians. They take everything very seriously. One scene called for an Indian to shoot an arrow through my shoulder and when the director set up the dummy, the redskin was horrified at the trickery and insisted that I let him shoot *me* with his arrow.

We have an orchestra—banjo, violin, and accordion—and phonographs, and sometimes dance in the mess tent, but usually prefer to watch the Indians, who come over to our part of the camp every evening to entertain us. The men always yell, while the women remain stolidly silent, the only dance in which they are allowed to participate being the Squaw Dance. We "white squaws" join them, and you ought to see me stepping nimbly with my arms linked about a big fat squaw!

Incidentally, my abilities in the terpsichorean line almost got me a hubby, for one of the young braves, a stalwart fellow with muscles like steel watched me stolidly for a whole evening then gravely offered to set aside his wife and make me his squaw. Inasmuch as some eight or nine kids went with him, I declined—and he was quite dumfounded.

The cowboys stage rodeos and broncho-busting entertainments for us and we have a projection machine in the big mess tent. Our film is sent back there to be developed and rushed to us, so that we can see our work and make necessary retakes, and the studio also sends us new pictures. Then we sing the old pioneer song, "Oh, Suzannah!" that is a part of the story's



theme and if ever I hear "Oh, Suzannah!" again I'll stage a little war all by myself. The Navajos, wonderful specimens, stripped to breech-cloths and gorgeously decorated in colored pigments, often stage races for us, over cockleburrs and sagebrush. Our men pool their bets and divide the purse among the contestants.

I've met some mighty interesting Indians, particularly Mrs. Broken Horn, a white woman who was captured from a wagon train sixty years ago and married an Indian and has lived with her husband's tribe ever since, refusing to return to her own people. I can hardly believe that she is white.

You just ought to see Connie and me all doiled up in our tight bodices, hoop skirts, and funny little coal-scuttle hats. Our life is a primitive one, with just a tiny mirror in our tent and the water supply running low. Our meals are pretty good, considering; though we do eat about as much dust as food.

Our food is mostly lamb and beef, and when the Indians slaughter a beef they make jerkey out of it and cook it on fires built on the ground near their tepees. One day we had the meat of the buffaloes killed during the hunt—but it didn't make a great hit with me. I'd give a whole lot for an order of chicken à la king at Armstrong's. But the Indians were overjoyed when we gave it to them, as they hold the buffalo as sacred, and brought their papooses to feel its hide, which they think is a charm. For days, while the camp was isolated by snow, we ate stew—stew—stew.

Oh, I must tell you about our unexpected visitor. The stork paid us a call the other night, during the worst snowstorm I've ever experienced, and left a darling nine-pound boy at the tent occupied by Mrs. Robinson, of

Continued on page 92

*Lois Wilson thought longingly of civilization now and then even though she did enjoy the adventures at Camp Cruze.*

Photo by  
Richee



## Jackie Tells About His Circus

In a letter from location, not too carefully supervised by his tutor, he tells what fun it is to run away and join a circus—even if it is all a part of a picture.

Sawtelle, California.

DEAR MYRT: My tutor says I should say miss and put le on it but you told me that day we played marbles and ate hot dogs I could call you Myrt so I am. I've had the grandest greatest time any kid eight years old ever had. I have been with a circus. There were seven tents and horses and dogs and camels and elephants and monkeys and ponies and oh yes loads of funny clowns. Do you say ies on monkeys or not? I forget and my tutor is shampooing her hair.

I didn't have to carry any water for those old elephants either you bet. You see it was this way. I made a picture called "Toby Tyler." It is an old story from a book. Oh it is a fine book alright, the man that wrote that book sure must have run away with a circus his own self because he knows all about it. Well we had a grand time. Eddie Cline my director said we would go travelling so we went to a little town near Los Angeles. We had to make street scenes there. You see the story of "Toby Tyler" was written when the man that wrote it was thinking about when he was a kid and how a circus looked and traveled.

I had lots of fun. I dressed up like a girl. That's in the story too. A little girl that rides bareback gets sick and Toby puts on her dress and borrows a woman's hair I mean wig and goes in the ring and rides the horse because if he didn't the sick little girl would get fired and he kind of likes her but won't tell anybody he does when they all make fun of him. I don't blame him. Loads of folks thought I was a real girl and I would just grin. One old lady from the town patted me on the head and said she wished I was her little girl but I didn't because really I was not a girl at all and besides I have my own mumsy. Besides she had a mean dog that bit my hand and they had to take me to the hospital to get it fixed up.

The prop boys took lots of peanuts along and I had a grand time feeding Nellie. She is an old elephant. I guess Nellie is over a thousand because her face is all withered like leather. Nellie was awful nice as long as I could feed her peanuts, but I had to stop though because one day Nellie wouldn't work and the keeper said that Coogan kid fed poor old Nel too many peanuts and she is lazy.





Photo by Woodbury Jackie found that the bearded lady was just an actor named James Cooley, dressed up

They had a bear named Cyclops. I spell that word right because I asked Mr. Cline. They called the bear that name because of his eyes. He only had one. The other one came out when he had a fight with Charlie the big monk and nobody could find poor old Cyclops's eye at all. But Cyclops didn't mind it, not having his other eye I mean. He could see just as if he had both eyes. I know because one day I thought he was asleep and sneaked up and was going to poke him in his ribs with my finger and, gee, up jumped Cyclops madder than anything. Then I found out it was his eye that hadn't any eye that I thought was asleep. He was watching me with his good eye all the time.

I had fun with the clowns too. One clown is an old man that is about to die. I mean he is old in the picture and he won't die because he only dies in the picture you see. His name is Cæsare Gravina and

they say he is a fine actor. Gets lots of money for being a clown and I would as soon be a clown for nothing. We had so much fun, I just acted like I would in a regular circus. I know what a regular circus is like because when I went to New York one time Mr. Ringling invited me to see his circus and I sat in his box at the Madison Square Garden and he sat with me and we talked all about the circus, so you see I know how to act in one.

I am writing this letter in pieces because I get tired.

There were people that they call freaks with the show. They were the fat lady and the bearded lady but it was not a real bearded lady though. It was a man named James Cooley that they hired to put on a big long beard. The fat lady was real though. I know, I pinched her and she yelled to quit. She weighed 682 pounds honest. She was awful fat. Her name was smiling Nellie, that was her real name too. She is only 17 years old and her right arm weighs as much as all of the skinny man put together. Mumsy told me I would grow up and be that fat if I don't stop eating so much candy, but I don't care. I could stay with the circus then. The skeleton man was so thin he could stand behind a post and nobody could find him. I would rather be the skeleton man than the fat lady though because if you're thin you can put a pillow on and look alright but the fat lady can't do anything. She's just fat that's all.

There was a camel called Omar and he was a mean one. A girl is supposed to ride on Omar's back in the parade and Omar wouldn't let her. One day I went in the trainer's tent and took a little ladder that they used to put people on Nellie with. I put the ladder alongside Omar's

side and climbed on top. Omar didn't say a word, he only walked a little ways and started to eat some hay. The ladder fell down and I was up on Omar's back, up in the air. My daddy walked in the tent and when he saw me he got red in the face and took me off the camel and I got a spanking. I always get blamed. Anyway, that girl didn't ride on Omar and I did.

There was a colored boy with the circus too. He took care of the big white horses. His name was Sambo Green. He had big white eyes and he was always talking about being brave, but one day the man that trains the lions was sick and they told Sambo to go in the cage with the lions and whip them and do the act. In the story it was that way, I mean. Sambo was so scared his eyes looked like big bottles of milk. He wanted to write a letter home but didn't know what to say.

Continued on page 95



# THE OBSERVER

## Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

### *Some People Object to the Truth*

We recently published a series of articles written by a professional screen actress which set forth exactly what an ambitious young person may expect to find upon arriving in Hollywood, intent upon breaking into the movies. A great many of our readers—particularly those associated with the motion-picture industry—told us that they found these articles unusually interesting, but one of our readers voices an objection in the following letter:

I have been reading "What Every Extra Knows," by Dorothea Knox, and have come to the conclusion that one must be wealthy, ravishingly lovely of face and form, and a beautiful liar to become even an extra in the movies. What must one be to become a star? You can read between every line she has written the words, "Stay away—we don't want you."

Personally, this is the last profession I would pick out, as I haven't the least desire to go through all the terrible things an extra must do even to win a glance from the man higher up, and having had a fling at the stage I find that I don't personally care about the acting profession. *But*—how about all the thousands of girls who dream of this very thing day and night—just longing for even a wee little part in some big production? It surely seems a shame to throw such icy water, in the form of Miss Knox's articles, on their ambitions. Where have their loveliest and most talented stars come from? Out of nowhere.

I fully realize that every studio is swamped with untrained applicants, yet it is from this mob of small-town and large-town people that the great stars of to-morrow are usually found, so why make it so hard for those who have the courage to try?

After all has been said and written, no matter how discouraging, they will still come.

E. VIRGINIA BROWN.

5932 Springfield Avenue, West Philadelphia, Pa.

### *And Some Do Not*

As though in answer to that communication came a letter from one of our staff writers, Ethel Sands, whose adventures in movieland our readers have followed with a good deal of interest. This was a personal letter in which she commented on her experiences, and from it we take the liberty of quoting the following paragraph:

One thing I feel especially grateful for is the way in which I was able to learn that I wasn't cut out to be a movie actress. Though you may not have known it, that had been my dream for years. It was a thing that nobody could reason with or persuade me from. I was so deadly serious about it that eventually I would have scraped all my savings together, as I fully intended to do, and headed straight for Hollywood, where undoubtedly I would have learned in a most sadly disappointing and heartbreaking way that I was not a movie actress type, that I lacked the temperament necessary for an acting career, and that I had not the physical endurance to undergo the long hours, the extreme heat and cold, and the like. Instead of that, by observing for myself on the side lines I was more easily convinced, and with the least hurt. I learned that to continue to live without becoming a screen star would be luxurious and easy compared with the difficulties of trying to become one. I still think, of course, for any one who has the unusual talents and training necessary nothing could be more thrilling than a career on the screen—in spite of all the hard work. But I do wish that every girl could have such an opportunity as I had to see exactly what she was going in for before making the actual attempt.

Few girls can have Ethel Sands' opportunity. But those who carefully read "What Every Extra Knows" learned substantially what she learned. And if by reading it one girl was shown—as Ethel Sands was shown through her adventures—that she was not fitted to be a motion-picture star, their publication, we believe, was worth while.

### *An Impressive List*

No other star has ever had such a pretentious program assembled for her as Cosmopolitan productions have provided for Marion Davies for the coming year. "When Knighthood Was in Flower" gave her prestige that Miss Davies is determined to live up to, and to aid her in doing it she is to appear in several stories for which there has been spirited bidding among picture producers.

The first of these is to be "Little Old New York," a successful play by Rida Johnson Young and the second "Alice of Old Vincennes," a novel of undying popularity. Then will come "The Forest Lovers," by Maurice Hewlett, "Yolanda," a French romance of the time of Louis XI, by the author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," "La Belle Marseillaise," a drama of the time of Napoleon, and "Hearts Courageous," the well-loved romance by Hallie Erminie Rives, a story of the American Revolution.

### *Carl Laemmle Starts Something*

Every so often The Observer reads a notice to the effect that some motion-picture producer is going to film a classic "just as the author conceived it." Dozens of times he has read that avowal that the printed version of a story was to be followed in every detail in making a motion picture. And never has he seen a motion picture which really accomplished the feat.

It isn't impossible, but it is nearly always inadvisable, and The Observer has never been able to understand why motion-picture producers made such a point of declaring that they were going to follow a story closely, when that was obviously not their intention. Motion pictures demand different construction and different treatment from a printed story, and situations and suggestions which are permissible in print are often offensive when screened. Screen adaptations, therefore, ought to aim to reproduce the effect gained by a passage rather than to make a literal transcription of it.

Carl Laemmle has announced that in making "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," the biggest and most important production the Universal company has ever undertaken, the scenario writers are going to "take liberties with Victor Hugo." This is necessary, he believes, because the story is full of lust and blood and gruesome situations. The age for which it was written relished that sort of thing.



To-day, our tastes are different, and we would not care to have such gory stuff on our screens even if the censors would permit it. But that shouldn't deprive us of a great story like "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," so we are to have it with some of its horrors removed.

### An Interesting Exception

A production which promises to be an exception to all the rules pointed out above is "Vanity Fair," which Hugo Ballin has been making for Goldwyn. In filming this novel Mr. Ballin found quite a different situation. Unlike practically all other stories, it could be transferred to the screen with very few alterations. In fact, in reporting to the company officials the names of the persons engaged in the production of the picture, Mr. Ballin credited the scenario to William Makepeace Thackeray.

### Significant Statistics

During the last year, according to an announcement from the Capitol Theater in New York City, two thousand one hundred and fifty-six persons who were taken sick at the theater were given treatment by their emergency medical corps. Now if the censors would only look into this, and find out which pictures made the people get that way, they might be able to do something about it.

### What's in a Name?

A young motion-picture actor by the name of Antonio Muzii who lives in New York City has been representing himself at the studios where he works as a brother of Rodolph Valentino. On the West Coast Tito Valentino is appearing in motion pictures, and press notices mention him as a brother of the famous one. But the one and only Rodolph repudiates them both. He has only one brother, he insists, and that brother is in Italy.

Now Rodolph Valentino has sent a letter to various trade publications asking them to take no advertising exploiting such people under the name of "Valentino."

But is not the name theirs as much as his—so long as they do not actually claim relationship? He adopted the name, you may recall, in preference to the more cumbersome Guglielmi.

Whatever the case, it is well to be forewarned. Look out for people using the name "Valentino" and trying to steal some of Rodolph's thunder.

### Shakespeare on the Screen

New York is having its season of Shakespeare, with no less than three Shakespearean plays running to capacity houses and with tickets to these plays costing as much as seats for the "Follies." And yet no less than a year ago, at least one able critic put himself on record as believing that Shakespeare could not be revived with success because the modern ear is not tuned to resounding, reverberating phrases.

Shakespeare has been "tried out" on the screen—several times by minor companies. The most ambitious production was "Macbeth," made by Triangle and starring Sir Herbert Tree. The presence of Sir Herbert as *Macbeth* and the appearance of Constance Collier as *Lady Macbeth* meant nothing to the movie-going public. The picture, an artistic and academically satisfactory production, failed. And so did a more recent production, Asta Nielsen in a foreign-made version of "Hamlet," a wonderful picture, which no distributing firm has had the courage to attempt to give the American public the opportunity of seeing.

### How Far Back Can You Remember?

What was the first motion picture you ever saw? We know a man who has a vivid recollection of some pictures produced during the Spanish-American War. They were made by J. Stuart Blackton, if we are not mistaken, and glorified the exploits of the navy. Big pictures of the American flag figured in them prominently. This same man of great memory also saw Edison's first production, "The Great Train Robbery."

Most of us consider ourselves old-timers if we can hark back to Biograph days—to "Enoch Arden" and "Judith of Bethulia." But some of us remember the short French comedies that were run at the end of vaudeville performances.

The earliest days of the industry are well within the reach of memory of even the fairly young movie fan. Still, the American drama itself is not so very old. Do you know that the oldest American play, "Fashion," written by a Mrs. Mowatt, was presented no further back than 1845?

### Who Names the Movie Companies?

Who christens the well-known motion-picture companies? Is it the same talented man—or woman—who names Pullman cars?

Paramount probably was so named because it was from the start paramount in more than name only. Associated First National sounds like the name of a chain of banks. Goldwyn is a combination of the names of Samuel Goldfish and Edgar Selwyn, two founders of the organization, neither of whom is any longer actively interested in the present Goldwyn company. United Artists is exactly what its name implies—a business association of artists like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, and Charles Ray. But why for instance, are Preferred Pictures, "preferred?" We have seen some of the productions, and we don't know the answer.

Obviously, Cosmopolitan takes its name from the magazine, controlled by William Randolph Hearst who also owns the film company. But Metro—evidently an abbreviation of Metropolitan—has no connection with the magazine of that name. Metro was christened when the company aimed at presenting only film versions of Broadway plays.

The most flamboyant of all film monikers is Inspiration Pictures, Inc. And yet, strangely enough, Inspiration has lived up to its name. Inspiration inspired "Tol'able David." Inspiration has been inspired to star Lillian and Dorothy Gish in pictures worthy of their ability. And so Inspiration seems to be in a fair position to guide movie ideals for several years. Another still newer name, excellent from a commercial standpoint, is Ritz-Carlton, a name that carries with it the same connotation of elegance as does Tiffany, for example. We hope the pictures will live up to all that the name implies.

However from Hollywood we hear that another company has been formed with an even better name. It is Perfect Pictures, Inc.

### Coué Will Make a Film

Persons who have come to believe that "day by day in every way they are getting better and better," thanks to the books and lectures of Emile Coué, will welcome the announcement that the famous French healer has consented to make a two-reel picture which will illustrate the principal points in his method of applying autosuggestion. The film will be distributed by the Educational Pictures Corporation, and will, no doubt, find a place on the program of all the leading theaters.



# Cursed with a Comic Face

Henry Hull insists that that is his predicament, but neither motion-picture producers nor the public agree with him.

By Barbara Little

**W**HEN Mr. Griffith engaged me to play in 'One Exciting Night' I told him that no one would ever take me seriously. I'm cursed with a comic face. On the stage I can fix it all up with putty and make myself look pretty much as I want to. And there I have my voice to work with. But on the screen without my voice and without a facial disguise, what would I be, I wondered. 'But we don't photograph the face,' Mr. Griffith assured me. 'We photograph the thoughts, the soul.' And I decided that let me out, too, because you can't fix up your thoughts or your soul with putty and paint."

But it didn't let Henry Hull out. Mr. Griffith went right ahead and had him play one of the leading rôles in the mystery picture, and he made such a hit in it that now other producers are clamoring for him. He is making a picture with Mary Thurman for Allied Artists release, and as soon as he finishes that he will be featured in a J. Parker Read production and there are other engagements waiting for him later.

Besides, that notion of his about having a comic face is just one of those weird obsessions people get about themselves sometimes. I couldn't take him seriously when he maligned his looks because I had just come from the lobby of the theater where he was playing "The Cat and the Canary" and heard the flappers filing out remarking, "Isn't Henry Hull just darling?"

Sometimes when you go to interview an actor you wonder how he ever got into the movies, but with Henry Hull you wonder how on earth he managed to stay out of them so long. He is an ideal type, young and lithe and simply bristling with energy. Unromantic, but wonderfully ingratiating. Vivid dark eyes that rivet your attention.

"Oh, well, I *was* in the movies before," he admitted somewhat sheepishly, "if you must know the truth. But the experience was so unpleasant that I tried to forget it."

"Were you as bad as all that?" I asked, feeling as though I had inadvertently opened the door where the family skeletons were hidden.

"I don't know how bad I was, I don't want to." He put me at ease again with a nice smile. "Selfishly, I wasn't thinking of how bad I was, but how rotten working in pictures was. It was almost six years ago, and the conditions under which motion-picture actors worked were terrible. The director was apt to say, 'Hey, youse come in and give this goil a doity look, and then pick up dem papers and git out.' Do you wonder I didn't feel exactly inspired? It might be some charming story that we were doing, 'Little Women' for instance. That was my last attempt at pictures under the old régime. I came back then to my beloved theater where we were treated like gentlemen. 'Pardon, Mr. Hull, but the curtain rings up in half an hour' sounded like music to my ears after that."

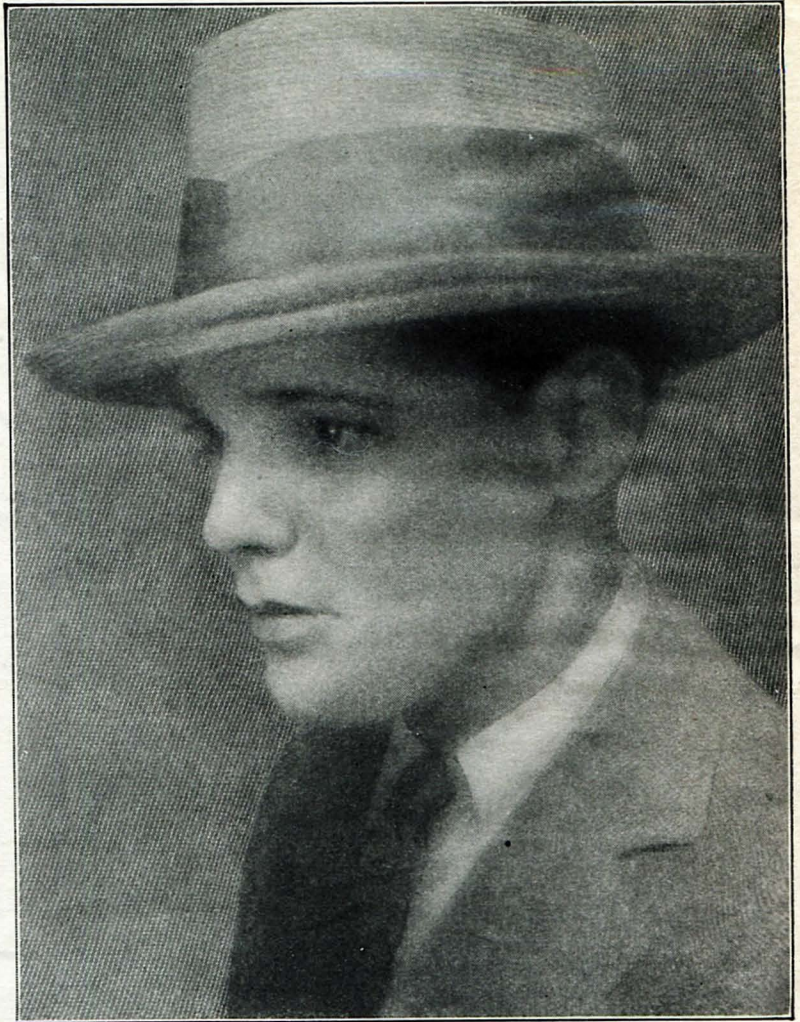


Photo by Kendall Evans

"But conditions are becoming reversed in the theater and the movies. The old traditions of the greenroom are fast disappearing. The courtesy that used to be found in the theater is found mostly in the motion-picture studios now."

"Working up at Mr. Griffith's is like being in the old Empire theater company. The actors are treated with such graciousness and respect. Now in the old days—"

He looked oddly like a small boy just out of a football scrimmage. His appearance didn't live up to the stale, grease-paint atmosphere he was stressing so vigorously.

"Pardon me Mr. Hull," I protested weakly, "but just where did you learn about the 'good old days' in the theater?"

"Thirteen years ago in my sister-in-law's, Margaret Anglin's, company. I played in it."

The sternness of his rebuke was tempered by genuine pleasure at my illusions about his age.

"Frankly, I have been afraid of going into pictures," Mr. Hull assured me later, when finding that we were neighbors he had offered to drive me home. His car, I might add, is not of the showy Broadway variety with mirror-like paint and lots of nickel trimmings. It was just a stock-pattern car of good make, dressed up for the winter with side curtains and extra windshields. "All the disadvantages of a closed car with none of the advantages of an open one," he informed me suavely in salesmanlike patter as he pushed me through the mazes of winter accessories.

Continued on page 98





Wallace Reid was the modern girl's ideal of Prince Charming.

**I** DON'T kid myself about my standing with art. I never wanted to be an actor, anyhow. And I don't now. The Lord knows I've tried to do some real work. Do you remember when I played the lumberjack in a Peter B. Kyne story? I wore a beard, chewed cigars, and acted as a man would in that environment. The boys on the newspapers and magazines said, 'At last Wallace Reid has done some acting.' That pleased me. But you should have heard the howls from the fans and our salesmen. No more beards or cigar chewing. From henceforth I was to appear as is. So they doll me up and shove me on the screen. Some day I'm going to let the public in on me as I am. Then they'll quit staring me, and I can go to directing."

It was almost two years ago that Wally made that confession to one of PICTURE-

*"Peter Ibbetson" gave him his biggest opportunity, and he lived up to it nobly.*



## Wallace Reid as

Stars are rarely heroes to their interviewers, but WALLACE REID has published with him in the last two

PLAY's staff writers. Is it any wonder that every one loved the man who talked like that? Utterly unspoiled by his success, always informal, jocular, good-natured—no matter how hard he was working. And the company did work Wally Reid awfully hard!

Even though thousands of electric lights daily proclaimed his name over theaters, even though his salary mounted up among the highest, Wally demanded deference from no one on his set.

"Oh, Wally, will you stand up and have your mug shot?" the publicity man on the Lasky lot would ask him unceremoniously. And Wally would oblige. Wally always did oblige, whether it was some down-and-outer who wanted to borrow money, some technical man who wanted to show him an invention, or just somebody who wanted his help. He was such an idol around the studio that when he didn't show up on time, all the workmen would lie to protect him.

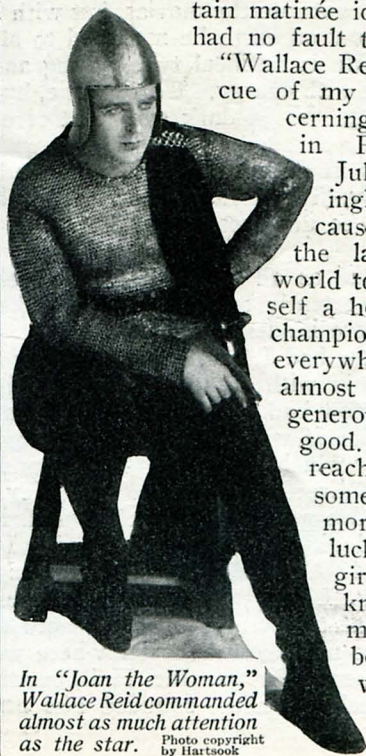
"We won't be ready for Mr. Reid for two or three hours yet," an assistant director would insist to any efficiency hound who prowled around and tried to find out if Wally had shown up when the director told him to. When Wally wanted to get away from the studio for an afternoon, electricians would put their lights out of order, carpenters would wreck their sets so that there would be long delay in getting them ready again—anybody was willing to run the risk of losing his job if thereby he could do a good turn for Wally.

But particularly, he was the idol of newspaper and magazine writers. Always available, never upstage, and always good copy, he won their hearts just as he won the fans'.

When Hazel Shelley reminisced about the "Heroes She Had Known" she frankly told some unpleasant details about certain matinée idols. But even she had no fault to find with Wally.

"Wallace Reid came to the rescue of my lost illusions concerning heroes," she wrote in PICTURE-PLAY last

July. "Not knowingly, of course, because Wally would be the last person in the world to acknowledge himself a hero. Yet he is the champion of every woman everywhere. His heart is almost too big and too generous for his own good. Although he reached a man's estate some time ago he seems more like a happy-go-lucky boy, and every girl or woman who knows him wants to mother him. I don't believe he has ever wilfully hurt any one. His valet adores him—and



In "Joan the Woman," Wallace Reid commanded almost as much attention as the star. Photo copyright by Hartsook



# We Knew Him

lace Reid was. Excerpts from the many interviews years show why he was such a universal favorite.

what is it they say—that no man can be a hero to his valet?—well, Wally is. I feel that the screen recently has not done him justice. Only in 'Peter Ibbetson' did I glimpse the actual possibilities of the man, properly given a chance. I believe that down underneath the ideals of *Peter Ibbetson* are the ideals of Wally Reid. Those that know him superficially may laugh at this statement. Yet, I repeat, at heart Wally Reid is a hopeless idealist, and I for one feel that he is searching—perhaps darkly at times—for some grail, and that if he ever finds it we will see the real John Barrymore of the screen, providing his managers have the judgment to make use of his genius rather than merely to capitalize his good looks."

Men were just as enthusiastic over Wally as women were. When H. C. Witwer, the slangy humorist, interviewed him for PICTURE-PLAY, he wrote:

"To manys the representative of the adjoining sex, Wallace Reid is Prince Charming in the flesh. Well, for the benefit of their boy friends which sarcastically agrees with them, I wouldst like to state that Wally is a Prince Charming with a good right hook and a poisonous left jab, and that any scoffin' remarks about his ability to rough it up should be made several miles from young Mr. Reid's hearing. Besides being a twin for Adonis, Wally is extremely athletic and well set up. He displayed somethin' about his condition without par-



Wallace Reid and his little son William Wallace, Jr., were inseparable playmates.



He was a sort of big brother to Lila Lee and his other leading ladies.

ticularly meanin' to when in order to save time in clearin' a space for the stills we took, he pushed a heavy piano over to another set and also heaved a ball of solid wood that weighed twenty pounds if it weighed an ounce, halfway across the lot with one hand. He never got that muscle pullin' on a dress coat, hey?"

Wally Reid cherished no illusions about being able always to remain at the top of his profession. When he was in New York in "Peter

Continued on page 90

The fact that the Reids' matrimonial bark remained steady through the tempests and gusts of emotionalism that sweep around the most appealing male star in the most emotional profession in the world bespeaks character as well as genuine devotion on both sides.



Wally liked best the rôles where he could get his face dirty.





# A Bridal Bouquet

Receiving a starring contract on the eve of his marriage makes Walter Hiers outdo his most genial screen rôles.

Caroline Bell

**A** NEW star has riz!" I bowed with profound respect. "Salaam!"

"Sure, slam, that's what I'll most likely get," Walter Hiers' round face beamed on me. "Slams and brickbats. But I'm so darned happy now I could let a whole building fall on me and never feel it."

Yes, Walter is upon the threshold of a dual happiness: stardom and matrimony. Nay, more, for by the time this appears in print the charming Miss "Peaches" MacWilliams, daughter of a wealthy shoe manufacturer, will be ordering the rotund comedian around as do all good wives. Perhaps after a few years, Walter will be able to regard matrimony in the prosaic terms of butcher bills and quarreling over the Sunday paper; but just at present he is in that ecstatic state to which cold print cannot do justice. And coming coincidentally with his nomination to stardom by Paramount, it is no wonder that the world is revolving a bit too fast for him.

He contends that his starring contract is a wedding present from Mr. Lasky, a bridal bouquet; but, knowing the erudite papa of the Paramount fold as I do, I insist that Walter's ever-increasing popularity with the public was the casting vote rather than any altruistic sentimentalism.

A conversation with Walter, when I have cornered him in the publicity office of the West Coast studio, proceeds in the following incoherent manner:

Me: "Walter, I understand your other contract, in which you supported stellar luminaries, still had two years to run?"

Walter: "Er, what? Oh, yes, contract. Of course I'd heard rumors for some time that I was to be starred, ever since the critics noticed me in 'Bought and Paid For.' But nobody pays any attention to rumors out here, so it came as a distinct surprise to me when Mr. Lasky offered me the new starring contract for five years, tore up the old one, and gave me the pieces for a souvenir. And say, did you ever see such eyes?"



Photo by Donald Biddle Keyes

Me (wonderingly): "Mr. Lasky's? No. I never noticed—"

Walter (disgusted): "Aw, shucks, you know I mean Peaches' adorable, wonderful, marvelous—gee, words can't do justice to her, now can they?"

Me (primly): "Walter, you will kindly understand that this is an interview and a matter of utmost importance. I agree that Miss MacWilliams is quite charming. Now that that matter of world-wide magnitude is settled—tell me about your first starring picture, 'Mr. Billings Spends His Dime.'"

Walter (gradually recovering): "Oh, yes. Well, *Mr. Billings*—that's me—has a lot of fun out of his dime. South American revolution and all that. Lots of fast action, sort of like Wallie's 'The Dictator.' The story, which appeared in a magazine, has been changed a trifle. I fall in love with a girl in a movie show—see her in a news weekly—and follow her to South America, almost get carved up by a chili con carne army in gold braid and all that. But my dime brings me a fortune and the girl—Jacqueline Logan—pretty good return on the original investment, what? And say, did you ever see such red hair? It's real, too. There's not going to be

any henna pack in my family, no sirree."

Jacqueline? Then it dawned upon me that Walter was off on another of his reveries. Honestly, I never have seen a callow youth so hopelessly in love. And I must admit that I can't blame him, for Peaches, whom I first saw at the opening of Lowe's State Theater here over a year ago, is quite an eye opener. I understand that the witty monologue of which Walter unburdened himself upon the stage that night of starshine was a contributory influence, when it came time for Miss MacWilliams to make a cross mark on the matrimonial ballot opposite "Yes."

Though Walter has been for almost six years a Lasky stock actor whose portrayals have won him a constantly increasing public following, it was really "Bought and

Continued on page 100





Carleton de Miller is an actor now and then, but most of the time he is working on sculpture in the rambling studio where Bohemia's Saturday night parties are held.

## Being Bohemian in Hollywood

By Gordon Gassaway

Representatives from the Quartier Latin and Greenwich Village have settled in Hollywood and been enthusiastically taken up by the motion-picture colony.

Photographs by Stagg

**B**OHEMIA has hung up its hat in Hollywood. It has come to live with the makers of motion pictures.

"Ah," you say, "so Greenwich Village has moved to the Coast. Montmartre is wading in the Pacific, is it?"

Has Hollywood solved the riddle of bohemia? White nights—blue days—*Mimi*—hunger—hope—heights—depths—*Trilby*—incense—red ink—ashes! You see it all. And then you cleverly think of the writer who has said that bohemia is only a state of mind. Perhaps he was right.

In the shadow of the Louvre lies the Latin quarter of Paris. Greenwich Village shakes its bobbed head at Washington Square. Wherever art thrives, you say, there comes bohemia, creeping like a saucy jade into the warmth of art's fire.

In Hollywood the movies have stirred the atmosphere into a whirlpool of artistic production, and they have given life to the pollen of bohemia. It is a young bohemia, just learning what it is all about. It is yet in the pigtail period.

But let us see for ourselves.

What's this, you ask, as we turn off of Hollywood Boulevard near Al Christie's studio and roll gently along Edgemont Drive with the California winter sun dripping onto the hills, do you mean to say that this is bohemia? "On your right," I say with all the air of a Cook's tour guide,



Ella Buchanan is vice-president of the Sculptors' League of Southern California.

"you will see the bungalow home of Ella Buchanan. That is Miss Buchanan herself out there in the garden trimming a rosebush. She is the vice president and general boss of the Sculptors' League of Southern California, you know."

Yes, her hair is bobbed and all that, but she doesn't seem to be smoking a cigarette. Let's stop and ask her what she thinks of *la vie de bohème*. By the way, that house next door is where Lon Chaney lives.

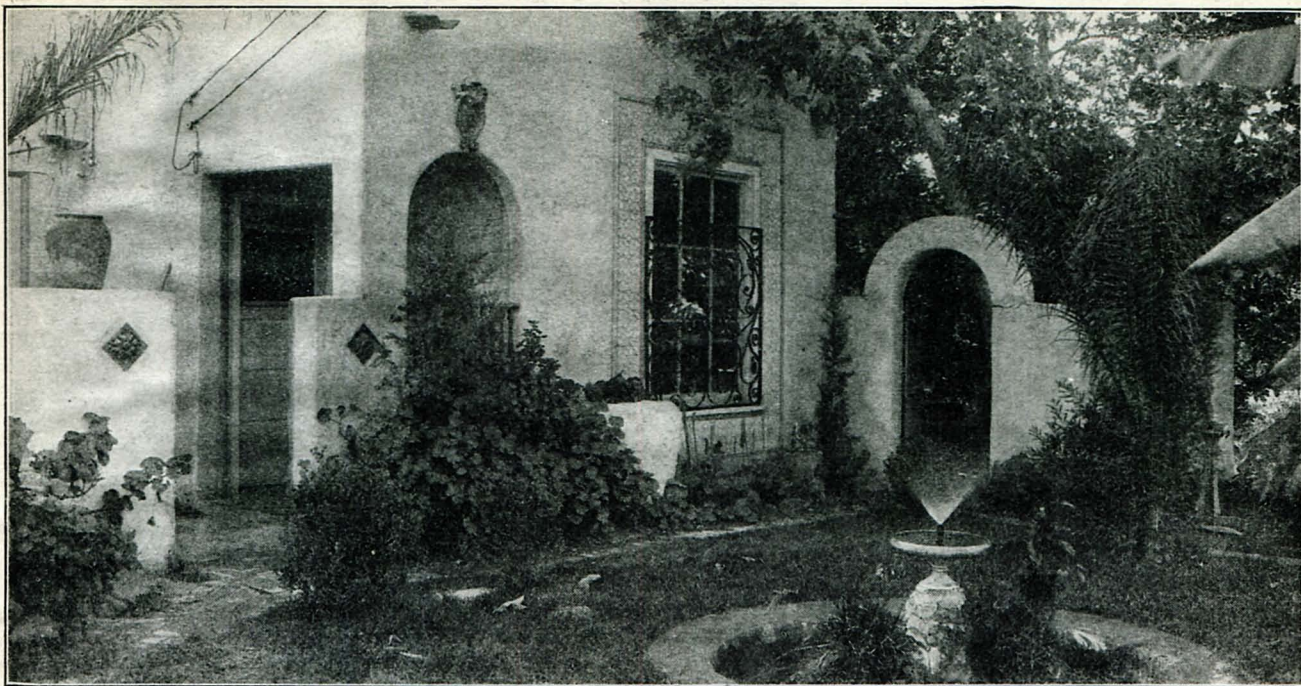
"Where is bohemia?" we ask. Miss Buchanan looks at us in startled surprise. Despite her gray hair she is as quick as a bird.

"Bohemia? Is *that* what you're looking for! I really don't know," she says, puzzled. "I don't think you'll find it around here. I'm too busy. I haven't got time to be bohemian!"

Shucks, you say, this is disappointing. You expected more. But let us peep into the Buchanan studio. We find it large and full of air with the sunlight streaming in through windows high and open to the north and east. No smoke, no cobwebs, no empty bottles, no ashes. Only statues and paintings and bits of half finished sculpturings. It doesn't look at all like the garrets of the bohemia they tell us about in Paris, with cracked windowpanes and the litter

of night. We will go on, and bid Miss Buchanan good day. We are searching for bohemia with the smell of musty shadows clinging to its garments.





David Grolle built his colorful little studio home from old sets from the Fox studio. It bears little resemblance to the ashken dwellings of Paris or New York's Bohemia.

Up a winding road and over a hill we plump down into a nest of little plaster bungalows, drowsing in a hollow where Rudy Valentino could toss a pebble into their midst from the window of his bed chamber in the big house up on the hill he bought for his bride. That is Warren Kerrigan, over there in the next block, feeding the birds in his garden.

Is this Hollywood's boheme? Let's stop at this tiny pink plaster house with the big iron grille over the window and the sycamore shading the tea table in the open patio. David Grolle, the painter and decorator, strolls out to meet us. He turns on the fountain and asks us to watch the sun flames flirt with its drops.

"Is this the heart of bohemia?" we ask, a little haltingly.

"Ho, ho!" he roars. "But come out into the patio." There, suspended over a flickering California stream, no bigger than a minute, is a fairyland of bridges and trails he has built and little platforms with pink and purple wicker furnishings. Back, under the falling leaves of the trees is a large picture of a Spanish dancer.

"I light that up at night," he says, "when I have guests. I built this place myself with old stuff from the sets over at the Fox studio. It's all my work—everything, everything, but the phonograph."

"But we are looking for bohemia," you interrupt. "Is this it?"

"Well"—he smiles—"I sometimes forget to cook my breakfast, and sometimes we have music here until almost ten o'clock at night until it gets too cold in the garden. I serve cookies and oolong to my guests."

"Piffle!" you ejaculate. "Where is the poet with the long hair and the flowing tie and the flowing bowl? Where is the muted violin and *Mimi*? Where, oh, where, is bohemia?"

It is like hunting for the "Blue Bird."

Come on, I say, we'll get another quart of gas for Lizzie—and then—who knows? And so we depart from David Grolle, standing there under his giant sycamore and with the little fountain splashing in the sun, and we turn, a scant two blocks further on, up a quaint lane under towering eucalyptus trees, past the walled garden of Madame Gordon's School for Dancing, and suddenly come face to face with the blazing pink pinnacles of a building half hidden in a grove of eucalyptus.

No garret here, no odor of half-burned cigarettes and dead pipes. Is this bohemia? And who is this flashing, vibrant woman with the coal-black hair, carmine lips, and firm white hands that hastens to greet us as we half stumble down the steps, not up, that lead to the wide front door with its "needle's eye" for everyday use?

Let me introduce to you Madame Ivy de Verley, once of London and Paris, but now of Hollywood. She it is who painted, on black velvet, the epoch-making mask of Elinor Glyn and the now famous portrait of Betty Blythe.

"Yes, I have just built this place," Madame de Verley is saying, with her strong British accent which goes so incongruously with her Sicilian air. "I am going to live in California now. That beeg tree over there is where they use' to hang the horse thieves. I like it here ver-ry much."

"But is this bohemia?" you persist.

"Just you come and see my studio," says madame, and with a hand on your elbow she guides you through the doorway and into a room the like of which you have never seen. Its walls are of gold, and a winding stairway gropes upward into shadows overhead. A little stage, with electric fixtures is at one side, and there are huge paintings on easels. A Turkish lamp hangs by a chain which seems miles long.

"Every Sunday I have guests here," she is saying. "Sometimes two hundred. My first house was too



A striking portrait of Elinor Glyn on black velvet is one of the best-known works of Ivy de Verley.



small for all of them and so I build this. I think it will be large enough. Not?"

Yes, we think it will be quite large enough, and we think, too, that perhaps here is *la vie de bohème*.

"Ah," you breathe, "then on Sunday nights your guests come creeping from their garrets and gather here to taste of hashish and bathe their senses in incense from the Orient? In the darkness of the night they come—the lonely ones?"

"But no!" she exclaims rapidly. "Not of the Sunday night, but of the Sunday afternoon, when the breeze sweeps in from the little brook and off the hills, they come with their families, their little ones. In the sunshine they come, in their little flivvers. You come see my kitchen where I make for them orange pekoe and the cup cakes. Will you have some tea?"

You trail, disheartened, like a punctured tire, to the kitchen. It is done in deep blue and marigold. You have never seen such a kitchen. It is as big, almost, as that studio you once had in Greenwich Village, which smelled so punk the mornings after. You climb the stairs and see the airy boudoir hung with lavender and pale-green silk, with the zephyrs stirring the leaves at the windows. You sigh, and rave, but mutter:

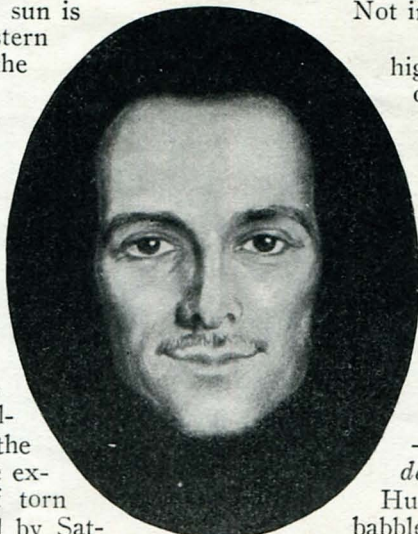
"This is not bohemia. Why, once when I was in Paris, I saw——"

And I hurry you out before she hears you, and Lizzie grumbles a bit while we jiggle down the eucalyptus lane into the heart of Hollywood's business section, and there we stop before the stark, bare face of a building that reminds you of the place where they make ice at home. Up some dusty stairs you trudge, picking at the coverlets of your mind. You think that if you hear the word bohemia you will scream.

A tall, dark youth opens a door, at our knock. We enter a vast room with hundreds and hundreds of hands hung on pegs all about the walls. Not hands in the flesh, but hands, hands in plaster. There is a throne at one end of the room on a dais. The sun is streaming in through Western windows, orange now, for the afternoon is growing late.

The tall, dark youth is speaking. But your eyes have seen something. He is wearing a smock! And what is that underneath his clean-shaven chin? Ye Gods of Olympus! It is a flowing, billowing black tie! The flag of bohemia! Triumph. He speaks on.

"It is too bad you came just now, but you are welcome. We are enlarging the studio, making it bigger," he explains, "and we are sort of torn up. But we will be finished by Saturday night. We are going to have a party then. Will you come and join us?"



Casson Ferguson is a near neighbor of Ivy de Verley's and also as this picture shows, one of her most interesting portrait subjects.



A huge living room walled in dull gold where Ivy de Verley receives Hollywood's bohemia on Sunday afternoons.

What's this? A party? On Saturday night? Oh, joy—bohemia at last! Yes, we will come. Speed the days till Saturday. Are you sure you said at *night*? Not in the sunlight?

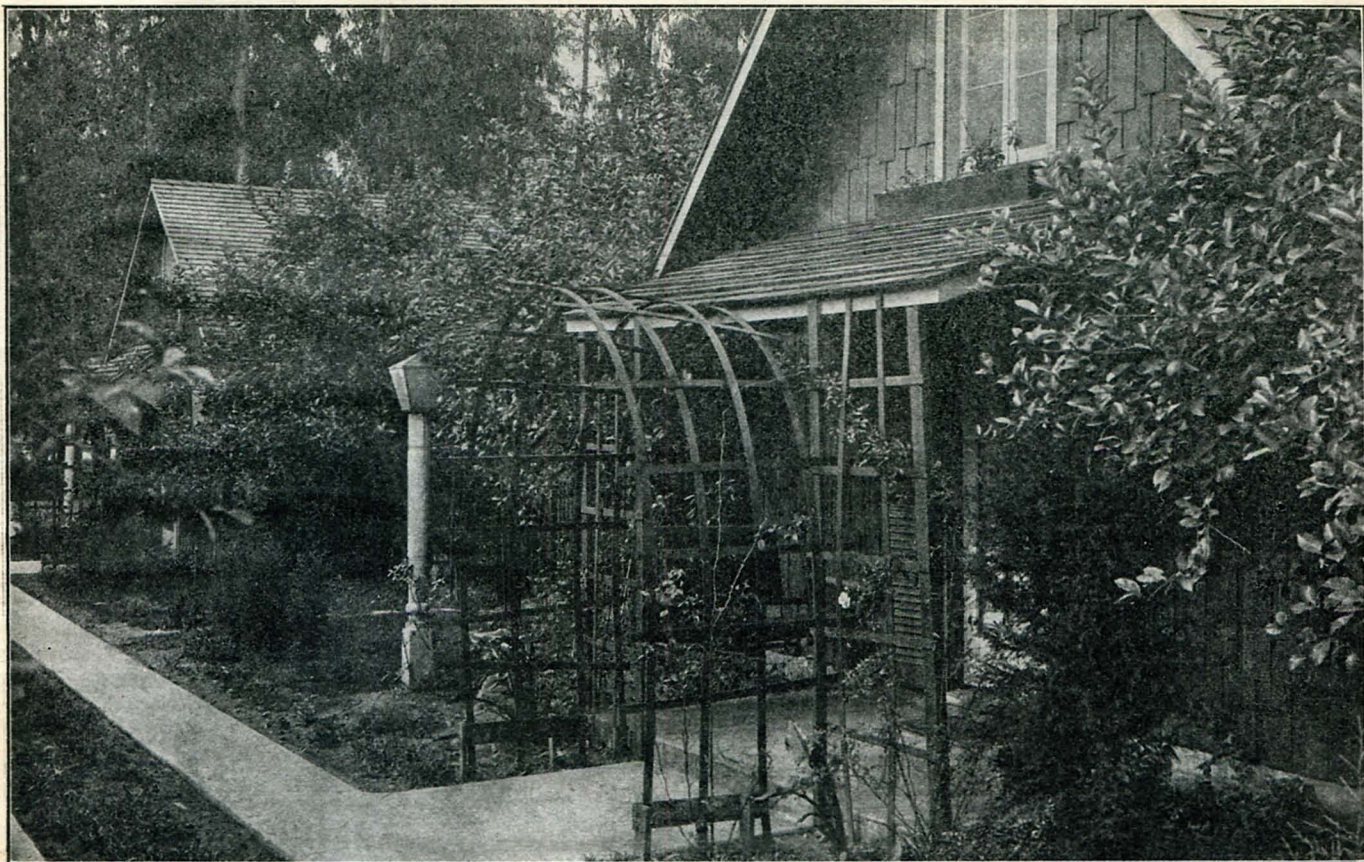
It is Saturday night. The moon is white and high, and California smiles on Hollywood. You put on your best bohemian bib and tucker and flivver joyously out to Finn Frolich's Saturday night frolic. For it is Frolich's studio, that stark, barefaced corrugated iron warehouse there just a block from Lasky's where even at the moment greenish lights are shooting in the sky.

"De Mille is shooting the last scenes of 'Adam's Rib,'" some one tells you. Mystery lurks beneath the ink-black shade of the pepper trees on Sunset Boulevard. For a moment you almost believe that again you are rolling along the Boul' Michel—to Montmartre—Mimi—Eduardo—muted violins—claret—Egyptian cigarettes—Bull Durham—bathless nights—blue days—*la vie de bohème*!

Hurry up the dusty stairs. We are here. There is babble of voices echoing through the empty spaces of the old warehouse with its iron walls. The tall, dark young man eyes you closely at the door. Ah,

Continued on page 97





*Above, a view taken in Jack's "Winged Victory" gardens; below, the builder on his own porch.*

## He Makes New Homes Out of Old Sets

Jack Donovan has discovered a way to transform the mushroom growths on the studio lots into something of permanence.

By Charles Carter

Photos by New-Brook

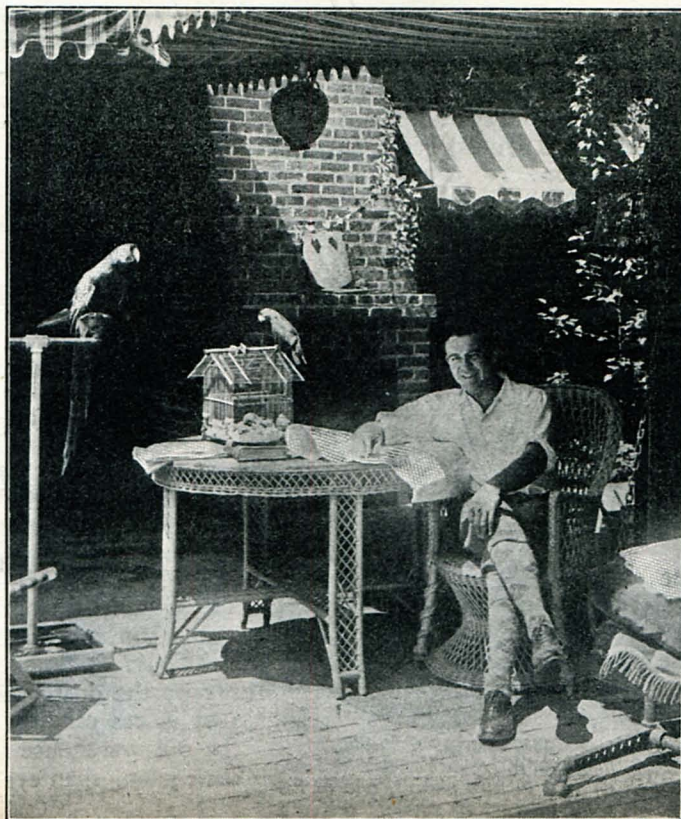
**T**O your right, la-dies an' gintil-min," belowered the guide on the rubber-neck wagon, "is the bungalow where Alice Ter-ry lives with her husband, Rex Ingram. Yes'm, that little brown house there 'neath the eucalyptus. Smart young feller name o' Jack Donovan built that there court he calls 'Winged Victory Gardens' where lots o' the picture folks lives—"

Jack and I, seated in his snappy blue coupé before the entrance gates of wrought iron, snickered.

"What he doesn't know," I giggled, "is that Alice's cottage was built from a discarded studio set."

"Neither," answered Jack serenely, "does Alice."

This versatile youngster, who designs and builds quaint houses between picture engagements, had evolved the unique scheme of utilizing left-over sides



of sets and discarded properties in his homes, which have come to be a part of Hollywood.

At the larger studios, such as Lasky, Goldwyn, Ince, and Universal, where the same type of structure is often needed, sets usually are retained for future use, made possible by a few changes or by repainting. But the smaller independent companies seldom make two productions in a similar locale, and, finding their sets and properties white elephants on their hands, they are glad to dispose of them for whatever they can get. The properties frequently are bought by Los Angeles stores and, in the case of props of an early historical period, are often sold as "guaranteed antiques." I know of one

Continued on page 103



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## Favorite Picture Players



**EDITH ROBERTS** has never looked more lovely than she does in the Elizabethan robes she wears in the prologue to "Backbone." It is a modern story, but for a few moments we are given this vision of olden times.







Photo by Gene Kornman

**T**HE long-postponed plans for Mildred Davis' début in feature productions finally have matured. She will be featured with Kenneth Harlan in "Temporary Marriage," to be made by Sacramento Pictures Corporation.





Photo by Ellis

**F**ANS who have decried the waste of Viola Dana's talent in mediocre pictures will be glad to know that she soon will leave the ranks of program stars for all-star Metro special productions.





**E**STELLE TAYLOR supplies some thrills and also suffers a few chills herself in the Universal production of the melodramatic mystery play "Bavu."

Photo by Freulich





Photo by Freulich

**M**ARGARET LIVINGSTON plays the defenseless girl, without which no serial is complete, in the Universal chapter play, "The Social Buccaneer," starring Jack Mulhall.





**D**OROTHY PHILLIPS, who goes in for such strenuous film rôles, is the most demure and serene of stars off the screen. "The White Frontier," an Allen Holubar production, marks her next appearance.

Photo copyrighted by Strauss Peyton





Photo copyrighted by Strauss Peyton

**O**THER stars may leave their own special field for experiments in other branches of acting, but Ruth Roland is content to stick to the serials that have made her so popular.





Photo by C. Vandyk, Ltd.

**N**O more welcome news has come to the fans for a long time than the fact that Mae Marsh had been asked by Mr. Griffith to play in his next production, and that she had consented to do so. Of all the stars who have withdrawn for a time from the screen, none will be welcomed back more eagerly. You will find something about what she has been doing of late, and about her future plans, on the following page.



# She Danced at the Princess' Ball

Mae Marsh has been enjoying many honors of late; and you will see her soon on the screen once more.

By Charles Gatchell

OF all the Cinderella stories to be found in the careers of our screen stars, I can think of none more deserving of the title than that of Mae Marsh.

Other stars have amassed greater fortunes, have built more palatial homes, have seen their names glittering in a greater number of incandescent lights. But it remained for Mae Marsh to emerge suddenly out of retirement and dance at the prince's—or rather the princess' ball, in the costume, by the way, which you see her wearing on the opposite page.

The ball was given in London last fall, and Princess Mary was the patroness. It was a huge charity ball, and the guests included any number of lords and ladies and distinguished men and women. But beside bearing the name of the princess, the invitations bore the name of but one other person—that was Mae Marsh, the guest of honor.

That this honor was conferred upon Miss Marsh was partly due to the fact that she was in London at the time, starring in a British film. But it was due, in greater part, to the fact that the British people are not so prone as we are to forget an artist who has once achieved distinction.

Great Britain had not been really awakened to the wonderful possibilities of motion pictures until the crashing walls of falling Babylon in Griffith's "Intolerance" shook them into a recognition of the fact that a cheap amusement had become a great art. And through that same picture—in the modern episode—they came to know and to love Mae Marsh. Therefore, when she arrived in London to act as visiting star in one of their productions, invitations of all kinds were showered upon her. Not only was she the guest of honor at the princess' ball; she dined at the home of a member of the nobility, one of whose dinner guests was the Prince of Wales. On other occasions she met and talked with Sir James Barrie, Anthony Hope, H. G. Wells, and many other men of high literary attainments.

All of which had taken its place as an episode of very small importance on the day that I saw her a few weeks later, as compared with the fact that it was Saturday and she was free to spend a week-end with her three-and-a-half-year-old daughter, Mary, and her husband, Louis Lee Arms. She was staying at the new Westchester Biltmore Club, a huge country club which looks like a mammoth city hotel built by mistake on a country hilltop—the playground of hundreds of New Yorkers, a place for gayety, for out-of-door sports, or for quiet and rest, as you prefer. They had gone to the Westchester Biltmore partly because of its nearness to the Griffith studio, where Miss Marsh was playing a leading rôle in the forthcoming Griffith picture which is to bring her back to the American screen; but the real reason, I think, was that its hillsides offered the very best coasting for the tiny red-cheeked member of the family.

"I've been promising Mary all week that I'd play with her to-day," said Miss Marsh, whose blue homespun sport suit gave evidence that she was all ready for a romp in the snow with her daughter. "There's not much chance throughout the week. We work awfully hard at the Griffith studio. It's just as it used

to be when I worked with Mr. Griffith before—wonderful, of course. At first it bothered me when he talked to me during a scene. He does that, you know, and I wasn't used to it. After I left Mr. Griffith most of my directors didn't do that. They found that I did better if they just let me go through my scenes as I wanted to. With him, of course, it's different, but it upset me so at first that we had to stop and rehearse for several days until I could get back into his way of working again.

"My part? Well, I'm a modern flapper, you know. No, not just a wistful little person—quite different from anything I've done. But it's a very dramatic rôle—a very strong story. I *hope* it will be well liked—that's all we can ever say, you know."

Those who have had glimpses of some of the film predict a glorious return for Miss Marsh after her long retirement, and I am sure that every fan whose recollections go back eight or nine years will hope that this prediction comes true.

For Mae Marsh has always held a peculiar place in the hearts of those who love the screen. From the time when, as the *Little Sister* in "The Birth of a Nation," she brought tears to their eyes through the poignancy of her portrayal of that tragic rôle, she has always had a place of her own, somewhat like that of Maude Adams on the stage, to whom she often has been compared.

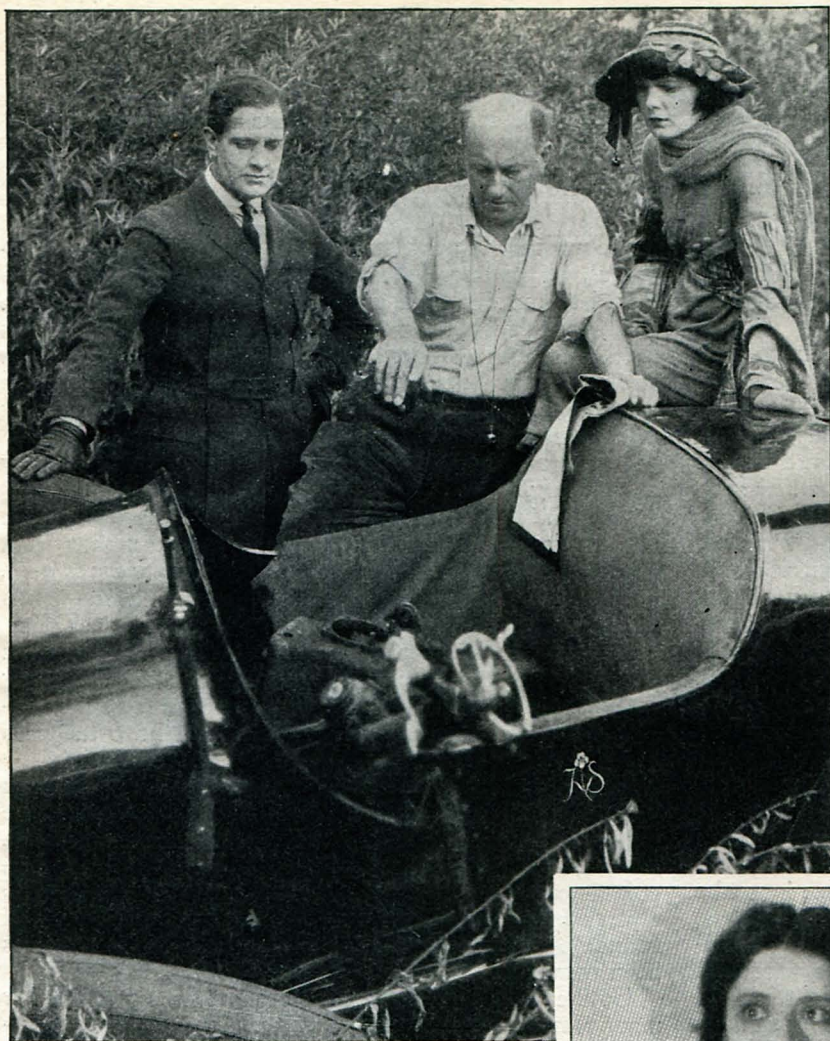
Unlike Maude Adams, she was unfortunate in her management after leaving Griffith. The Goldwyn company, in its early days of high aspirations chose well when they selected her to be one of their first stars. But the judgment of those in charge of selecting vehicles for her was, save in one or two instances, very bad. One of their pictures, "The Cinderella Man," which George Loane Tucker directed, brought out all of her appealing charm. Sincerely and beautifully made, it had an emotional climax which stands out after five years as one of the best examples of heart appeal which I have ever seen produced by an actor on the screen.

The termination of her Goldwyn contract, which had brought her a fortune, if little else, came shortly after her marriage. The opportunity for a rest after several years in the studios was a welcome one. Then Mary was born, and all of her mother's interests became centered in her. It was not until Mary was a year old that she began to think of resuming her professional career. An offer came at that time which appeared to be a splendid opportunity, but save for a handsome salary, the results were unsatisfactory.

Like most screen stars who grew up in the studios, Miss Marsh had always wanted to appear behind the footlights. A play was offered to her, and she starred in it for a few weeks. But coming, as it did, at the peak of the business depression of two years ago, it failed, like hundreds of others, to make expenses when tried out on the road, and it was thought best to close it rather than to try to bring it in to New York during so bad a season. So Mae Marsh and Mary went back to their ranch in California until the offer came to go to London to make pictures again—and to dance at the princess' ball. Then, when Mr. Griffith was ready, she came back to New York.

Continued on page 96





With such a director as Cecil De Mille, each point in a scene is argued out quietly ahead of time.

**A** MOVIE revue! What a wonderful idea! Can't you see it spread forth on the bill posters in your home town in man-sized capital letters, with Charlie Chaplin announced as the chief entertainer? And Douglas Fairbanks! What a thrill it would give you to sit in the front row and watch them perform! And maybe Mary Pickford would dance or talk or do something—

Well, it's nothing but a dream. A very pipey dream at that. It won't happen. And though I am sorry to disillusion you, I have a good reason for doing so.

There was one such follies show last season in Los Angeles. It frolicked for one brief night. And Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks did appear, and although they did not sing or dance they probably received almost as much applause as if they had. Charlie Chaplin came near showing up, too—but he finally didn't. And knowing his peculiar temperament, nobody blamed him overmuch.

For one glorious night, however, Los Angeles had the thrill of seeing the players whom they ordinarily know in the silence and

*Colleen Moore has put much time and study into the eradication of her mannerisms.*

Photo by Clarence S. Bull



## Why is Screen Act

Those who have tried to bluff the camera,

By Edwin

shadows, come to life in the flesh in a show. It was like a grand old Fourth of July. One great big blaze and then the whole performance over for good and all. It happened on Saturday night, and Monday morning everybody was back at the studio in the silence and shadows again.

But the recollections of that show have left their mark. It has evolved a subtle definition for screen acting. The performance exploited and recalled the differences between the realm of the stage and the screen. And the result I am going to try to give to you in the course of this article is an explanation of what screen acting really is like.

Let us take the instance of Charlie Chaplin, who did not appear, as a starter. His viewpoint will give us the biggest contrast. This I know, because I had an opportunity to investigate it recently in connection with another personal-appearance

function, and it is perhaps the most striking proof that acting as it is known to the majority of us, is not acting as it is known to the cinema star.

Before I relate what Chaplin had to say, I want to state that I am assuming that the readers of PICTURE-PLAY have had at least a passing acquaintance with theatricals, either in school or at some society affair, be it small or large. You all perhaps know that the sensation is of speaking a piece in public, if you have not actually at some time taken part in a play.

That experience, lest you should have any hallucinations on the subject, wouldn't be of any great assistance to you if you thought of acting before the camera. Mayhap, it would be of no value at all. The inevitable conclusion from every star's opinion is that acting before the camera is "so utterly different" from acting on the stage.

Playing before the camera is in fact getting so far away from its original model—playing before the footlights, that very few camera stars, who have attained the pinnacle of fame



# ing "So Different"

and struggled with nerves, can tell you.

Schallert

on the screen, care about appearing on the stage even at a motion-picture theater. So-called personal tours are rapidly and consistently going out of vogue. Our brightest lights want to be known as screen actors and as nothing else. They consider that taking a flyer into the stage light doesn't add greatly to their reputation on the silver sheet. In fact, they think it is more likely to prove detrimental.

That is exactly what Chaplin told me about his views. He hasn't taken part in a stage show, even at a benefit, in several seasons. In fact, he rarely comes out in public, except at informal affairs, and though it is his delight to act out charades and make one-minute impromptu speeches on any subject presented at private gatherings, he detests worse than strychnine any such thing as "speaking a piece in public."

"It's simply that I have a dread of it," Chaplin declared. "The fact is that I fear crowds. I have a complex about it. I don't regard it as a superior sort of complex, either. In fact, I think sometimes that it is a sign of weakness."

"The thing is that I never liked the stage. I was dreadfully unhappy while I was playing in vaudeville. And the recollections that I have of the footlights are therefore anything but pleasant."

"With the screen it is different. One can be a recluse and still be a screen actor. Sometimes I believe that screen acting does make a recluse of a man. A mental hermit."

"The camera is so gloriously impersonal. I like its silence, its impassivity. I can let myself go. I am not concerned with the momentary attitude of the audience. I am not thinking whether they are superficially sympathetic or superficially unresponsive. I am aware only of what I am doing as either succeeding or failing in the true expression of myself."

Chaplin's words have opened the way to the inner secrets of screen acting. They have shown us that the key is a peculiar underlying sincerity. Many times I have heard from other players expressions of belief in this deeper sincerity behind great film acting.

Nearly all picture players nowadays declare emphatically that you have to feel and think a rôle before you can really play it. Even on the stage this idea has made itself felt to the betterment of the technique of acting. The newer school of players discloses naturalness above any other quality. Feeling and thinking rôles has come to such a pass that the actual speaking of lines is nowadays often neglected. But in the movies, where spoken lines are relegated to the subtitles, thoughts become *the* thing—if they are not actually *things*. Hardly an actor but will tell you that he



Photo copyright by Strauss-Peyton

*Charles Chaplin prefers screen acting because the camera is so gloriously impersonal.*

believes they can be registered, if not now, at some future time when the screen art is more highly perfected.

One thing I do know, and that is—you cannot bluff the camera. I recall one girl who tried. She had been selected as a possible screen type in a contest. She was afraid that she might display "nerves," get wobbly, that is, when they were making a test. So she determined to give battle. She set her jaw firmly and acted out a bit they gave her to do with a hard and defiant expression. Fortunately for her, she was so badly made up that they had to take the test over again. They didn't pay attention to her expression. She herself noted it, however. She saw that the camera had registered just exactly what she had tried to do. She looked as if she were going to hit the screen with an ax.

"Needless to say, she was shocked at this uncanny

Continued on page 88



# Over the

Fanny the Fan holds forth about Broadway where they go, what they wear,

By The



Photo by Richard Burke

*Alma Rubens is surrounded with so many beautiful old furnishings in "Enemies of Women" that she has developed a keen interest in antiques.*

**T**HIS has been the most thrilling week I ever spent," Fanny announced breathlessly as she slumped down into the chair opposite me and gasped excitedly.

"Yes; it seems as though I've been waiting for you at least that long," I informed her coldly. "If you don't intend to keep engagements, why do you make them? You're not Mabel Normand, you know."

She took the rebuke coolly, patted the bandanna around her shoulders into place and gave a saucy twist to the bright yellow handkerchief tied on her wrist.

"It's a wonder that I ever got here," she assured me. "I'm so lame that I ought to go around in a wheel chair. You see, just the other day Dorothy Gish did the Spanish dance for me that she is going to do in 'The Bright Shawl,' and I've been practicing it ever since. And then Betty Compson came to town and told me all about taking hula-hula lessons in Honolulu. And she showed me how different the real hula is from the wiggly thing dancers do on the stage."

"And of course you went home and tried to do it." Fanny will try to keep up with her friends' accomplishments.

"Tried," she asked superciliously. "I did it. It goes this way——"

And for one terrible moment I thought she was going to rise in the midst of the Algonquin and perform. But she saw Pauline Garon just coming in and rushed over to speak to her. Incidentally, Pauline is going down to the Bahamas to do some scenes for "Don't Neglect Your Wife," and I only hope she won't come back and teach Fanny the strangle-hold shimmy the natives down there do. Fanny gets enough strenuous exercise just rushing around to see her friends.

"What about Betty Compson?" I asked her when she drifted back and began an onslaught on the tea and sandwiches.

"Oh, haven't you heard? But then, of course, you wouldn't," Fanny prattled on. "Betty's chief joy in life is that people don't recognize her outside the studio. She can go around to theaters and shops and never be the least bit annoyed by people staring at her or stopping to ask her for photographs. She positively gloats over Bebe Daniels because Bebe can't go a step without having people whisper: 'There's Bebe Daniels.' Well, now Betty has found out what it is like. She went to 'The Music Box Revue' the other night, and imagine how pleased she was when she found Clark and McCullough in the show. They used to play on the same vaudeville bills with her seven years ago, and she hasn't seen them since. When the finale came where all the principals walk down to the footlights and bow—Bobby Clark glanced down and saw her in the audience. 'Not Betty Compson?' he ejaculated over the footlights."

"Yes, Betty Compson," she nodded back at him, and then the whole company bowed to her, and the audience all stared. Betty will never forget it.

"You know the word flower-like was invented just to describe Betty Compson," Fanny went on with more enthusiasm than I've seen her display over anything lately. "I'd forgotten how charming she is. It is so long since she has been in New York. She makes almost every one else seem crude and brash and ungainly. She is going to do 'The Rustle of Silk' in pictures just as soon as she gets back to California. Isn't that a nice title for her?"

"Sounds a little light," I commented.

"She ought to have something deeper than that. She's such a good actor that I hate to see her wasted on trifles."



Photo by Freulich

*Little Jane Mishkinin has been chosen by Lois Weber to play "Jewel" which Ella Hall played years ago.*



# Teacups

way's favorite motion-picture stars, and what they are really like.

## Bystander

"Well, she won't be if she has her way," Fanny assured me. "She reads simply all the time trying to find the sort of story she wants to do. And the funny part of it is that she never can find a story for herself, but she is always discovering stories that would be ideal for other players. She asked me to suggest Hergesheimer's 'The Lay Anthony' to Dick Barthelmess. I had to confess that I had never read it, but I'm going to now. And glory be, at last I've found some one who loves the same old story of Booth Tarkington's that I like. It's 'His Own People,' and Betty thinks that would be a fine vehicle for Dick, too.

"She was here only a few days, but somehow she managed to crowd in a lot of plays. She seemed to have been everywhere and seen everything. But her record is no more amazing than Carmel Myers' in that respect. Carmel came here from California for a week, before going to Chicago to make a picture at the old Essanay studio. She went shopping in the morning, theaters afternoon and night, and then finished the day at some midnight dance club or other. And in the midst of all her rush and hurry she managed to buy the most stunning suit I've seen this year. It is dark-blue velvet and is trimmed with monkey fur—not the harsh black kind, but young monkey fur that is soft and is tipped with white like feathers.

"But speaking of clothes reminds me of Bebe Daniels. She wears gorgeous things in 'Glimpses of the Moon.' When you see her and Rubye de Remer wearing exquisite gowns and about a million dollars' worth of jewels you will want to go out and rob a bank. You know she and Rubye have become great friends, and if I didn't know that they were sincerely fond of each other I'd think they went around together for the sake of the contrast of blonde and brunette. The combination is almost too striking to seem unpremeditated. Some one ought to paint them as tempest and sunshine. I don't believe that you could see two more dazzling beauties anywhere."



Photo by Nickolas Muray

Betty Compson rushed to New York for a glimpse at the theaters as soon as she finished "The White Flower."



Photo by Pach Brothers

Evelyn Brent is to be Douglas Fairbanks' new leading woman.

"How about Nita Naldi and Pauline Garon?" I asked, happy to trip up Fanny in one of her contentions.

"That's right; they are great friends, too, aren't they? And there couldn't be anything more striking than Pauline the sun-kissed, pocket-edition blonde, and statuesque Nita.

"I love pictures that are full of beautiful girls and gowns and homes. The plot doesn't matter much to me," Fanny announced just as though that were her permanent conviction and not just the fancy of the moment. "Did you know that the scenario writer had removed Coral Hicks and her family from 'Glimpses of the Moon' and substituted Nita Naldi?"

"No," I admitted, "but it sounds just like a movie—remove all the Hicks and put Nita Naldi in."

"Well, why not?" Fanny retorted. "It may be all right to read about plain and intellectual girls, but when you have to look at them give me a beauty like Nita Naldi every time. If people must be intellectual they ought to be lovely looking too, like Mary Alden.

"And speaking of Mary Alden"—she gathered momentum as she spoke until her words were just a blur of speed—"she wants to stop acting and direct. I'd hate that, wouldn't you?"



"I would——" I started, but Fanny interrupted me with, "There's no immediate chance for her to stop, because she has promised to be in 'Under the Red Robe,' the next Cosmopolitan production. Lionel Barrymore and Alma Rubens are going to do that you know just as soon as they finish 'Enemies of Women.' And Gustav von Seyffertitz is going to play in it, I hear."

"Speaking of Alma," I chimed in. "Every time I go to that place of Josef Urban's, the Wiener Workstatte, I see her in there buying antiques. Mr. Urban loaned a lot of art treasures to the Cosmopolitan company to use in 'Enemies of Women,' and now Alma isn't happy if she hasn't wonderful old things around her. Her bedroom in the picture is entirely furnished with rare and valuable objects from the Wiener Workstatte. They've made her awfully interested in antiques."

"I should think that she would like that hat of yours then," Fanny remarked cattily. "Alma can get interested in art and literature for all I care, so long as she keeps her sense of humor. The last time I saw her I was having luncheon with Dorothy Gish, and when Alma stopped to speak to us Dorothy complimented her on her work in 'The Valley of Silent Men.' 'It must have been awfully exciting making that,' Dorothy said with all the enthusiasm of a fan. 'Yes,' Alma said languidly. 'You must come over some time, little girl, and I'll tell you all about how we make pictures.' Dorothy wasn't to be outdone, so looking perfectly guileless she asked, 'Does the make-up hurt your face?' That's what people are always asking players, you know."

Fanny stopped abruptly and clutched me as an attractive blond girl passed our table.

"That's Helen MacKellar," she whispered loudly. "She has been offered a star contract in pictures. She and Lowell Sherman play the leading parts in 'The Masked Woman' on the stage, and perhaps they will do it in the movies. It's a long time since there have been any new stars," she went on casually, as though she wouldn't be the first to resent any intruders, "but I hear that Lois Weber has discovered a possible one. She is little Jane Mishkinin who is going to play 'Jewel.'

She looks like a cunning youngster, and I'd bank on Lois Weber's judgment any day. But there aren't many newcomers to pictures any more."

"How about Douglas Fairbanks' leading woman?"

"Oh, Evelyn Brent! She is no newcomer. Why, I've seen her in dozens of pictures. She has played for almost every company—Fox, Selznick, Arrow, and lots of others. She used to make things with lurid

titles like 'The Soul Market,' 'The Other Man's Wife,' 'Who's Your Neighbor?' and 'Fool's Gold.' And like a lot of other players she has improved vastly in the last year, and she looks much younger than she used to. I thought she was glorious in 'The Spanish Jade!' I do hope that Douglas Fairbanks sticks to his resolution to do a pirate picture next because then by all the laws of scenarists she would play a captured maiden who softened his cruel heart. And I think Miss Brent would be lovely as a defiant captive."

"If you know so well what the story should be," I told her, "why don't you write it?"

"Because that is my one claim to distinction," Fanny said wearily, "I am almost the only person in the world who has never written a scenario."

People kept hurrying back and forth; all through the crowd were old, familiar faces. Some of them I could recall only as villains or atmosphere in almost-forgotten pictures. But Fanny knew them all. She was nodding busily and chatting with players old and new, some of them rising to popularity—more of them sinking into obscurity.

"Did you know that Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne were going to make pictures?" Fanny turned and addressed me suddenly.

"Yes; I heard that they were going to sup-

port Betty Blythe in a picture."

"That's not true," Fanny declared vigorously. "I can't imagine who started that rumor, but there isn't a bit of truth in it. No, they are coming back as stars. They are going to make a picture for Whitman Bennett and then go out and make personal appear-

Continued on page 87



Photo by Ira L. Hill

Hedda Hopper went abroad for a vacation to recuperate from the strenuous demands of the leading rôle of "Has the World Gone Mad?"



# Memories on My Own Screen

In concluding these reminiscences of the idiosyncracies of early film favorites, a hopeful note for the future is sounded.

By Norbert Lusk

**Y**OU who read last month's recollections of Farrar, and more particularly those details of her magnificent spending, must not imagine that all stars provide for themselves such gorgeous trappings. Not many could if they would. Her individuality is such that she neither competes with her jewels and furs nor is overwhelmed by them. They are only the *décor* of a prima donna.

Moreover, times have changed since the passing of what I termed the Platinum Age of the movies. The cinema is now—if I may extend the simile—in the Steel Age—the era of carefully guarded expenditures, fewer pictures, stars in retirement; and those who are lucky enough to be shining are receiving salaries closer to what they give in return. In short, rationality is in the fore, and the business of being a star is becoming quite as grim a matter as the making of profitable pictures.

The greater seriousness of the present-day player was clearly shown when I met Florence Vidor. "Unless I can give some spiritual value to a screen rôle I would rather not act at all," she enunciated sweetly, gravely.

I nearly slid off my chair! Perhaps that exaggeration of my inner conflict is not fair to her. She looks as if she would say just that or something near it. But ye gods! in the ancient days I saw stars blink at interviewers, at a loss for words and bereft of ideas—almost as if they defied you to get a thing from them, to talk only when words were pried out, in the manner of a miner with a pickax. And later stars grown glib with success talked of any and everything that couldn't be published without risking an awful rumpus. Yet here was a charming young matron who said something that really laid the foundation of a conversation.

"It's much simpler to consider a character in a picture from every standpoint but its spiritual aspect, because"—she smiled faintly—"too often there isn't any. I believe what makes pictures most lacking to-day is their failure, in some instances, to depict character. Unless we give a spiritual value to our rôles we are nothing more than shadows on the screen."

Now from what I'd heard, stars compared themselves, by implication, to the sun and the moon. It

remained for Florence Vidor to descend to mere shadows. Of course I applauded her sense of proportion.

She stopped at a New York hotel noted for its quietness, and herself was the quietest guest sheltered there. Serene, harmonious, she barely escaped melting into the surrounding ether, it seemed to me, yet was too lovely for earth to lose. In something plain and dark blue, touched with white near her throat, this motion-picture actress might easily have been mistaken for a conscientious, though very pictorial, school-teacher.

She talked pleasantly of one's state of mind controlling every problem likely to beset the troubled human. "Striving to adjust things outwardly is of little use until the consciousness of harmony is established within oneself," she said with quiet conviction. Altogether she gave such an impression of sweetness and strength that I tiptoed out lest I jar the aura of spirituality discernible around her.

In the materialism of the street I decided that she pleased greatly, but, alas! did not thrill. Like the fans who troop to the theater to see a star make a personal appearance, I confess I like 'em best when they're madcappish, or absurd, or draped in diamond dresses. My theory is that in private life there can't be too much poise and sweetness and light, but professionally the poised person, like the perfect lady or the "sensible" star, hasn't a chance in the world to "make it snappy." Meaning that the star most stimulating to meet is one who gives way to extravagances of one kind or another—temperamentally, sartorially, or even in the choice of scenarios. I've an idea too that the public likes them so. In this I may be all wrong, but—look at Mae Murray's pictures! Perhaps her friends vow, wide-eyed, that in her home life she's a little mouse scampering from one household task to the next. I do not know her except through her filmed extravaganzas which people pack theaters to see, while exhibitors lick their chops at the mere mention of her golden name. Louise Glaum, though, was mouselike, al-

most, to me, and contrasted sharply with the sultriness of her plays.

A little woman, pale, with a little voice and odd greenish eyes, and very tired. She pretended to be



*Florence Vidor might easily be mistaken for a conscientious, though very pictorial, school-teacher.*





Photo by Melbourne Spurr

*Betty Compson was a small flowerlike girl whose dark clothing made her light coloring seem all the more rosy.*

nothing at all, certainly not a siren, nor even a star. All her acting, I quickly saw, was saved for the screen. Since she thought it not worth troubling to vamp the teapot, or otherwise live up to her filmed tricks, I resorted to an expedient which occasionally I'd found had the effect of cayenne pepper on a raw wound. I asked the celluloid serpent of the Hollywood Nile what she thought of other stars. Her reaction served me right. It was unexciting as skimmed milk. Of one: "Oh, he's a lovely gentleman," she sighed, "a lovely gentleman."

Those nearest her pounded the news into my head that Miss Glaum was a "superwoman." They did not say precisely why, but emphasized their belief by adding that she was awfully, most frightfully, exotic. With that she left to keep an engagement with a walking doll for a promenade on Fifth Avenue.

Not an exotic temptress, but more likely a homebody, and just another instance of a simple personality swamped in false press-agentry. Her screen leopard women and wolf women faded into a woman far more real. The spangles and sequins and feather fans with which she was so lavishly decked in her photo plays were not at all related to her real self.

I could not help wondering what would have been her status as a star had she been presented to the public as she was to me—a weary soul nibbling toasted cheese in a Greenwich Village tavern and brightening

when a stranger inquired if she was the *real* Louise Glaum.

Plainly the discrepancy between the actress I saw and the vampire she chose to make the public see, was a gap that should have been bridged more to her advantage, experienced player that she was. Of all the favorites known to me she is the one most completely disguised, or obscured, by the films. Call it betrayed if you like. Having been led astray from herself by a faulty analysis of what she had to offer, Louise Glaum should come back and reestablish herself by a truer use of her talent.

Truth being now in mind, it occurs to me that no star has been better served by fate, or whatever you choose to call it, than Douglas MacLean. He is fortunate in being himself equally on and off the screen. The humorous Philadelphia bond salesman, and before that the lively minister's son—or rather the minister's lively son!—he was one or the other when we met. A pleasant, wholesome young man who happened, by some chance, to claim the actor's calling as his own, yet who might easily have been en route from Wall Street to catch the suburban special due at Butterfly Lodge at 6:11, a little bout with the lawn mower ahead of him, and a dance at the country club after that. He was clad in virile tweeds, perfectly suited—no pun intended—to the moment, yet giving the impression that he could wear overalls or a dinner jacket and appear never to have worn anything else. By that I mean that Douglas MacLean would seem a part of any group in which he might find himself. Somehow it was rather nice to be included in his group at that moment. Like being admitted to a club after lingering long on the waiting list. Twice I've mentioned clubs in connection with him. It must be because recollection of his affable intelligence links itself subconsciously with camaraderie and hospitality and understanding.

I cannot credit, or discredit, him with that shyness noticed in many stars. Energetic, though not jumpy, he talked easily and well and was inclined not to choose the subject of self. When that couldn't be avoided he disposed of it without waste of words. Many engagements were arranged for him in New York, enough, indeed, for some of them to be slighted or forgotten. But he showed his business training, I thought, in going here and there on schedule. Punctuality, let it be said to those who do not get behind the scenes, is a rare virtue among stars.

Coaxing and pleading with them to receive interviewers, or have new photographs taken, is the sad and trying office of people hired to increase their popularity. Of itself the coaxing is not wearing, but only amusing. It is the refusal, or the consent followed by a broken appointment, that spoils illusions and sends strong men to rest cures.

While courting a hot denial from them, it is true that not all stars grasp the importance of their job. They do not lose sight of their right to demand concessions, but not many take into account that the more prominent one's position the more one is obligated to give in return.

One of the most inexplicable signs of celluloid genius is the apparent inability or reluctance of the star to look ahead. I do not mean in his work before the camera, for in beginning a picture all stars can tell



you right off how they mean to "handle" scene 497, and in detail feminine stars can give you a costume chart at one skim through a scenario. What I mean is their enviable unconcern in bothering to make affairs run smoothly. For example let us imagine that a noted painter has offered to do a portrait of Miss Vera Odessa for reproduction in an important magazine, or that a women's club has invited Mr. Paul Pomade to grace a luncheon. Both invitations are decidedly advantageous to the star. They have accepted—under pressure, of course, for stars love to be begged. The hour approaches for the appointment to be kept. The person acting as intermediary will remind that figuratively the carriage waits. Here let us reconstruct a dialogue.

"You're not forgetting about the painter at eleven o'clock, Miss Odessa?"

"What in the world are you driving at?" Follows a detailed cut-back in which the scene of her acceptance is recreated.

"Oh, yes, I remember all right. But I can't go. Telephone him, won't you? I'm busy on my set, see. I can't leave *my work*. Ask him to make it another time."

Thus the mortal who earns his living as a buffer must needs stifle profanity and maintain the "refinement" of the organization employing Miss Odessa and himself. He invents a convincing falsehood to appease the painter, as much a star in his world as Miss Odessa is in hers. In substance the conversation with Mr. Paul Pomade is the same. Only his excuse may be nothing more valid than that he is "not feeling up to it."

The point of the thing is that the star had refused to think, else Vera could have foreseen from the work scheduled for her that truancy from the studio was impossible. Even the other's mood might have been regulated, if not conquered. This little incident, absurd and futile as it seems, has occurred often enough to serve as a typical exhibit of the irresponsibility found among our very best stars.

An entire chapter might be given to the subject of gaining a star's consent to be photographed for purposes more profitable to himself than any one else. The most amusing paradox of the movie star, whose claim on the public is wholly photographic, is his horror of facing a portrait camera. Why this is, so I cannot tell. Except, perhaps, through repetition it has become a bore, and stars, delightful children all, must never, never be bored. Or they won't play any more.

Daily for weeks on end I've heard their refusal to com-



Douglas MacLean is fortunate in being himself both on and off the screen.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

*In Madge Bellamy one finds not only beauty but the indefinable vibration of ultimate success.*

pose themselves for photographs that would cost them nothing. Also I've seen this granitic obstinacy melt into merry acquiescence at sight of a sister star, paradise plumes shooting from her hair, cloaked in \$75,000 worth of Russian sables, in the midst of a day of photographs. Again, I've been a cinder in the flames of fury darting from the eyes of two stars on discovering, after long procrastination, that they had chosen the identical hour to keep an appointment with the same photographer. Here I must draw the asbestos veil lest I divulge names and repeat incendiary remarks. Proof that I lived to tell the tale, but may not live to tell another, is found in these reminiscences of highly charged personalities whom—in retrospect—to know is to adore.

Betty Compson is next, so please turn an imaginary page for my sketchy picture of her, erasing foregoing paragraphs which neither opened my own mind to her nor should remain in yours

Continued on page 86



LIKE the policeman in "Pinafore," a screen star's life is not a happy one, especially if he is a male screen star and has just made good with a popular picture. It is pleasant, of course, to have every one praising you and saying that you are the Edwin Booth of the screen after one particular production has set the film world talking about your talent and personality. But it is another matter to continue to make films, one after the other which hit the bull's-eye with the same speed and accuracy. Sometimes I feel that we are too hard on these young chaps like Richard Barthelmess when they make one striking success like "Tol'able David" and then follow it up with a far weaker effort like "The Bond Boy." After all, Richard's acting in "The Bond Boy" would have brought kind words from the critics in spite of the absurd plot, had it not been for the memory of the infinitely better work he did in "Tol'able David." It is really the highest flattery when you consider that we feel so strongly about him that we are not willing to accept his second best work without a word of protest, although it would be passed without a murmur from any one of the lesser juveniles who have not taught us to expect so much.

As I see it, the chief difficulty is that one success brings in a deluge of weak imitators. Barthelmess was a huge success in "Tol'able David," so: "Good!" said his producers. "'Tol'able David' had a poor boy, a mother, and a fight. Now behold we will make another and another picture for Richard with a poor boy, a mother, and a fight, and they will all be received with

"Fury" is a splendid picture, marred by an unconvincing story.



# The Screen

A frank, critical verdict on

By Alison

cheers." But "The Bond Boy" wasn't. With all Dick could do and in spite of an excellent cast and good photography, it remained a feeble copy of one real triumph. Whereupon all the critics and many of the

fans proceeded to scold the young hero as loudly as they had praised him a month or so before.

Now comes "Fury," which is the same type of picture, although its background has been shifted to ship-board. It has some of the shortcomings of "The Bond Boy," in that its story is illogical and based on one of those situations where all that is needed to clear up the tragedy is three minutes' frank conversation between the girl and the boy. This, however, would end the picture, so the misunderstanding must go on until it is time for the last reel. It was the same situation that was so irritating in "The Bond Boy," and "Fury" might have fallen just as flat had it not been for its exciting ship scenes, its remarkable cast and the personalities of Dick Barthelmess and Dorothy Gish who put a human quality into their most wooden situations.

For the picture is really wonderfully directed by Henry King against a background of storming skies and waves and of the dimly lighted Limehouse haunts which Griffith used for "Broken Blossoms." As sea-going types, the actors are the most perfectly chosen of any picture I have ever seen and at their head are Dorothy and Richard, making, as I have said, genuine appealing human beings out of the impossible puppets which the author created when he wrote the play. The titles are dreadful, but you don't mind them, because you know that these two young lovers never could talk like that—so you forget about them and settle down to enjoy your own idea of what they are saying or doing. In fact "Fury" somehow manages to be a great picture in spite of its plot.

Nevertheless I still think that it is a great injustice to Dick Barthelmess who of all young screen stars has shown that he can play a great variety of rôles. "Tol'able David" was a success, and no one enjoyed it more than I did, but now I hope the directors will forget about it, and get material



Helene Chadwick again plays the wife in Rupert Hughes' latest study in married life, "Gimme."





# in Review

the most recent film offerings.

Smith

which is equally genuine but with a different theme. Dick has almost outgrown his juvenile rôles; he is quite capable of doing in his own way the sort of thing that made Valentino famous. I hear that his next picture is to be a screen version of that violent and colorful tale of Cuba, called "The Bright Shawl." This is a real departure in plot and characterization, and I have a feeling that it is going to be something to live for which will establish Dick Barthelmess as the actor he is, who can be all things to all plots.

## "The Pilgrim."

The motion pictures have produced a few real tragedies and many romantic films which are worthy of becoming a part of its history. But its real, unique claim to distinction still rests on comedy and that comedy on one figure—a wistful, quizzical little figure trotting down the road with huge flat feet and a silly cane. There is nothing like Charlie Chaplin on the stage to-day—he has developed a new form of comedy, and it belongs only to the screen. I was impressed by this as I came out of the projection room after seeing "The Pilgrim" and walked down Broadway with the electric signs of a dozen stage comedians over my head. Many of them are hilariously amusing, a few are really great, but none of them could touch Charlie at his own game—and they very wisely don't try.

There's no describing "The Pilgrim"—you'll have to see it yourself. To say that Charlie is a jailbird who poses as a parson and is forced to conduct a church service means nothing really. Only the Chaplin fan can understand without seeing it, what glorious satire he puts into the rôle of the fake parson. It is a burlesque of the "Turn to the Right" plot, where a crook comes to a small town, falls in love, and is converted. But I defy any one to beat Charlie at conversion once he puts his mind to it. There is a scene with a perfectly

terrible child in which Charlie tries to keep the infant from murdering him and still stand in right with the mother who is watching her little darling bang him in the face. There is a scene with the sheriff—but I really can't go on like this with all the other films to be done. At the present moment I am almost prepared to say that "The Pilgrim" is as good as "The Kid," which means that nothing better has ever reached the screen.

## "Dr. Jack."

Harold Lloyd also has a comedy which I do not mean to compare with the masterpiece above, but then, as I have said, no one really does try to compete with Charlie. "This "Dr. Jack" shows the effect of "Grandma's Boy" in that it deals with the power of mental force over material difficulties. It shows a young girl who has been talked into a sick-bed by a fussy father and a quack doctor and who is cured by Harold who poses as a physician himself. It looked very much like a Coué clinic jazzed. Harold pokes fun at the doctors and imaginary invalids with a lively spirit which is most infectious. There is an undercurrent of shrewd philosophy which is all too rare in most comedies. These really mean something more than flying plates and falling scenery. The latter part of the picture is a sort of burlesque on the "One Exciting Night" sort of thing—and infinitely more amusing and effective.

## "Back Home and Broke."

"Our Leading Citizen" was so good that I didn't expect another picture like it—at least not so soon. But here follows a second by the same cheerful pair —George Ade and Thomas Meighan. It is called

*There's no describing "The Pilgrim;" you will have to see it for yourself.*

*"Dr. Jack" is a sort of burlesque on "One Exciting Night," and infinitely more amusing.*







"My American Wife" brings Tony Moreno into the foreground.

"Back Home and Broke" and is a masterpiece of humor and real small-town sentiment which is absolutely free from bunk. There are very few people who have not had dreams of going back to the home town with piles of money and scattering sweetness and light all over Main Street; this is what our hero does, only he does it in an absolutely original and exciting way. Thomas Meighan is in his element in this rôle which has the genial sort of comedy that he loves and does best. And Lila Lee is most appealing as a dusky and devoted small-town girl. The subtitles—all written by Ade—are a delight in themselves. If we have many more of them, they may induce some of our mushy, flowery, and smart-aleck title writers to mend their ways.

#### "Sure-fire Flint."

Johnny Hines has passed from the two-reel elevator-boy comedy into melodrama which, though it has a jazz motif, nevertheless is serious enough about its thrills. It is full of motor races and train wrecks and beautiful girls who must be rescued from locked safes and all the other little accidents which make up modern melodrama. Johnny races through this with such evident enjoyment that you catch something of his spirit, and it is impossible not to laugh at his cocksure nerve. He is so swift and so constantly in the spotlight that he



Lew Cody is one of a cast of well-known players who appear in "The Secrets of Paris."

takes the screen quite away from the rest of the cast, although it is a good cast, with Doris Kenyon as the beautiful gir-r-l and Charles Gerard in his usual rôle of a low-lived cur of a villain. Ralph Spence wrote the subtitles which are sometimes really amusing and original and sometimes belong to the aforesaid smart-aleck variety. It takes something like genius, I suppose, to keep originality from spilling over into sheer freakishness.

#### "Fruits of Faith."

This is Will Rogers, and I was much depressed when I discovered that it was only a two-reeler instead of the five reels I had come to see. It's a jolly little picture about a tramp who is told that faith will move mountains and who tries out this theory with wild and woolly results.

#### "Gimme."

These little stories of married life by Rupert Hughes are as genuine and truly touching as anything that is being done just now on the screen. They have simplicity and humor and charm, and they very rarely spill over into the sentimental bogs that surround most motion pictures about a young married couple—or married couples of any age, for that matter. Moreover they usually deal with some phase of married life which is a very definite modern problem. "Gimme" is the latest. It pictures the very natural irritation of the young wife who before her marriage has earned her own living and had her own spending money, but who now is obliged to ask her husband for every cent she spends on the house. Her perplexities drive her back into her job, but not for long; an adjustment is made in the family fortunes on the basis of fifty-fifty for all expenses. Here you have your happy ending, but it isn't too happy to be true; the last word of the reconciled wife is "Gimme." Almost every bride who has worked before she was married has faced this problem and the audience, when I saw the picture at New York's Capitol Theater, must have been made up largely of such wives, judging by the delighted shrieks when Helene Chadwick "put it over." The subtitles are both shrewd and hilarious. Helene Chadwick has played so many wives in these studies by Rupert Hughes, and played them so well, that I suspect she is one. I don't, however, care for Gaston Glass as the husband. He looks less like a young American husband than almost any juvenile I know. But don't on any account miss this film; it is priceless. I don't see why marriage can't be treated as sanely as this on the screen

instead of in the mushy, emotional burlesque we usually have unreel before us.



**"The Strangers' Banquet."**

There is more sentimental rubbish screened about marriage than any other subject except the problems of capital and labor. I always shudder when I learn that a film is going to deal with the life of the working classes because I know what to expect, and these matters are too serious to be treated with the slushy sentiment and muddle-headed theories that the film writers use in representing them. "The Strangers' Banquet" is no exception. According to this picture, all you need to make a group of strikers behave is a blond heiress who can appeal to the better side of their nature. "Has no one ever loved you?" she asks, and straightway the strike is off. Not a word about what they were striking for or whether it was just or not—it was just off, that's all, and the blond heiress marries her handsome overseer.

This is the Marshall Neilan picture which the company thought was so good that I am sorry I can't agree with them. I can say that it is excellently acted, with Claire Windsor and Margaret Loomis and Claude Gillingwater and Rockcliffe Fellowes and a long list of other clever and competent players. But aside from some beautiful shots in the shipyards, the direction is not representative of Mr. Neilan's best work. As for the plot, its action is as confused as its political economy. Some day some one is going to make a great film of labor problems, but as yet it hasn't been done by Marshall Neilan.

**"My American Wife."**

So many people are doing the Cecil De Mille sort of thing these days that Mr. De Mille will have to think of something new in the line of film innovations. He might even take a chance at simplicity. In any case, this picture, though not by either De Mille, has all the accessories—it is filled with jewels and palatial homes and wines and banquets where a horse is brought on as the guest of honor. And it has Gloria Swanson in those fearful and wonderful costumes of hers as the heiress who owns all the splendor. Her clothes and jewels weigh her down so that I don't see how she managed to walk, much less get, into such serious complications with a handsome young South American in the person of Antonio Moreno. Tony is handsomer than ever and more at his ease on the screen—it is a pleasure to welcome this romantic young figure back in an important rôle again. As for the story, it is just the usual things about the Kentucky heiress—who owns a racing stable—and the handsome South American and intrigue and misunderstanding and a happy ending. Not to forget the aforesaid gowns which are almost half the show.

To say that this picture will please the many fans who are devoted to Miss Swanson is, of course, quite unnecessary. So I won't say it.



Elaine Hammerstein and Conway Tearle appear in "One Week of Love."

**"Hearts Aflame."**

This film was originally called "Timber" and deals with the son of a millionaire lumberman. As soon as I found this out, I knew it would end up with a forest fire. It did. It was one of those raging, crackling forest fires with the locomotive racing through it and the brave hero at the throttle. So realistic was this race with death that they singed the hero's hair and nearly ended the screen career of Anna Q. Nilsson, for it was in this scene that she was badly burned by the flames. Aside from these thrills, personal and otherwise, the plot has little to recommend it; it is the old story of the rich young man meeting the girl and getting incentive for life through work. There is an underlying sermon on saving our forests which is the sort of propaganda that ought to be more fully developed on the screen.

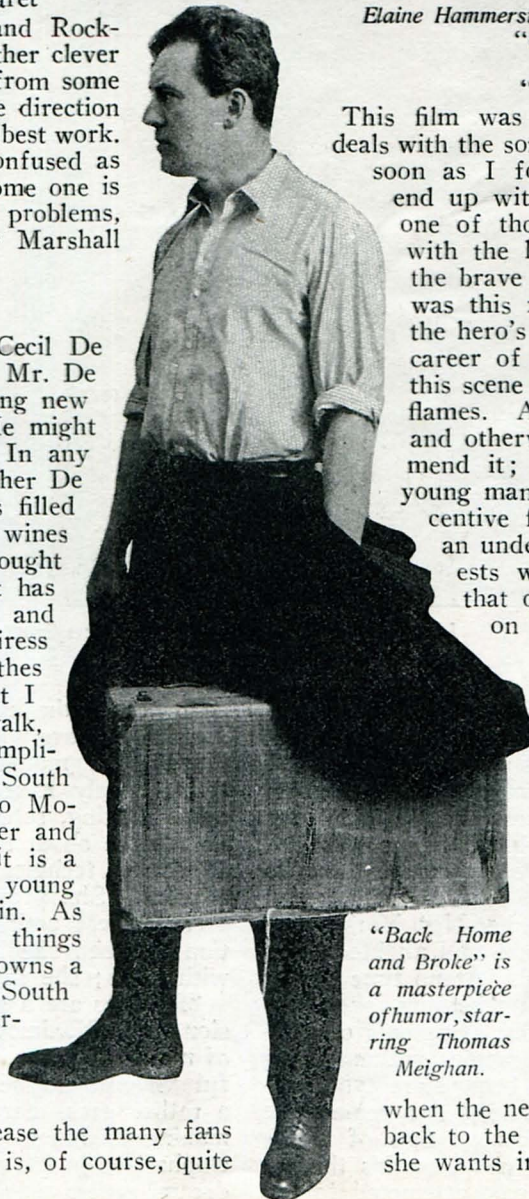
**"One Week of Love."**

This is a mixture of all the good-bad-men themes I have ever seen. Moreover, it seems to me that I have seen Conway Tearle in more than his share of them. Here he is again—a rough, unkempt exile in Mexico, very wild and brutal, but still retaining remnants of his gentleman's life at Harvard and other genteel spots. And here is the American heiress who falls from an airplane into his hut. She is half frightened and half rebellious at his bullying, but

"Back Home and Broke" is a masterpiece of humor, starring Thomas Meighan.

when the neat young fiancé comes to take her back to the effete East, she discovers that all she wants in the world is her bad man back

Continued on page 85





# The Complete Artiste

The somewhat skeptical interviewer finds a motion-picture player at last who deserves the title—"artist." And this glimpse he gives you of Nazimova as she really is, may make you too one of her most enthusiastic admirers.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IT was necessary, I had heard it rumored, to sleep on madame's doorstep for days and days, before one could hope for an audience; madame disdained the press and disregarded appointments; once an interview was arranged, one would be sure to find it rearranged, postponed, canceled, and otherwise maltreated before one might actually gaze upon Nazimova.

Like most of the film famous—and, indeed, the film might as well be eliminated, for the movie great are not alone in this—Nazimova has become an integral part of a celluloid legend—the central, magnetic figure of a fanciful sort of filmyth that annually assumes vaster proportions. This whispered fable indicates that she is highly temperamental, subject to fits of tyranny, vain-glorious, jealous of the spotlight, inaccessible on the set, unapproachable off the set, moody, pettish, and, in a word, difficult.

As is often the case, studio gossip has painted madame in deceptive pastels. Publicity people, perhaps irked at her unwillingness to pose before her kitchen range, have seen fit, sub rosa, to malign her. Lesser players, smarting under the realization of their own glaring deficiencies, brought to light by her brilliance, have added petty slurs. Such ignoble creatures have, in all probability, been the various authors of madame's reputation, as informally and unofficially noised about the reel rialto. Perhaps at one time she was aloof and pompous and capricious in her whims; if she was, this is not the place to record it. We are dealing in present fact, not past possibility.

I found myself talking to her in her New York apartment less than two minutes after I had alighted from the smallest elevator in the world. At no time during our conversation—which lasted something over two hours—did she trot out the faintest symptoms of star-lysis. Nazimova proved to be gracious without being condescending, intelligent without being stereotyped, informative without being prodded. She is a remarkable woman. Here was not the mechanical flow of words that hall-marked Elsie Ferguson, nor was this the affected genius a vampire of the past attempted to be;



Photo by Rice In the Beardsley illustrations Nazimova found her inspiration for "Salome."

this was Nazimova—something she alone can be.

"As you see," she said, chopping off each word carefully, "we're moving. Off to the country, to-day, thank God." She stretched her arms over her head, and ran her thin hands through her bushy hair. "I hate New York, I guess. All buildings, rearing toward the heavens like a great Tower of Babel. I love the bungalows of Hollywood best. Hollywood is the only place. It is stultifying, however, to stay too long in any one place, even," she smiled boyishly, "even though it be paradise. We have been West, you see, for five years!"

There was something grotesque about her appearance. She has a boyish body, and the face of a woman. Hers is the face of the Sphinx on the body of Pan—a satyr from Siberia—a small boy masking as a Tolstoi heroine.

Her mane is a thatch of black, roughly bobbed, carelessly brushed, streaked with candid gray. I have seen many caricatures of Nazimova—excellent ones by Barton and Massaguer—yet none have been so

complete as the caricature suggested by her features. Her nostrils are wide, and her nose strongly, vigorously shaped; her mouth is a sensitive red gash; her eyes tremendously expressive, sometimes terrifying, sometimes melting, sometimes vague. There seemed to be no reserve about her once she plunged into a subject; all of her technical equipment aided her in clarifying a point. She provided the fascinating spectacle of a great actress acting out whole stretches of conversation! When she became very intense, her eyes filled with tears; she rose, and dashed about tigerishly.

"Pictures are a great medium of imaginative expression," said Nazimova earnestly. "Especially is this true of motion pictures. That is why I felt Wilde's wonderful 'Salome' to be a perfect subject. Wilde treated a rather gross narrative with poetry and feeling. In making the photo play we cast out all that had been emphasized in the past, and tried to make it a beautiful dream, rather than a sensual debauch.



"Before I began the picture, I collected every picture of *Salome* that could be found, pictures of other actresses and singers, portraits, reproductions of old masters, and sculptured likenesses—anything that stood for *Salome*. I had a scrapbook chock full. The general version of *Salome* seemed to be a mature woman with large hips and prominent busts." Madame made an expressive moue. "Out!" she cried. "I didn't care for the usual thing," she explained. "I am not fat, you see, and yet I wanted to play the part. The conventional costume did not appeal to me. You know? A few beads? The inverted ash trays in lieu of breast-plates? No! Not for Nazimova! I believed that the Wilde *Salome* had to be treated, in costume imaginatively, just as Beardsley treated the character in his marvelous illustrations.

"In the Beardsley pictures we found true inspiration. Rambova, you know, did all of the designing. She is a clever and talented girl. I hope that her marriage will not stifle her—"

When, after months and months of concentrated effort, the film version of "*Salome*" was complete, Nazimova and her husband and a friend took it quietly to Venice, a beach resort near Hollywood, and requested the proprietor of a movie there to run it, unannounced. They were anxious to ascertain its effect upon an average audience.

"We were afraid, and hopeful, and prayerful," said madame, wistfully. "It meant so much to us. Our future seemed wrapped up in those little cans of film!"

After the regular picture had been shown, Nazimova in "*Salome*" was flashed on the screen. A thrill flickered through the house. Here was a surprise worthy of the name! Simultaneously with the announcement, the orchestra withdrew.

"We wanted the bare picture itself," explained madame, as she nervously lighted a cigarette. "No aid, you know. Just the picture."

As they left the theater, discussing the picture, the spectators were given blank slips of paper with the request that they write candid opinions of it. Criticisms were especially solicited.

Nazimova paused dramatically. It was much more exciting than getting the returns on election night. Her climax was perfectly gripping. "What do you think?" she demanded. "All but nine were enthusiastic in their praise of the picture! Eight were unfavorable, and one man wrote 'Rotten.' But we knew that there would be some exactly like that. We had made the picture for others—"

"We have put all of our money into '*Salome*,' and we think it will prove to be our greatest work." She smiled sadly. "Time, however, he plays strange tricks. 'Revelation'—you remember it?—seemed great, five years ago." She shrugged her slender shoulders with a world of weariness. "We ran it off on our little screen, for a few friends—Mary and Doug and Charlie—a month ago. It is outmoded, technically weak, altogether unsatisfactory. How can we ever be satisfied?

"My husband works with me. We plan everything together."

A sudden thought caused her to grin wickedly.

"But I am afraid to mention him since that terrible Merton has come out! Is it not a brilliant satire? And is not young Glenn Hunter handsome? I am crazy about the play!"

Along with Chaplin, Lillian Gish, and Will Rogers, Nazimova is one of the few authentic personalities the shadow stage can boast. The rest are all very well in their way, but their paths lead not to lasting glory, but to the grave. Once you have met a Nazimova, you have achieved a unique experience. She is not simply an actress. Indeed, she is not simply a star!

By comparison Lillian Gish seems almost too shy—Elsie Ferguson too affected—Norma Talmadge lacking in brilliance. Nazimova only is just what the complete artiste should be!

"If we have made something fine, something lasting, it is enough. The commercial end of it does not interest me at all. I hate it. This I do know: we must live, and I must live well. I have suffered—enough. Never again shall I suffer. But most of all am I concerned in creating something that will lift us all above this petty level of earthly things.

My work is my god. I want to build what I know is fine, what I feel calling for expression. I must be true to my ideals—"

As I listened to her impassioned speech, I thought of the pretty dolls who had showered me with just this sort of talk—in the name of art. What did they know of art? How stupid it had sounded when they had mouthed these same words. Now I caught myself listening, fascinated, believing every word.

It is easy to understand. Here was an artiste talking of art. What could be more credible?

In a trough beside the easy-chair in which I was sitting there were books, books of the minute, books auguring well for the taste of the owner. I noticed Strachey's "*Books and Characters*," Ossendowski's "*Beasts, Gods, and Men*," Coué's "*Autosuggestion*," something by Gilbert Cannan, Molnar's "*Fashions for Men*"—Nazimova praised Helen Gahagan's work in the acted play—Dunsany's "*If*," and the latest novels by Hergesheimer, Walpole, Scott Fitzgerald, and Willa Cather, these in addition to a book on the Russian Theater by Oliver Saylor. And, of course, Wilde's "*Salome*."

Madame indicated another corner of the splashily artistic room. There were heaps of manuscripts, paper-covered prompt books, plays in profusion.

"I have been reading my old head off," she said quaintly. "I look for something to bring me back to Broadway. I find it. A play by Ferencz Herzeig for which an English translation has been made by—who is he?—Anspacher, I think. We have arguments. I like simplicity of speech. The way of the translator is hard."

One can imagine madame getting her way without much argument. Hers is an incomprehensible energy.

Continued on page 90



*Even the least important dancing girls were carefully chosen by Nazimova herself, who always supervises the casting of her pictures.*



# Hollywood High Lights

Here and there in the studios and with the most popular players, showing who's who and what's what.

By Edwin and Elza Schallert



Hollywood hoped to harbor a splendid "Queen Elizabeth" in Mary Pickford's "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," but that production was postponed, so now the screen's only "Queen Elizabeth" is the one played by Lady Diana Manners in a forthcoming J. Stuart Blackton film.

OUR famous stars are very coy these days, not to say a bit cautious. They flirt with sundry themes and stories before they actually select one that pleases their fancy. It is a delicate matter, of course, to follow one big success right with another, and seems to involve a long period of vacillation. As a consequence we are lucky now if we catch a glimpse of our very brightest celebrities oftener than once a year.

Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford are the gayest offenders in the little game of making the fans wait. You see, they all belong together in the United Artists, of which D. W. Griffith is also a member. From nine to twelve months is the average time that elapses between their separate releases, and if anything the pace of their picture making, or at least of their preparations, grows constantly slower. Verily, procrastination thy name is fame—or at least Hollywood.

We doubt very much whether Doug will be seen on the screen again before next fall. His pirate story may get started a little earlier in the season than did "Robin Hood," but it will have to be held over until a favorable time of the year. It will be too late for spring showing. Douglas may make another picture this summer, which could be released in the following spring. However, there is much more likelihood of his taking a jaunt around the world instead.

Fairbanks will introduce a new leading lady to the world in his buccaneering picture, which carries the working title of "The Black Pirate," and he will also have a new director. The former is Evelyn Brent, whom Doug engaged during his trip to New York—the last one—and the director is Raoul Walsh, the husband of Miriam Cooper, and brother of George Walsh.

Incidentally Doug is going to a great deal of trouble to make his pirate character a romantically engaging bad man. Of course, he'll probably wear a flowing black mustache, and a flaring red bandanna, and carry a carving knife between his teeth, but he's going to show that a pirate had a soul and a sense of humor, and that he was capable of being gracefully reformed by a lovely heroine.

## Mary a Tragedienne.

By the time you read this, Mary Pickford—provided that she does not alter her intention—will have flung aside all her girlhood trinkets and trophies, put her hair up in long golden braids, garbed herself in a bodice and flowing skirt, and proved that among other things she

knows how to run a medieval spinning wheel. You have heard, perhaps, of the deferring of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." You have also, no doubt, learned of Mary's plan to play *Marguerite* in "Faust" with Lubitsch directing. This news has been pretty generally noised about.



Douglas Fairbanks is doing his utmost to make Ernst Lubitsch feel at home at his studio.

What could be more interesting than the combination of Mary and Lubitsch, the great foreign director, in this particular story? Probably nothing—except another rare ensemble that Mary herself suggested, when she said to us, "And I wish that I could have John Barrymore play *Faust*, and Douglas play *Mephisto*."

Right after that, Doug buzzed around the Fairbanks-Pickford lot for a whole day wearing a cap with a tall feather in it, and going through all the impish stunts that he could think of.

To our mind Mary ideally matches the physical requirements of *Marguerite*, which is the first important tragic rôle she has ever contemplated. We shouldn't wonder but that her appearance as the lovelorn and much-tempted romantic heroine will mark a turn in her career. Incidentally, "Faust" is going to be a test for the scenario department, for Mr. Lubitsch and for Mary herself, because in most versions the lady does not in any sense dominate the story. We imagine, though, that they are going to make a lot of the devil-ing of *Marguerite*.

## Just a Stunt Man.

How much of real thrills and excitement the movie-goer owes to the unballooned hero of pictures recently came to light with the death of a stunt man in an airplane accident in a Universal film. Among his deeds of daring the following were recited:

Swinging from a rope that hung from a cliff, then cutting loose and diving down sixty-five feet into five feet of water.

Climbing hand over hand along a rope suspended between two skyscrapers.

Crawling along a narrow ledge high in the air.



Jumping from a moving train ten feet before it crashed into another train in a head-on collision.

Perching at the top of an eighty-foot-high redwood tree, while the trunk was cut, and the tree fell into the water.

Out of all these many experiences he came but slightly scathed, and as a rule, smiling. Ten minutes before his last fateful adventure, he joked with his parents, his two brothers and his wife, as was his custom, to avoid causing them worry.

Even as his name—Jean Edward Perkins—will mean nothing to the picturegoer, so was his death but an incident in the hum of film events. He carried the popular local title, "king of stunt men." That was his chief distinction and fame.

On his final hearkening to the call of camera, he was to jump from a rope ladder suspended from an airplane to the top of a rapidly moving passenger train. Partly through a misunderstanding of signals, and partly because of erratic air currents, so 'tis told, the plane stayed in the air too long, and the stunt man, weakened and numb, fell 150 feet to the ground. He died two days later.

#### Get-Rick-Quick Jackie.

Jackie Coogan is in the way of becoming a bloated oil magnate. His income now totals fifteen hundred dollars a week—from oil. Jackie owns some property in a very productive field and gets a ten per cent royalty. One gusher has been yielding about two thousand barrels a day, and another is just about ready to spout.

Of course, this income is theoretically mere pin money for Jackie since he has signed a contract with Metro, on which, so it was announced, he would receive an advance of the insignificant sum of five hundred thousand dollars, not to mention the main consideration—sixty per cent of the profits on his pictures.

Jack Coogan, père, under this agreement, becomes the absolute czar of Jackie's artistic destiny, and he thinks that "day by day, in every way, his son is growing better and better."



Photo by  
Donald  
Biddle  
Keyes

*Ricardo Cortez is one of the crop of young Latins who have been chosen to challenge the Valentino popularity. He will appear in Paramount pictures.*

#### All Too Serious.

Comedies are still the highroad to a picture career. Every newcomer is promptly bounced right into them. That's why Margaret Leahy, the English beauty, whom Norma and Constance Talmadge brought back with them from Europe, isn't going to be seen in "Within the Law," as originally anticipated. Instead she is playing in Buster Keaton's first five-reeler. The part of a crook that she was to have had in "Within the Law" was given to Eileen Percy because she was routined in

picture work. When the English lass was cast for it originally, she immediately asked to be taken down to some rough café where she could see some nice lady crooks. Believing, therefore, that she took pictures too seriously, the Talmadges decided to give her an opportunity to cultivate her sense of humor.

#### Charlie Fools the Sea Gulls.

Hollywood is still a-buzz with social activities. The main function of the month was the christening of Charlie Ray's good ship *Mayflower*. All the pilgrim fathers—that is, all the descendants of the pilgrim fathers—were present. Instead of the usual champagne, or cider, a prominent member of the Association of Mayflower Descendants broke a bottle of Plymouth Rock water against the bow of the ship.

The most curious thing about the whole affair was the presence of a large flock of sea gulls, which hovered over the rigging of the prop vessel. The Ray studio is some sixteen miles inland, but the birds, who apparently went by resemblance, thought that they knew a real ship when they saw it.

#### Bull Entertains.

Other recent social festivities included a preview party for "Suzanna" at the residence of Mack Sennett, a farewell dinner to Walter Hiers on the eve of his wedding, at which Charlie Chaplin's new picture, "The Pilgrim," was the main source of entertainment, and a house warming given by Bull Montana in his new home, at which Spike Robinson poured tea, Broken-nose Murphy passed the cookies, and Bull himself conventionally announced that he will not get married before his present contract is finished.

#### Divertissement.

Let the other producers say what they please, Harold Lloyd declares that the day of spectacles is not over. Incidentally, his next picture will be distinguished by a new leading lady, née Jobyna Ralston, a brand-new giant, and probably a new pair of goggles.

#### A Dangerous Resemblance.

Rod la Rocque and Monte Blue look so much alike on and off the screen that each has decided never to commit any crime for fear the other will be wrongfully accused. Of course, looking like the other fellow has its advantages, so Monte claims, especially when you are unexpectedly kissed by a beautiful girl. This is what actually happened in the lobby of a hotel recently. The young lady became slightly hysterical with excitement when she saw Monte, thinking he was Rod. She raced over to him, flung her arms around his neck, embraced him very robustly and kissed him numerous times, screaming, "Oh, Rod! Rod! Rod!" Monte could hardly disentangle himself from her embraces. Now what is bothering Hollywood is, who was the young lady?



*At last Harold Lloyd has given some significance to the phrase "supported by." John Aasen, who is eight feet nine, does it in his next picture.*



**Vidors Sell Out.**

King Vidor has decided that he doesn't need a studio of his own any longer. Neither does Florence. Both are so busily engaged elsewhere. Florence has been playing *Carol Kennicott* in "Main Street," and King is picturizing that popular stage play, "Three Wise Fools," for Goldwyn. Sol Lesser, Jackie Coogan's former "boss," as president of the Principal Pictures Corporation, offered them a good price for their studio property, which is adjacent to the Fairbanks-Pickford "lot," so they agreed on a deal, and now Lesser is to film a series of Harold Bell Wright novels, the first of which will be "The Recreation of Brian Kent."

By the way, "Three Wise Fools" is the play that brought Claude Gillingwater to the films. Gillingwater played the lovable old grouch in the stage play, and is doing the same rôle in the screen version. Mary Pickford saw him in this character behind the footlights, and offered him the rôle of the *Earl of Dorrincourt* in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and that was the beginning of his screen career. He subsequently appeared in "Remembrance," and although we never thought much of this picture, we felt that Gillingwater did much to redeem its deficiencies.

**Strong on Repartee.**

Louise Fazenda recently settled the discussions as to whether Valentino or Novarro would play the coveted title rôle of *Ben-Hur* by stating authoritatively that Jackie Coogan had been assigned. From "Ben-Hur" the conversation jumped to coats of fur. Mildred Davis, enveloped in a lovely ermine, pirouetted on one foot, curtsied, tipped her chin with her largely cameoed index finger, and proudly exclaimed: "Mine is summer ermine."

Helen Ferguson flared her coat open wide, did a neat little manikin step, and said with deep feeling, "Oh, mine is real mink."

"Mine is unborn lamb," trilled Colleen Moore in her best coloratura.

"What's yours, Louise?" in chorus. Louise was wearing a handsome Russian sable.

"Mine," she replied, fluttering her arms in the air and hitting the attitude of an East Indian nautch dancer, "mine is the cat's ankles!"

**Family Disagreement.**

Elza: I think Rudy is handsome.

Edwin: Oh, go on!

**Why Girls Leave Home.**

Mary Miles Minter has not often gone on record as having temperament. But from now on she may take rank with our greatest emotional actresses of the screen, because she has had a burst of temperamental domesticity and has sought a little house of her very own where she could "get up little dinners" that she had hungered for, and "do the little things" she had always dreamed of. Of course, this may be only a case of temporary incompatibility between Mary and her family, and the natural reaction from the irritation of having one's palatial home remodeled.

Miss Minter and her mother and grandmother and sister have lived together for many years in a large and beautiful house in an exclusive residential section of Los Angeles. Recently it was decided to change the dwelling into apartments. The disorder, discomfort,

and confusion that are attendant upon an enterprise of this nature, to say nothing of the mental anguish necessary to be endured in watching the speed with which modern carpenters, plumbers, et cetera, work, would doubtless produce a case of nerves in anybody, but particularly it seems in Mary. So she left.

Miss Minter has insisted that there was absolutely no breach in the perfect family relationship. In fact, she said that she would be a most ungrateful daughter not to feel the greatest love and devotion for her mother who had "sacrificed a stage career" of her own merely to make one for her daughter. It will be recalled that Mrs. Shelby, Miss Minter's mother, effected a contract with Realart Pictures, before that organization was absorbed by Famous Players-Lasky, which netted her daughter somewhere in the neighborhood of one million dollars. But Mary, it appears, just wanted change, and she took it.

**International Cuisine.**

When you are invited to lunch with Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks studio, you dine in a highly attractive bungalow room that shows the influence of Chinese art, you are served Turkish bread by a Swedish cook, and your dessert is French ice cream with Danish raisin cake. Fairbanks himself is now quite discreet about his diet, as his pirate is going to be a lightweight. He dropped five pounds just before he started. During "Robin Hood" he maintained his weight at about five pounds over normal. Doug is getting to be a regular expert in putting on and taking off, for every picture demands something different. He took just one spoonful of ice cream the day we lunched with him.

**Who's Who in Love.**

The last person Constance Talmadge was reported engaged to was William Rhinelander Stewart, Jr., New York broker, who met Constance on her recent European trip. The manner of Miss Talmadge's formal denial was as follows: "Why, I couldn't get married for at least six months. I haven't my final decree of divorce." Which may or may not be a confession of impending wedding bells.

And the first and only statement Pola Negri gave to the press anent the Negri-Chaplin romance, and more particularly the assumed antimatrimonial clause in her Famous Players-Lasky contract, was that she "would not be so foolish as to sign any contract which would forbid my marrying if I wished." Which may or may not be suggestive of her interest in the reported romance. Charlie Chaplin remains ever aloof and elusive, and by the way has lately been accepting his invitations to parties quite *solus* once again.

Also—the handsome and interesting Antonio Moreno was the cause of many a maiden shedding tears—because since Valentino is away, Tony is growing quite popular again—when the news broke that he was engaged to the divorced wife of a Los Angeles millionaire, and member of a family prominent socially in the West.

At first, they denied the engagement, but when Tony signed a five-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky and learned that he was to be sent East to make "The Exciters" he admitted that he was going to take his bride with him. She is Mrs. Daisy Canfield Danziger. They were married the day he signed his new contract and celebrated the event by going to Grauman's Theater to see the bridegroom in "My American Wife."

Continued on page 85



*Gloria Swanson is the only person on the links who can keep her eye on the ball when she appears in this outfit.*



# The Indiscretions of a Star

A famous hero relates the true story of his varied romances.

As told to Inez Klumph

Illustrated by Ray Van Buren

## CHAPTER XLVII.

## BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

IT was perfectly clear that Nancy Warren would have to do something to awaken Barry from his infatuation with Pauline Stewart, and do it at once. I had hoped that telling her about Lolita and how she dropped Barry when she saw a chance of getting a company of her own and being a star instead of just his wife, would suggest some scheme to Nancy. But Nancy is too guileless for that sort of thing. Or else people in love are sort of dumb.

Finally I came right out and said, "I should think you might try something like that with Pauline Stewart if you're to save Barry from her."

She didn't answer for a moment. We were both intently watching the set a few feet away where Barry and Pauline were rehearsing a scene. She was so amazingly stupid that I didn't see how on earth he had the patience to go on working with her.

"It looks as though I'd have to do something tricky like that," Nancy finally admitted, with a gleam of common sense. "I suppose you can appeal to any woman through her vanity, and if she doesn't really love a man you can make her let go of him by making use of it. Still—"

Pauline, trying to do what Barry and the director wanted her to, was walking hitchhily across the set, then turning to look at him. She was supposed to give him a flirtatious glance that would make him pursue her out of the door; instead, she simpered. One of the electricians, perched above her, manipulating a sunlight arc, groaned aloud. When she glanced up at him, furiously, he clapped a hand to his face and pretended that he had toothache.

She and Barry came off the set at last, and sauntered over to where Nancy Warren and I were sitting. Pauline looked very stunning, in a gown of pale gray chiffon and light slippers and stockings, and she had one hand on Barry's shoulder and was looking up at him beguilingly.

"It would be a gorgeous place to do it," she urged. "And sister'd be perfectly willing to let us use the house—she's really not a bit like dad."

Barry looked worried.

"Pauline's offering us her sister's country place for the next sequence of the picture," he told Nancy and me. "Isn't that sweet of her?" But his eyes begged us to disapprove, and give good reasons for doing so.

Nancy came to the fore with a good assortment of excuses, ranging from the fact that the sequence was too short to make it advisable to transport the company and equipment anywhere at all, to the uncertainty of weather conditions. She talked learnedly about various technicalities that had nothing to do with the case, but bewildered Pauline. She murmured things about "static," which were impossible, but Pauline didn't know it. But her arguments were in vain. Pauline,

Barry Stevens has passed through curious experiences during his motion-picture career—experiences that might seem melodramatic and impossible to the average man. The atmosphere around him is never placid. He has ever been the center of romantic intrigue. He has been praised extravagantly; he has been maligned bitterly; he has been tricked into engagements and even marriage by unscrupulously ambitious girls. He has risked his life many times; he has recklessly squandered his reputation, usually in an effort to help some one who might better be left unaided. But he has come through it—disillusioned, wise, but not bitter. His smile is still happily optimistic, if a little less boyish, and he still feels zestful toward life and whatever future adventures it holds for him. Last month you read of his narrow escape from Lolita, the vamp star. His romance with Pauline Stewart, the society girl-actress, continues.

having decided what she wanted to do, stuck to it. And Barry gave in.

I think she must have wanted to impress him. Certainly her sister's home in the Westchester hills was remarkably beautiful. There were formal gardens, a large pool, a grove of white birches, and the house itself was unusual. Barry was standing on the lawn, looking at it, when I arrived with Nancy.

"Wonderful, isn't it?" he commented. Nancy sniffed, and he turned on her almost irritably. "See here, Nancy, you know darned well that it's just the sort of place we'd all like to have if we could—and—"

"Well, you could afford it, perfectly well," she cut in. "If this is the kind of mausoleum you want, why not have it?"

"Oh, it isn't the money; I could buy a house of this type, so far as that goes, but I wouldn't have the things that make it what it is—the family behind me, the friends, the—well, the whole background."

She turned to me as we crossed the lawn throwing out her hands in despair.

"I'm afraid Pauline's hooked him!" she exclaimed. "He wants what he thinks she has, you see. Ghastly, isn't it? But there's still hope that something might happen to change him."

There was, but it did not take the form that she had expected it would.

The day was too misty for the company to work; the weather changed just after the cameras were set up, and there was nothing to do but wait until it cleared. Barry wandered off with Pauline toward the tennis courts, but with no intention of playing; they sat down on the grass and talked for the better part of an hour. I thought that he looked troubled when he came back, and when she went into the house to see where tea was to be served, he came over to me.

"I wonder what you'd think of this," he began. "Tell me truthfully, won't you? Pauline wants me to go on the stage—she thinks I ought to play *Romeo*, and she says that we could make a stunning production; something unusual, you know. She has a lot of ideas, and—"

"And she'd play *Juliet*?" I asked, interrupting him. "And you'd back the production, of course."

"Yes," he answered, eying me dubiously. "But you know how it is with the movies right now—look at the good people who are out of jobs! It'll take a long time to work out of this slump, and of course it's better to get out while the getting's good than to wait till you're left behind."

"But your pictures go wonderfully," I reminded him. "You and Bill Hart and a few others can go on forever. Why, look at the contract that you have—that's good for a long time yet. And as for the stage—well, what do you know about it? Have you ever played *Romeo*?"



He admitted that he hadn't—that he'd never especially wanted to. But I could see that the hand of Pauline was heavy upon him.

For him to go into this undertaking would mean disaster, unquestionably. He'd lose what money he had, and make a fool of himself in the bargain. The people who would see him on the stage in New York would not be those who knew him from his motion-picture work, and his play would fail before it went out across the country, and reached the places where he was well known as a motion-picture actor, and so would draw crowds whether his performance was any good or not. Of course, he could try it in other places first, and then bring it into New York, but I felt sure that Pauline would never hear to that.

The weather cleared toward evening, and the lights were set up all about the garden where the scenes were to be shot. It was a beautiful evening, a trifle cool, but not uncomfortable, with the trees standing out clearly against a deep blue sky. I was not surprised when Pauline's sister and her dinner guests came out across the terrace to a place where they could see what was going on.

Pauline and Barry had dined with them, and I wondered what had happened when he came out with her, before the others did, to make up for his evening's work. But when the guests came out, I knew. They were all more than slightly intoxicated.

Now, intoxication would not have shocked any of those motion-picture folk, in itself, goodness knows. It was an old story to them. But they stood rather in awe of Pauline's sister and her friends; these were society people, you see, people of family, to them. What they did not realize was that there are as many layers of society as of the motion-picture business. They did not realize that some of Pauline's sister's guests were not well born, that the Stewarts themselves were nouveau riche.

Barry was more shocked than the others, I think. He had set Pauline on a pedestal, made of family; now he saw it crumbling.

And the final push was given to it by his idol.

#### CHAPTER XLVIII.

The curious thing about Barry Stevens' predicament was that, though he didn't recognize it, he knew other people who had been in the same boat, and could easily see where they had made their mistakes. He'd known any number of motion-picture people who had made mistakes when they married, he'd known men who married girls who had no interest in their work and wanted them to get out of motion pictures, and he'd known women who married men outside their own world, and had to leave it or leave their husbands.

He'd known Katherine Lawrence, and had seen her ruin her husband financially, simply because she insisted on doing to him what Pauline was trying to do to Barry, in another way.

Katherine Lawrence was a small-town girl, who went to Hollywood to visit her aunt, and thought she'd like to get into motion pictures. She couldn't do it, and didn't much care, because she had not really wanted to, anyway. She was too conceited to attempt anything that she couldn't do easily.

Then she met Mark Harrison—one of the biggest of the motion-picture producers, some people called him, though others thought that his achievements were all behind him, instead of ahead. Harrison was a widower, a man who had hit the very high spots in life, and enjoyed them. He was attracted by Katherine's pink-and-white beauty, and she was flattered by receiving the attentions of an older man. She began to go about

with him a great deal. The movie colony gossiped, of course, and speculated. Would he ask her to marry him? Half the colony said he wouldn't; he wanted a girl who was more sophisticated, when it came to choosing a wife. Others said he would, if she kept her guilelessness. As the guilelessness was a pose, that was doubtful.

She kept it until after they were married. Then, very deftly and subtly indeed, she gradually began to manage him.

His company changed. First in one department, then in another, changes were made. A cousin of hers was given charge of the publicity department; another was made exploitation manager. A star whom she did not like, whose contract expired at this time, was not asked to sign a new one. Finally the company degenerated into a second rater—and the young wife eventually divorced her middle-aged husband, because they weren't "as companionable as they had been when first married"—in reality, because he had lost his money.

Yet Barry Stevens with the record of that and other marriages before him in which those outside the business and those inside it could not get along, wanted to walk up and put his head in the noose.

But Pauline's sister saved him, aided and abetted by Pauline. She did it that evening, by sauntering down to where Barry and Pauline were standing, joyously stimulated by liquor—to put it mildly.

I wasn't there, and didn't see her antics; Barry tried to tell me about them afterward, but couldn't; he was too embarrassed and humiliated. But he came to me with his face white with anger, to ask if I couldn't explain the situation somehow.

"Pauline thinks it's just funny!" he told me, looking like a little boy who's been disillusioned about Santa Claus. "She says, 'Isn't Louise a scream!' and laughs. Why, she—I—"

He couldn't go on, but whenever he was near Pauline after that, he looked at her with a curious expression in his eyes, as if he had seen her change suddenly and inexplicably. The rest of us rejoiced because we felt that at last he was seeing the light.

The next day he flatly refused to go into the "Romeo



*Barry drew in his breath sharply. And after that, whenever Cecile came on the screen, he watched her intently.*





and Juliet" production with her; just that much of his good sense had returned to him. She was petulant, disgusted. She told him that she'd have nothing more to do with the picture unless he gave in; as only about half of her scenes had been shot, that wasn't such a hardship as she imagined. Barry, further disillusioned by her display of temper, told her that he'd engage some one else and do her stuff over again.

That was the beginning of the end, of course. She stalked out of the studio and went home without even bothering to remove her make-up. The next day the casting director set out to look for some one to take her place, and that evening the papers carried a story to the effect that Miss Pauline Stewart, the daughter of Ira H. Stewart and sister of Mrs. Adam Ireson, had broken her engagement to Barry Stevens, the actor, and would sail in a few days for France, to join her father and mother.

Pauline's story after that was an amusing one. Two months later she became engaged to a young Pole, a member of the nobility. They were married and returned to America. Then it developed that he had no money, and that his chief desire in life—indeed, one of his aims in marrying her—was to get into motion pictures! He had read of her acquaintance with Barry, and thought that would aid him in breaking in.

As for Barry, he was much cut up over Pauline; she was so different from the girls he had known that he had built many air castles on the strength of his devotion to the girl he supposed she was. He finished

that picture hardly noticing any one—least of all the new girl who took Pauline's place, and who went through her scenes with such fervent desire to do her best that every one else commented on it. She seemed to have real ability, and certainly she had beauty, though of the type that photographs well, but is not especially noticeable when you look at the person. She worked remarkably well with Barry; she seemed to understand what he was driving at; she never failed to play in the tempo that he did; she seemed to do things right instinctively when she worked with him, though when she was doing a scene in which he did not appear the director had to correct her frequently.

"Who is she?" I asked the casting director one afternoon, after I had been watching her do a scene with Barry.

"Oh, just a youngster who came in and registered with me one day; her name's Cecile Howard," he replied. "I think Nancy Warren knows something about her."

Nancy Warren! I began to see a great light.

#### CHAPTER XLIX.

Cecile Howard was a charming little thing, very demure in manner and perhaps too unassertive for her own good. She worked very hard; days when she did not have to report at the studio at all she would be there early in the morning and stand around all day long, watching the others. She was always willing to stand outside a close-up for any one, or to let the

electrician try his lights on her; there was nothing she wouldn't do for any one. Her great ambition was to work for D. W. Griffith, and to watch Lillian Gish do a big emotional scene. And she adored Barry.

She tried not to show that, and I don't know that many of the people around the studio noticed it. One of the electricians did, but he was in love with her himself, and so was unusually sensitive where she was concerned. Nancy Warren saw it, of course, and so did I. But Barry himself never suspected it.

He was still quite unhappy over Pauline; he had really cared for her, and a good many illusions had gone to smash along with her departure; I think that perhaps that was the hardest thing for him to bear. I don't suppose that he even saw Cecile, or could have told you the color of her great gray eyes.

The picture was finished at last, and Barry went off on a fishing trip alone. Cecile had registered with an agency, and one day I met her at one of the studios, during the filming of a dream scene. She looked unusually lovely, in her medieval costume, and she hurried over to me the moment she was free, her eyes alight with welcome. A little later we ate a heavy and unappetizing luncheon together in the studio lunch room, and she asked me—oh, quite casually!—about Barry.

I gave her what news I had, and asked how she was making out.

"Not so awfully well," she replied. "I've had one wonderful part since I saw you; not very big, but it turned out remarkably well. If they'd just release that



picture right away that I made with Mr. Stevens and this one would go through, I'd get quite a lot of engagements, I believe."

I knew what "quite a lot of engagements" meant to her, too, for Nancy Warren had told me that Cecile was living on next to nothing at all. She lived with a chorus girl friend, the daughter of a minister in a little Ohio town, who had been out of work for months, but had at last got a job, and was rehearsing.

"But those kids don't know how to take care of themselves, and don't have any money, if they did!" Nancy sputtered to me. "What do you think they have for lunch, usually? A soda and a sandwich—one of those Broadway drug-store sandwiches, made of soft, clammy bread and a limp slab of cheese or a stale egg. That's why they're so thin. Keeps their figures in trim, all right, but what about their health?"

She and I went to see Cecile and her roommate, one scorching hot afternoon. Their little room, in an old house just off Broadway in the Forties, was ghastly hot; not a breath of air moved through it. The roommate was huddled up on a chair by the one window, catching a dropped stitch in a silk stocking, and Cecile, who had washed her hair, was fluffing it out over her slim shoulders. They were dressed in scanty little kimonos that had been washed till their patterns had run into a soft blur of color—clean little kimonos, though, as clean as everything else in the small room.

Nancy and I, with malice aforethought, had brought iced milk, sandwiches and cookies with us, and the two girls ate ravenously, though they tried hard not to show how hungry they were.

"Don't be afraid to eat—I've been in your shoes myself, you youngsters," Nancy told them. "Now, how are things?"

"If my show goes well we're fixed for the winter," the roommate piped up. "I can keep us both going, the way Cece did last winter. And if she gets good notices on her work in these two pictures of hers, she can support us. So we ought to pull through, one way or another, oughtn't we?"

"Oh, you'll make it both ways," Nancy assured them. But she and I both knew how precarious their footing was. So many shows fail—so many things can happen to a picture! Cecile had nothing to fall back on, and her roommate had only a mother who was rather jealous of her, and a father who thought she was damned forever because she had gone on the stage. She couldn't very well go back to them.

But they were both plucky; they wouldn't give up till they had to. They had eked out a living in many ways during the hard times; Cecile had worked as a chambermaid in one of the hotels, and her roommate had been cigarette girl in a cabaret for a time, though she hated it so that Cecile begged her to give it up; as soon as she could, she got another job, as nurse maid to three children in a little town in New Jersey.

And now here they sat, two little city sparrows perched high above the roar and tumult of New York, pitting their bit of talent and beauty against it, with just one slim chance of conquering the city, and making names for themselves. If they could do that, they'd have all that they needed; if they couldn't quite make big names, they might be able to establish themselves so that they could earn a living.

"You'll let me know if you see that picture I did with Barry—with Mr. Stevens—in the projection room, and I screened well in it, won't you?" Cecile asked us, as we rose to go. You see, she hadn't seen even all the part of the picture that she was in—just bits of it—and for all she knew, those bits might have been cut out. She didn't know but what her whole part had

been cut so that she would hardly show at all. And it was tremendously important to her to have that bit of work left in.

"I'll let you know if I have to phone you in the middle of the night," I told her, and she laughed softly as I closed the door and followed Nancy Warren down the steep, narrow stairs of the old house.

## CHAPTER L.

There were hard days ahead for Cecile Howard. The show in which her roommate was cast went out on the road to try its luck in the dog towns, so Cecile was left without her encouragement. Engagements were hard to get; actresses who had left the screen to try their luck on the stage wanted to come back; others, who had commanded high salaries, were willing to work for low ones. She could do nothing but go the rounds of the studios and agencies, hunting for work. She had done but little that was known; with her two best pictures held up, she had little to point to as proof of what she could do.

I know that temptation stalked close upon the heels of her shabby little feet those days; the fight was not always an easy one, but Cecile Howard could no more have yielded to it than she could have cut her own throat; in fact, I believe that suicide would have been far the easier course of the two. She went pluckily on, somehow managing to make herself look nice, and when we'd meet occasionally her little face would glow as radiantly as if she had been experiencing good fortune instead of bad.

Then one afternoon when I met her at Fiftieth and Broadway, just as the Monday afternoon crowd was pouring out of the "Palace" after passing judgment on the vaudeville bill for the week, she clutched my hands as if they were all that held her to life.

"What do you think?" she demanded. "The censors are holding up 'The Life Line.' Isn't that rotten?" ("The Life Line" was the picture she had made when she finished the one with Barry.) "I don't know what to do—there's no telling what'll happen to it now, and I do so want to have these folks around here see it. It's almost the best thing I've done so far, and I've been telling these agents and casting directors to watch for it, and they said they'd catch it first shot, and it was sure to go into a Broadway house for a pre-release run, you know.

"But now—well, there's no telling when it'll get out. One woman had jumped on it hard—wish I could get hold of her! It's my part she objects to, too—isn't that tough? She wants it cut out, and I guess they'll do it, if they can figure out some way of changing the story and have it make sense. Maybe they'll just take me out, anyway. Oh, of course they'll have to do what they can—they want to sell it and get their money back on it; it's been tied up too long now. Gee—censorship!"

I tried my best to console her; asked the name of the woman on the board who had held up the picture, hoping that I might know some one who knew her, or reach her in some other way. She might see the picture differently if she understood—not that she could be influenced, of course, but sometimes people are prejudiced and then when they understand a story, change their minds.

I left Cecile late that afternoon, promising to help her all I could. I had taken her to tea, and insisted on lending her some money; the child looked half starved, and I knew that the cool autumn wind cut right through her thin little suit.

"Louise Atwood is selling her wardrobe from 'Conquered,'" I told her, as we said good-by. "Why don't



# All That His Name Implies

Richard Dix lives up to the traditions established by many Richards and threatens to leave a few records of his own.

By E. Lanning Masters

**I**F you will recall the famous "Richards" and "Dicks" of history and literature, you will understand why Richard Dix or Dicky Dix, rather, is such a wonderful name for that young man.

For instance, there was *Richard the Lion-hearted*, and Richard Mansfield, and *Dick Deadeye*—and, oh! who of the sterner sex does not remember *Dick Merriwell*?

I can imagine the particular factotum in charge of dealing out names sizing up Dix prior to his departure for this plane, and then running over to a box and grabbing all the "D's" in the place.

"Here's a young fellow," I can hear him remark, "whose destiny requires a double dose," and so the hero of "Dangerous Curve Ahead" made his appearance as Richard Dix, alias, "Dicky Dix."

Since then Dix has been dodging "D's" all his life.

He barely escaped going through life with two other such appellations early in manhood—"Doctor of Divinity."

We were talking about childhood ambitions.

"Mine was to be a preacher," said Dix, with an amused twinkle in his amber-brown eyes. (A lady I know says they are the deepest brown she ever saw, with the most remarkable turned-back lashes.)

"Every chance I got I preached to the family. Instead of building houses as the other kids did, I built churches. Sometimes I would stage a prayer meeting for the good of my chums, and, believe me, I certainly laid down the law to them—hell-fire, damnation, brimstone, and all the rest. Can you imagine me now as a preacher?"

It isn't so very hard to do. Many of the best preachers would have made good actors at some time in their careers. Dix's youthful ecclesiastical urge was simply his dramatic instinct on the wrong track. However, he soon righted it. When he went to high school in St. Paul, he was given a small part in an amateur show.

Then and there, the pulpit lost a valuable recruit, and the stage and screen gained a good actor. I can attest the fact that Dix would have kept his congregations interested. No one would have gone to sleep, for while professionally, he is not a comedian, privately, he is. Off screen he is as funny as Chaplin is on—and almost as clever.

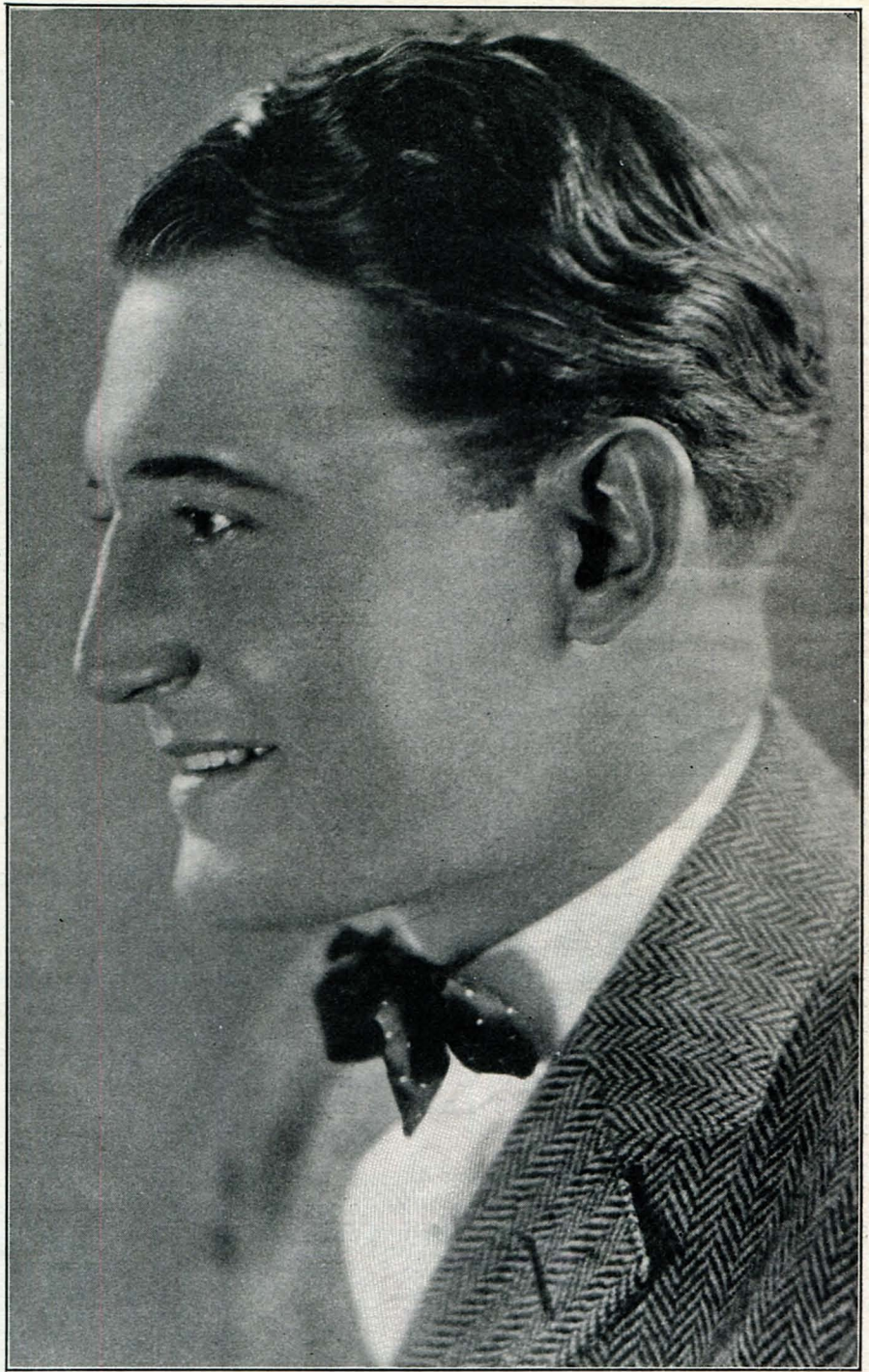


Photo by Evans

*Richard Dix is just a free-and-easy regular guy, no sham or affectation about him.*

Dix makes the best company I've ever known. He could earn a fortune as a doctor of sick souls. No one can remember their troubles when he is around.

"They want me to do a comedy," he vouchsafed recently during a chat on the wind-swept deck of a steamer returning to Los Angeles from Catalina.

"It's a great part. I believe I could get away with it," he added in a tone that was entirely impersonal.

With sides still sore from a day of the Dix brand of comedy, I assented. But when he described the part, I shook my head deprecatingly.

"Man alive!" I expostulated. "Don't you know the public won't stand for their heroes becoming bumpkins?"

"But it would be great fun," he protested, "and the chance to do some real work. I don't want to be a

Continued on page 92



# Folks Around Our Studio

Some intimate and caustic pen portraits of types that are common wherever motion-pictures are made, by a company executive, who knows them well.



The girl who played the one-piece bathing suit rôles was the daughter of a censor.

## Gladys Gray.

**W**HEN Gladys Gray signed her two-year starring contract with our company in 1920, she insisted upon a clause stating that all of her pictures should be directed by Jacques De Lacey.

When it came time, two years later, for Miss Gray to sign a new contract with the company, she insisted upon a clause stating that none of her pictures should be directed by Jacques De Lacey.

In 1921, one year after Gladys Gray signed the first contract, she and Jacques De Lacey were married.

## Myrtle Murgatroyd.

Whenever there is a one-piece bathing-girl scene in one of our pictures, Myrtle Murgatroyd is picked as the bathing girl. For a long time none of the rest of us around the studio could understand this, for Myrtle is not good looking, nor does her style of architecture fit cosily into a bathing suit.

The other day, however, I heard that Myrtle is the only daughter of the censor of motion pictures in a very important State and that she can get any film by in which she appears.

## Mike Gilroy.

Mike Gilroy is one of the assistant electricians at our studio. He is unruly and gets drunk and fired often.

The other evening Mike was arrested in a more or less liquid state on Broadway, Los Angeles.

A Los Angeles newspaper the next morning started its story off with "Michael Gilroy, a prominent motion-picture actor, was arrested on Broadway last night for drunken and disorderly conduct."

The newspaper editor knew very well in what capacity Mike was connected with motion pictures, but what is a little accuracy or restraint among editors when the movies are involved?

## Clarissa Mead Smythe.

One of the slickest articles that ever drifted into our studio was Clarissa Mead Smythe. She was big-eyed and innocent and told the publicity boys that she was a writer and wanted to interview some of our stars for the magazines. The press agents fixed her up with dates with some of our headliners, and she went to work.

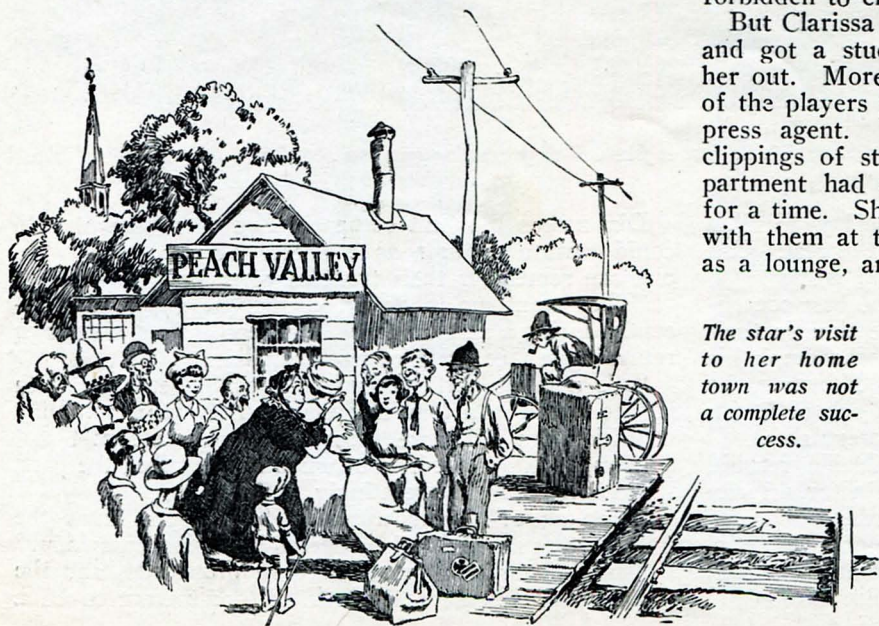
A short time later complaints began to come in from the stars whom Miss Smythe had interviewed. They said Clarissa of the baby stare was not on the level, that the interview was a blind, and her real purpose was to solicit them for a job as their personal press agent. Gordon Gresham said he did not believe she could write her own name, let alone an interview. Whereupon the publicity lads got sore and had Clarissa forbidden to enter the studio again.

But Clarissa rolled her eyes out in the executive office and got a studio pass that permitted nobody to kick her out. Moreover, her game had worked, and several of the players paid her real money to be their personal press agent. By sending her star-clients newspaper clippings of stuff about them which our publicity department had got printed, Clarissa got away with it for a time. She rode around in stars' limousines, dined with them at their expense, used their dressing rooms as a lounge, and had a fine time. Gradually they got wise to her and fired her.

When she had lost her last job, Clarissa went East and is now on the staff of a publication which specializes in dishing out faked scandal about motion-picture stars.

## Willoughby P. Spingarn.

When Willoughby P. Spingarn, our production manager, was over to the studio recently, he dropped a live cigar butt on one of the "No Smoking" signs and almost caused a bad fire.



The star's visit to her home town was not a complete success.



**Grayce Le Nard.**

The best bet in the star line at our studio is Grayce Le Nard, who is also known as "the Blond Baby Doll" and "the Girl with the Million Dollar Smile." Her salary per week would make the annual stipend of a college professor look like the tip which you give in exchange for your hat. Last week Miss Le Nard paid her first visit in ten years to Peach Valley, Indiana, where she was born Grace Leonard and where she made her debut in dramatics as the ingénue in "Betty's Christmas" at the Presbyterian Church.

The inhabitants of Peach Valley thought that Grayce was now so famous and wealthy that she had forgotten all of her old friends and neighbors and would not even speak to them. Nevertheless a lot of people went down to meet her train to see her clothes.

When Grayce got off the train, she flew straight to her pa and ma and hugged and kissed them. Then she kissed Mabel Thomas and Ethel Ward, who went to high school with her and were all ready to be snubbed. She shook hands with a lot of other people who did not expect it.

The next morning Grayce visited practically everybody in town, including old Mrs. Jacob Clendenning, who has been bedridden for twelve years, greeting them all as if she were genuinely glad to see them. On Sunday she went to church twice with her parents. At the evening service the sermon was about "The Evils of the Movies," and the pastor pointed out that Rome would have fallen sooner if they had had movies.

Monday morning Miss Le Nard left for Hollywood, and Peach Valley went to sleep again.

Jake Hostetter voiced the general sentiments of the town about Grayce's visit when he remarked on the store porch Monday evening, "Grace Leonard was so darned anxious to be nice to everybody—guess she ain't got such a wonderful job in the movies as she's cracked up to have."

**Daisy Nashford.**

It was pretty well agreed in our publicity department that it was very bad stuff for Daisy Nashford, our best actress in flapper parts, to be drop-kicking her pet poodle down the dumb-waiter shaft at the precise moment when the lady interviewer from the animal magazine, *Our Furred and Feathered Friends*, arrived.

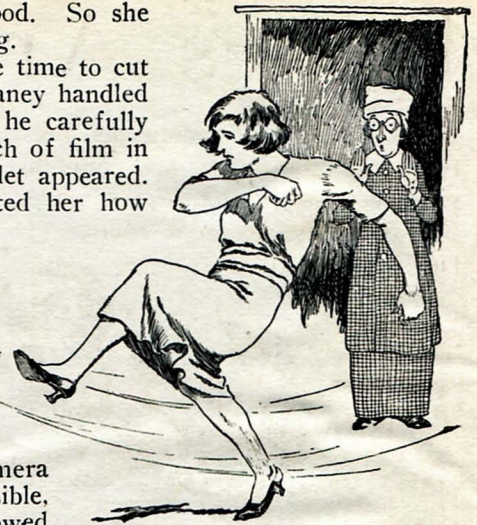
**Tom Delaney.**

One of the best film cutters in the business is Tom Delaney, who works at our studio. Tom's job is to cut 15,000 feet of miscellaneous celluloid into 5,000 feet of sure-fire box-office stuff. He is good and steady, but one day he fell in love at first sight with a little blond extra girl named Flora Fillet, who was one of the two hundred guests in the big cabaret scene in "Love Watches—And Waits," a Z. Roland Stitt Production.

Delaney was quite smitten with the girl and told her to leave it to him and he would make her famous. She was ambitious and knew he was in a position to

do her some good. So she strung him along.

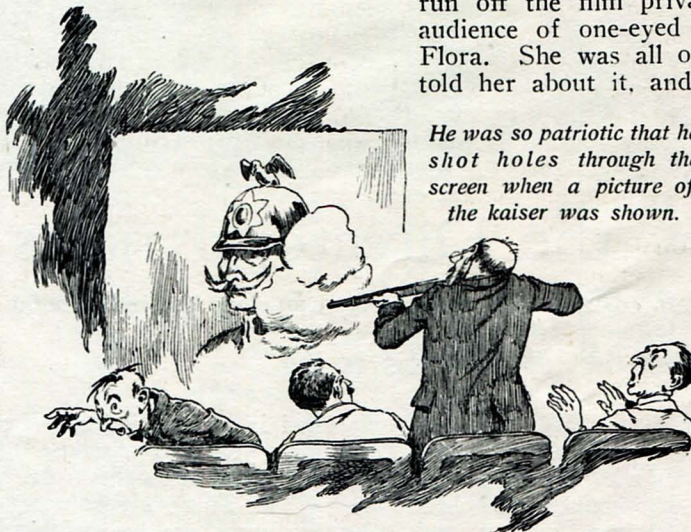
When it came time to cut the picture, Delaney handled the shears, and he carefully left in every inch of film in which Flora Fillet appeared. He had instructed her how



*The star didn't make a good impression on the interviewer from "Our Furred and Feathered Friends."*

to hog the camera as much as possible, and she had followed his advice. The cutting finished, Tom had the projection machine operator run off the film privately for him and saw that an audience of one-eyed people could not possibly miss Flora. She was all over the cabaret. That night he told her about it, and they became engaged.

*He was so patriotic that he shot holes through the screen when a picture of the kaiser was shown.*



The next day Z. Roland Stitt looked at the film in the projection room for the first time. When it came to the cabaret scene, he uttered a loud exclamation and shouted, "Who in blazes is that little blond simp acting all over the place and hogging the scene from the star? Delaney! Cut her completely out of the picture—every foot of her!"

When Flora Fillet saw "Love Watches—And Waits," she called Tom Delaney a short and ugly word,

and the engagement was off.

**Della Laval.**

As you know, Della Laval, who used to work in our serial thrillers, has retired from the screen. She was noted for her daring and the careless way she would risk her life in breath-taking scenes. Jumping off a high cliff onto the top of the Twentieth Century Limited was all in the day's work to her.

It was said in the newspapers that Miss Laval retired from the screen in order to get married. But around our studio they

*Continued on page 96*



*Stealing the rival director's puttees was a piece of dirty work.*





## How the Director Knows

In Fred Niblo's case his colorful career forms an encyclopediac background for his work.

By Doris Irving

**T**HERE is no geography in Fred Niblo's house; I am sure of that. How could the dull pages of a book vie with a man who has played in theaters all over the world, who has collected trophies from far corners of the earth, who was the first man to take motion pictures in Central Africa, Egypt, and Soudan? Fred Niblo has done all that—as those of you will remember who recall his lecture tours years ago. He has dined with Arabian chieftains, appeared by royal command before kings, and photographed the late Czar of Russia. He took the only motion pictures ever made within the walls of the Sacred Kremlin, and lived with savages in the swamps of Uganda. There is hardly a country in the world that he hasn't sighted through his camera.

On second thought, I cannot see why there should ever be a research worker in his studio. He is a living encyclopedia.

All this is merely a matter of background, however, and it takes more than that to fit a man to mold together all the elements that go into the making of a motion picture. He must know something of the art of acting to be in sympathy with his performers.

Let us cut back in the manner of motion pictures now to about ten years ago. Even then his name was em-

blazoned in electric lights. Now he is one of the few directors, you know, whose name is featured in the theaters' announcements. It has been ever since he made "The Three Musketeers" and "Blood and Sand." But ten years ago he was blazing forth on Broadway as an actor. Perhaps you recall him in "Hit the Trail Holliday." He played that great success on Broadway for forty-two weeks and then for phenomenal engagements in every English-speaking country in the world. His is a genial humor and his good nature seemed as infectious in those days in the theater as it does now in the studio.

He is a man who numbers among his friends David Warfield, Ellen Terry, and ex-President Taft, whose reading ranges from "Lucile" to Leonard Merrick, and who has the greatest high-power nonstop smile in the California studios. He hasn't the mind of a librarian who carefully sorts and classifies material so that Samarcand won't rub elbows with Kankakee. The big trophy room at the top of his house where his treasures are stored is just a happy mix-

ture of everything without any particular order to it. And yet if you asked Fred Niblo for a game the natives play in India, for a comb that high-caste Chinese women wear, or one of those awful ash trays lined with cigar

Continued on page 101

### THE MEN WHO MAKE THE PICTURES

Look into the career of a motion-picture director and nine times out of ten you will find a tale of a soldier of fortune. No one has yet decided whether it is because directing really demands men of broad outlook and varied adventures or whether the work itself is so exciting that men keyed up to episodic lives are naturally drawn to it. But the fact remains that the little-known men behind the megaphones have lived stories as interesting as many they transfer to the screen.

This month we give you a glimpse of the fascinating adventures that preceded Fred Niblo's career as a motion-picture director. Others will appear in later issues.



# Knocked, But Not Broken

Beautiful Katherine MacDonald neither resents nor ignores the harsh criticisms her productions have received. She has some striking ideas of her own about them.

By Helen Klumph

**W**HENEVER I read a review of one of my pictures that roasts me unmercifully," Katherine MacDonald told me, "I think of how many worse things I could have said about the same picture. Often, I am not only in entire agreement with the reviewers, but think that they haven't gone far enough.

"They say I am beautiful, but dumb. That is almost a formula now for reviewing my pictures; it is so much easier to say that than to think up anything new. Well, the parts I have played have been utterly dumb. I have had to play women who stood around weak and weepy and submissive when any woman with just plain horse sense would have asserted herself. When critics were able to see beauty in me in spite of all that, they were granting me a lot and I am grateful to them."

Her frankness startled me. I had been introduced to her during a lull between scenes and had asked her somewhat timorously what she thought of motion-picture critics. So long as they have been having their say about what they think of her it seemed only natural that she should harbor a few bitter opinions of them. Her humorous understanding of their attitude was quite beguiling and breath-taking. I had rather expected her to be supercilious toward me and scornful of motion pictures and anything the critics might have to say. Instead she was cordial and freely chatted about the critical brickbats that have been hurled at her.

"Harsh reviews haven't hurt my feelings a bit," she told me. "They've only made me wish that some time a reviewer would point out that I might act less stupid if I played rôles that were less stupid. Look at the women I have played. They couldn't see through anything; the whole plots depended on it. Don't think I'm claiming to be a great actress, but give me credit for a little sense. Given the part of a woman who used her head, I could have made a much better impression."

Miss MacDonald is not at all the colorless and placid beauty that she seems on the screen. She is keenly alive, charming and a little dominant in her manner. She sat on a ragged old chair just off the set and drank ginger ale out of thick tumblers, but the surroundings didn't matter. She is every inch a queen even in those surroundings.

I didn't want to be unnecessarily unpleasant, but I wanted really to find out how much responsibility for her poor pictures rested with her, and how much with her producers.



Photo by Melbourne Spurr

"Didn't your contract give you supervision over all your scenarios?" I asked her. "I understood that you had the privilege of turning down any that were unsatisfactory to you."

"Do people really think that?" Her brows contracted in a troubled frown. Where the barbs of the critics had failed to hurt her, the public's misunderstanding had.

"There was a clause in my contract that gave me the right to turn down stories, but only when they had an objectionable sex element," she remarked wryly. "And you can see how that would work. The stupid, the banal, the insipid things I would have to accept. Only the actually offensive stories could be avoided."

Miss MacDonald's contract will soon be fulfilled and she will probably retire then. She wants to go abroad, to travel and study. I have an idea though that she would gladly go to work again, in spite of the comfortable fortune that she has amassed, if she were given a really big opportunity. It wouldn't have to be a highly dramatic part; I dare say that in her shrewd way Miss MacDonald knows her limitations as well as any one. But the opportunity to play an intelligent part would be welcome to her. She is unbroken in spirit by the slams that have been hurled at her by critics, but she would like the people who know her only on the screen to see her as she is and not as a phlegmatic, unreasonable creature.





The opening chorus of the Ziegfeld "Follies" is sometimes spectacular, but never one of its best, because so many people miss it by coming late.

Photo by Nickolas Murray

## America's Beauty

When motion-picture producers are looking for beau course. From there have come Marion Davies, Jac de Remer, Billie Dove, Betty Fran tion to the institution

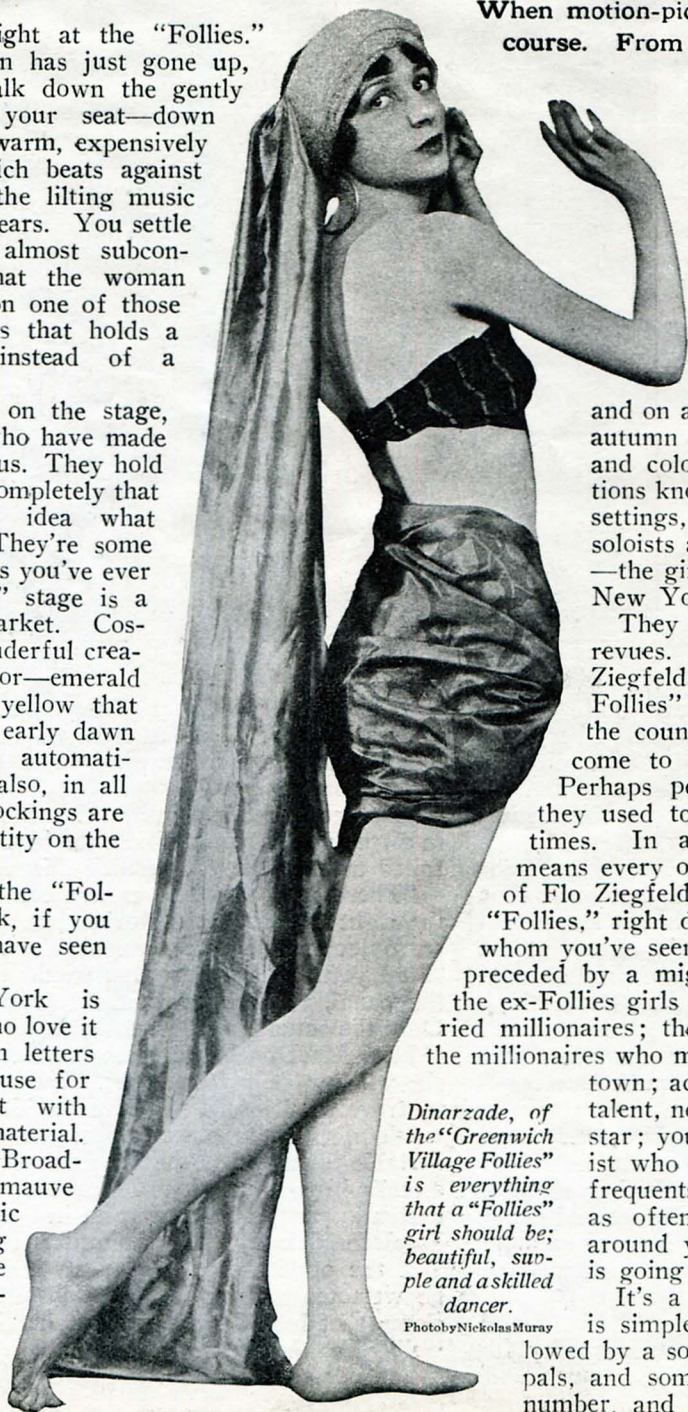
By Inez

**O**PENING night at the "Follies." The curtain has just gone up, as you walk down the gently sloping aisle to your seat—down through a sea of warm, expensively perfumed air, which beats against you in waves as the lilting music beats against your ears. You settle into your place, almost subconsciously noting that the woman on your left has on one of those new trick bracelets that holds a one-drink flask instead of a watch.

There are girls on the stage, the sort of girls who have made the "Follies" famous. They hold your attention so completely that you haven't any idea what they're singing. They're some of the prettiest ones you've ever seen—the "Follies" stage is a famous beauty market. Costumes that are wonderful creations of sheer color—emerald green, violet, the yellow that holds the pink of early dawn—you note them automatically, and realize also, in all probability, that stockings are to be a minus quantity on the stage this year.

But what are the "Follies," you may ask, if you don't happen to have seen them.

Well, New York is spelled by those who love it not with the seven letters that the printers use for the purpose, but with quite different material. It's spelled with Broadway's purple and mauve and green electric lights, with spring twilights when the tulips bloom in historic Gramercy Square, and the sirens on speeding fire engines



Dinarzade, of the "Greenwich Village Follies" is everything that a "Follies" girl should be; beautiful, supple and a skilled dancer.

Photo by Nickolas Murray

scream "Disaster! Calamity!" through the dusk; with stews at the oyster bar in the Grand Central Station and wheat cakes at Child's, with rides on the Staten Island ferryboats in the deep blue of a summer night, and on a Fifth Avenue bus on a blue and gold autumn afternoon, and with the light and glow and color of the "Follies," theatrical productions known for their spectacular pageants and settings, their clever comedians and charming soloists and dancers, and for their pretty girls—the girls are most important. That's how a New Yorker spells New York.

They are an institution, these big musical revues. There are many revues, but only the Ziegfeld "Follies" and the "Greenwich Village Follies" are real beauty markets. They tell the country that Midsummer Night's Eve has come to Broadway, on their opening nights. Perhaps people flock to the "Follies" just as they used to go out to the greensward in olden times. In any event, "everybody" goes—which means every one from Billie Burke, the pretty wife of Flo Ziegfeld, who is the man behind the original "Follies," right down the line. The foreign statesman whom you've seen dashing about town in a closed car, preceded by a mighty army of motor-cycle policemen, the ex-Follies girls who have run true to form and married millionaires; the débutantes who expected to marry the millionaires who married the ex-Follies girls; men about town; actresses and actors of every degree of talent, notoriety, or fame; your favorite movie star; your favorite bootlegger; your manicurist who knows all the smart dance clubs and frequents "Ruben's" famous delicatessen store as often as you do—they're all there, all around you, eager to see what the "Follies" is going to be like this year.

It's a glorified vaudeville show. The plan is simple. A big, spectacular number is followed by a song sung by one or two of the principals, and some of the chorus girls. Another big number, and then one which may depend on one



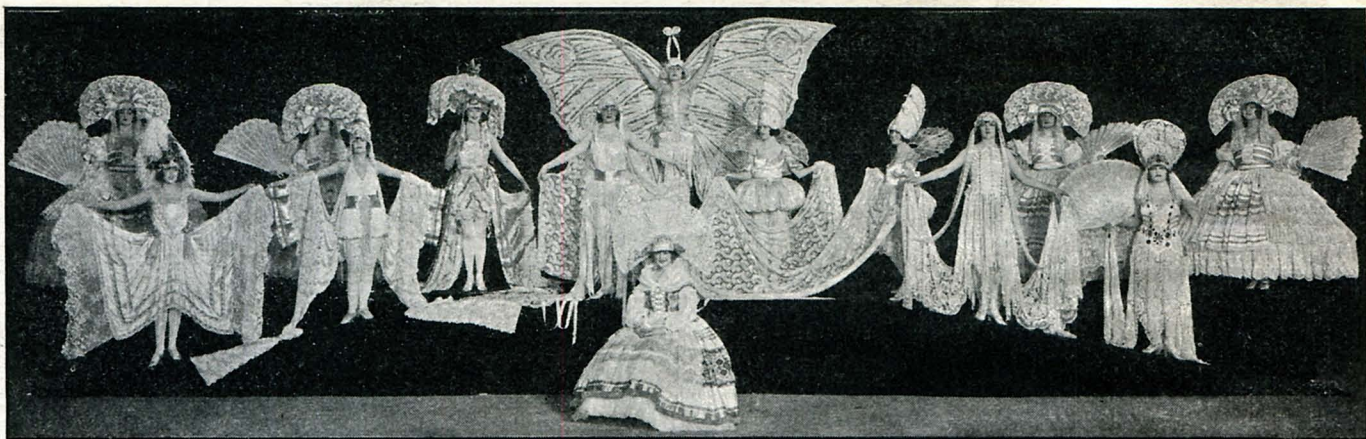


Photo by White

*The Radium Lace-land number in the current Ziegfeld "Follies" is the most expensive and one of the most beautiful scenes ever staged in a revue.*

## Market

tiful girls, they go to the "Follies" for them, of queline Logan, Nita Naldi, Mae Murray, Rubye cisco and many others. Here is an introduc- that gives them their prestige.

### McCleary

person for its success. That doesn't sound espe- cially exciting, does it? But it is!

The opening chorus is over—beautifully staged and costumed and not especially well sung; who expects a chorus girl to sing, any- way? It might distract you from looking at her. The next number may be almost any- thing; it won't be one of those which is ex- pected to be a big hit, because that couldn't be risked on the early evening—too many persons arrive at the theater late. Perhaps a dancer will come spinning across the stage, a delicate, airy thing, whose seven- teen summers sit very lightly on her pretty shoulders. She hasn't taken a dozen steps before you know just why she's there; she's one of the best of her kind.

This year Evelyn Law is one of the premier danseuses, and no applause that she ever receives from a delighted audience will ever be more sincere or more worth having than the tribute paid her by one of Mr. Zieg- feld's office force, not long ago.

"I do like Miss Law," the woman said to me. "She's so awfully pretty and somehow— well, she's so young. She makes you realize that every time you see her. She comes into this office, and you think of all the pretty young things in the world; not spoiled a bit, she is, but just sweet."

Perhaps the second number is the act of a new discovery in comedians, a young man who's been working and hoping for years for just this chance. Will his stuff get over—or will it fall flat as a cold pop- over? If you're sitting well down front, you find yourself sharing his nervousness. He must be good, or Ziegfeld would never have picked him, you tell yourself reassuringly. You hate the woman behind you who squirms restlessly and murmurs, "When's Gilda Gray coming on? I want to see Gilda Gray! They

*Madlyn Morrissey ranks high among the famous beau- ties of the "Fol- lies."*

Photo by Ira D. Schwartz



say her dance is the most *abandoned* thing—a friend of mine knows Flo Zieg- feld *very* well and came to a rehearsal—" You long to strangle her.

The fat man in front of you laughs. Somebody in one of the boxes follows his example. The comedian draws a long, heartfelt breath of relief and tells his second-best gag. It falls into a sea of silence, then slowly the laugh begins, like a wave far out from shore, and rolls through the big, darkened theater. One or two newspaper critics jot it down on their cuffs or the edge of their programs—that means that it may be quoted in to-morrow's review of the show. The comedian takes heart. By the time his act is finished he's a hit. He lets down when he reaches the wings; you can see him let himself slump together, his shoul- ders drooping, and stumble a lit- tle, but the lights have gone down a bit, and most of the audience is watching the opening of the next number, a big one.

It's likely to be very beautiful, and very startling. Joseph Urban, who is now de- signing sets for Cosmopolitan pictures, has designed many of these big scenes. At one time Flo Ziegfeld went in for tableaux—one of them, showing *Lady Godiva*, will not soon be forgotten even by the most sophisticated New Yorkers who saw it. These tableaux were arranged by Ben Ali Haggin, and had the quality of beautiful old tapestries; they had to be unusually artistic to escape the long arm of the law, as the clothing of the girls who posed in them was conspicuous by its utter ab- sence.

This year there are no tableaux. But there are other things.

For instance, there is the remarkable Radium Lace-land scene. The girls who appear in this spectacle represent the dif- ferent kinds of lace of which their cos- tumes are made, and the patterns of the laces have been treated by a special process so that when the lights are





Photo by White

Marjorie Chapin is one of the few "Follies" beauties who has a really good singing voice.

turned out the girls vanish, but the patterns glow with a luminous golden light which is most effective. It is claimed that this number alone cost seventy-five thousand dollars; and in a recent statement to the press Mr. Ziegfeld bewailed the high cost of the "Follies," by informing us that the expenditure of about a quarter of a million dollars had been necessary before the first curtain was rung up on this season's production.

There is the Sicilian number, danced by Martha Lorber and many of the girls and men of the chorus, which is most colorfully and beautifully costumed, and in which an effective little story of a girl and her two lovers, one of whom kidnaps and kills her, is enacted. Miss Lorber,

riding onto the stage in the quaint peasant's cart, in her wonderful shawl, is a figure not soon forgotten.

There is the delightful song which is sung by one of the men before a row of prim, blooming rose trees. When the singer reaches the chorus the rose trees slowly revolve half-way, and one sees the pretty girls who stand on the backs of the trees.

But "I want to see Gilda Gray!" protests the woman behind you, no matter how gorgeous a spectacle confronts her. "I used to see her last winter at that dance club of hers, and she was perfectly fascinating—I don't see why the police arrested her; that dance she did wasn't a bit worse than the things my daughter does at every party she goes to. I want to see Gilda Gray!"

There are others who want to see Gilda Gray—Gilda of the appealing, husky voice, and the shimmying shoulders. She came out of Chicago's shoutin' cabaret district, they say—came all alone, and won Broadway single handed—or should one say single shouldered? She was crowned queen of the shimmy, this Polish girl who is now famous.

Her first number is reached. A beefy young man for whom one sees no particular reason comes out and sings it—"South Sea Moon." He's just part of the "atmosphere" created for her, but you'd like to dispense with him.

Eugenia Repelsky is one of the decorative features of the "Greenwich Village Follies" particularly when she wears such jaunty costumes as this.

Photo by  
Nikolas Muray





Behind him is scenery that represents the South Seas, not too successfully—golden moon, drooping palm trees, and all the rest of it. It's just scenery, until a girl walks out from the wings. She strolls along with a swaying-hipped, languorous gait, as if she were walking on a sun-warmed beach whose sands hold their heat even after twilight has flung a purple cloak over the sea. She makes you feel that you're there on the beach with her—that the sea is murmuring to you, too, and that you can feel the warm, caressing air, and hear the insistent, thudding beat of drums off there in the trees somewhere.

She begins to dance—slowly, with lithe, soft-curved movements of her sinuous body. You forget that she's dancing to a syncopated tune that's going to be the very latest thing in jazz; you forget that she's keeping time to anything but the wind that has swept across the most beautiful of all the seven seas to play about her bare limbs. Her grass skirt sways about her; the flower garlands on her ankles and shoulders make little splashes of crimson and orange against her flesh. She dances, and you feel that you are dancing with her, to that muted, passionate music, like a scented breeze murmuring of love.

Your escort's shoulders sway a bit; his imagination is working, too. The woman behind you sighs deeply; for the moment she

All "Follies" costumes are not bizarre or magnificent; Eugenia Repelsky wears this one of classic simplicity in the current "Greenwich Village Follies." Photo by Nickolas Muray



Photo by Edward Thayer Monroe

Jessie Reed, one of the best-known Ziegfeld "Follies" beauties, makes her picture debut in a small part in "Enemies of Women."

has forgotten that the bathroom scales registered a hundred and eighty that morning, and that she's got to begin to count her calories. The fat man in front of you says "Gosh!" appreciatively. And then—then the lights go blaring on, and the chorus girls come jigging out and begin to sing, the beefy man reappears, looking beefier than ever, and Gilda Gray speeds up her dance and does one or two steps that will be talked about the next day from the Battery to the Bronx, from Hell Gate to Harlem. You've seen magic for a moment, though; the kind of magic that draws people to the "Follies" year after year.



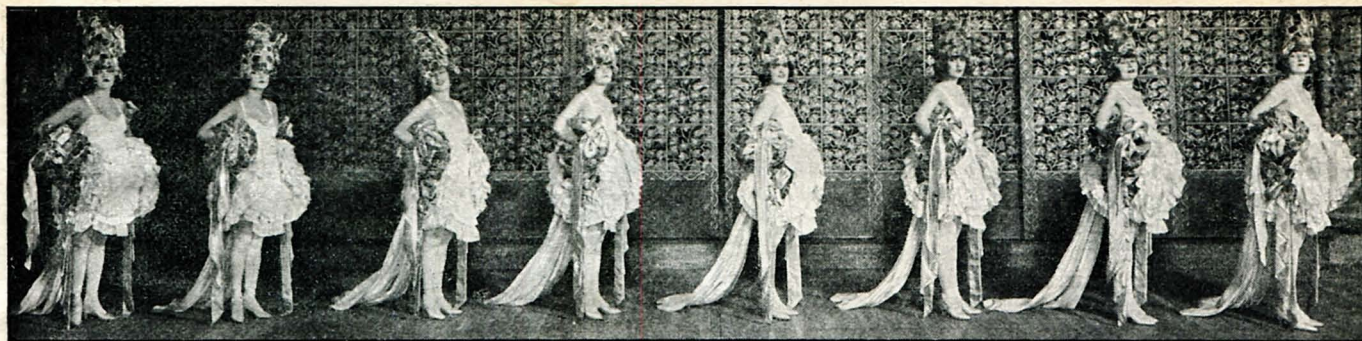


Photo by White

Even in the little intimate scenes in front of an elaborate curtain, the chorus is featured in the "Follies."

The show must be timely, of course. This year that means that there must be a radio song, with a man and girl singing to each other over the radio. For good measure another radio number was added, a bedtime story that sent strong men away from the theater blushing, and caused the critics to suggest that it could be eliminated with good effect. It's still there, however, and no doubt will be when the current show starts on its cross-country tour.

The show would be up to the minute without it, for Will Rogers is among those present. He comes ambling out, carrying his lariats, grinning, and people begin to laugh. Current events step out of the newspapers and grow real, when he begins to comment on them. He always knows what celebrities are in the house, and spares them not; if he can induce them to come upon the stage and engage in a battle of wits with him, so much the better. One evening when the visiting bankers bought out the house, and Peggy Hopkins was present, he lassoed her and called the attention of the audience to her, as a sample of what the "Follies" could supply in the way of wives for rich men. Rogers spares neither the rich nor the great—those who sit in the seats of the mighty at Washington have more than once felt the neat sting of his wit. And his jokes on people and affairs of the moment are but the accompaniment of his feats with the rope, that nobody can equal, though Pauline Frederick is said to have been a promising pupil.

During the intermission the lobby of the theater is crowded. All the men want to smoke, and some of the women smoke, too, quite openly, as they stand in the lobby or saunter up and down the sidewalk outside the theater. People on passing sight-seeing buses lean over the sides and stare, and the women, exquisitely gowned, beautifully coiffed, wonderfully jeweled, saunter on indifferently. On all sides there is talk of the evening's production—

"And this girl's mother simply took her up to Ziegfeld's office and camped there; she was bound she'd see him, though they always said that he was out. Finally he saw her, and it was all over—you

saw her to-night, didn't you? The cute blonde in that rose song—a dead ringer for Kay Laurel——"

Kay Laurel—you can remember her, ages ago, it seems, when she was one of the "Follies" girls, and was the Goddess of Liberty, and looked as if she were posing nude, though every one knew that she wore silk tights. Marion Davies was a "Follies" girl, and so were Justine Johnstone and Mae Murray and Lillian Lorraine and Rubye de Remer and ever so many others who have gone their way rejoicing—some of them into the movies.

It's not hard for them to get a start in motion pictures when they bear the "Follies" mark on their beauty; it's like the "sterling" mark on silver.

Motion-picture producers who are looking for new faces would no more think of ignoring the new crop of "Follies" beauties than they'd turn down a good new way of working "Passion" into the title of a picture.

You go back into the theater after the intermission wondering about these pretty young girls who, according to the huge sign in electric lights above the New Amsterdam Theater, are "glorified" in this production. You remember other girls like them, and their fates, which in some instances have been worked out in so short a time. Some of the girls who began in the chorus have worked up—one of the principals in this year's show, Allyn King, was in the chorus not so very long ago. Some of them will stay on the stage for a year or two and then marry happily and retire. Some of them will make spectacular marriages, splash their joys and sorrows across the Sunday supplements of the yellow newspapers, and return to the chorus, as one of the girls in this year's show has done. Some of them will appear about town, at the theaters and dance clubs and other clubs that only Broadway's "younger set" knows about, where you can gamble till dawn. Pretty girls, clad in ermine coats and smart frocks, running over to Deauville and

Monte Carlo, where everybody goes, girls whose eyes tell you their story—"pretty ladies," these Broadway

Dainty little Mary Eaton, premiere danseuse of the "Follies" is a great favorite.

Photo by White

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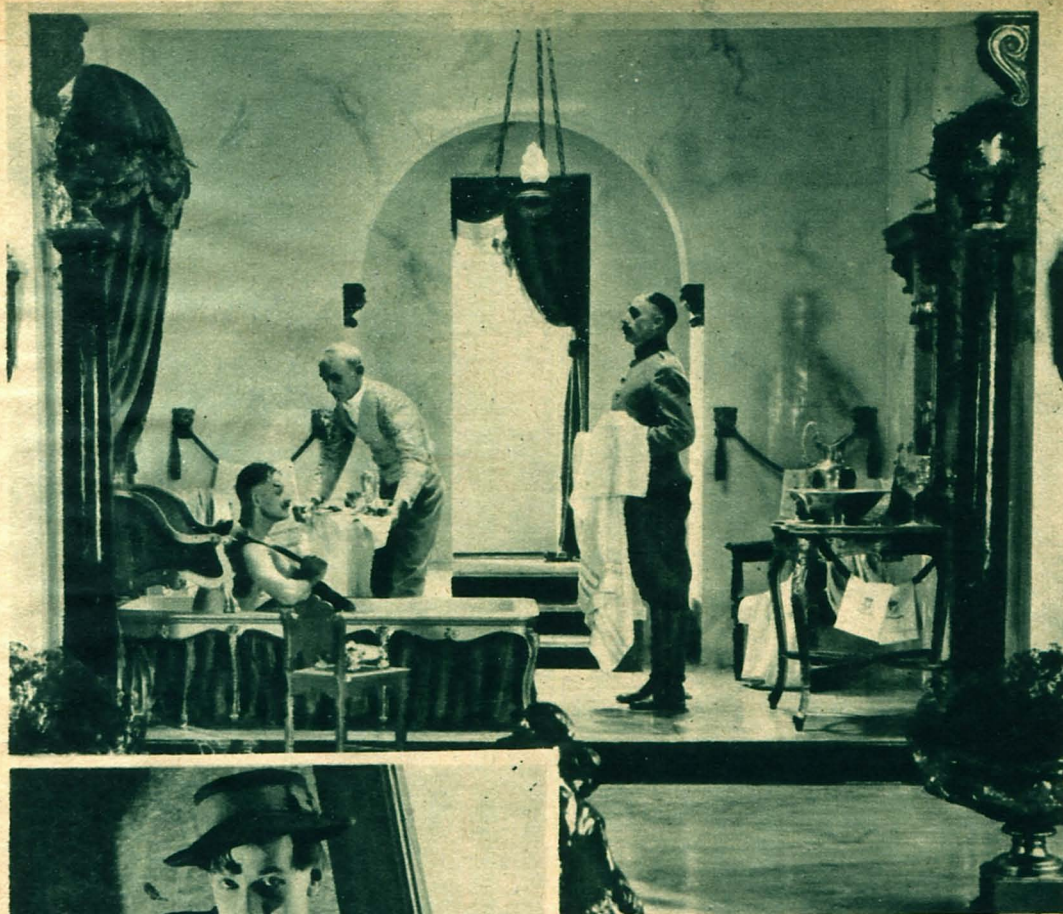




Photo by Nicholas Muray

Some day, perhaps, Gilda Gray will find time to do her famous South Sea Island dance in motion pictures, and then the whole country will share the thrill that New York gets nightly when she appears in the "Follies" and later at her own dance club.





## A Glimpse of Old Vienna

There are traces of the magnificent influence of Erich Von Stroheim in Universal's "Merry Go Round." It was begun by him but finished under another director, so no one can be sure what the result will be. At least, it promises skilled acting, for Von Stroheim picks his casts well.



At the left is shown clever young George Hackathorne, whose characterizations are always interesting, and who plays a pathetic hunchback in this picture. Just above is an amazing representation of Emperor Franz Josef, played by Colonel Vaverka, formerly of the Austrian army.



# A Romance of Morocco

White-hooded Arabs weaving their endless processions across the glaring white sands create a background of portentous mystery for "The Tents of Allah," an Associated Exhibitors' picture which was made in Porto Rico recently. It is a colorful story of adventure and has many picturesque and beautiful scenes.



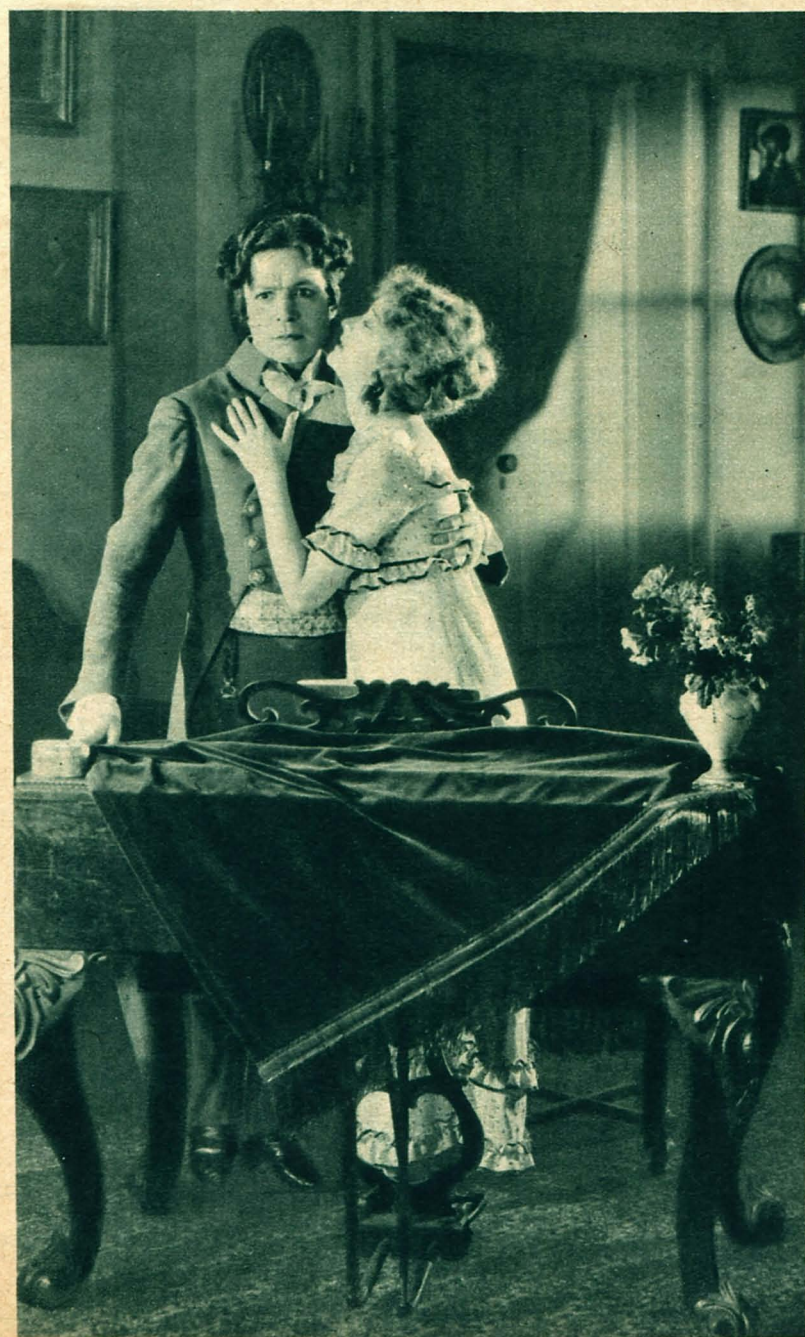
The leading rôle is played by Mary Alden, and it is particularly interesting as it gives her a chance again to play a fiery dramatic part after too long suffering as a patient, resigned mother, in picture after picture.





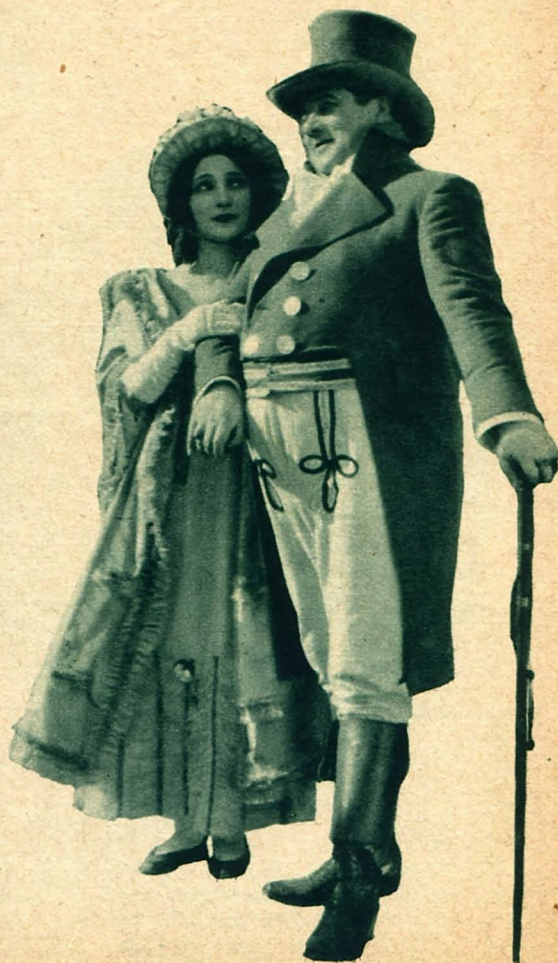


These glimpses show how faithfully the characters drawn by Thackeray have been reproduced on the screen. At the left are shown the principals on the night of their memorable trip to Vauxhall. Willard Louis, Mabel Ballin, Eleanor Boardman, Earle Foxe, and Harrison Ford play *Joe*, *Becky*, *Amelia*, *Dobbin*, and *George*.



## Vanity

Thackeray's great novel has been brilliant direction





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Mabel Ballin seems to have a particular gift for bringing to life the heroines of a bygone day. Remembering the delicacy of her *Jane Eyre*, one might wonder if she could simulate the shrewd *Becky*. Any such doubts will be dispelled, however, after a glance at these views of her showing the changes in *Becky's* character.




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## Fair

brought to the screen under the  
of Hugo Ballin

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Hobart Bosworth plays Lord Steyne, who plays such an important part in *Becky's* life.





Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser



## A Girl of Old New York

Marion Davies' next production will be "Little Old New York," a delicate and charming play that was a success on the stage a few seasons ago. *Patricia O'Day* comes to her foster family dressed as a boy, but she sheds the disguise in favor of feminine frills when a designing miss seems to be winning the man she cares most for.





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## Some Introduc- tions

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Harley Knoles' production of "The Bohemian Girl" will introduce to American motion-picture audiences three great favorites of the English public. One of them, indeed, is a favorite of the whole world—Ellen Terry. She is shown in the little oval at the right. The other pictures show Ivor Novello and Gladys Cooper in the leading rôles. Ivor Novello appeared on our screens once before in "Carnival," but this film marks Gladys Cooper's first appearance. She is one of the most admired actors on the London stage.







Photo by Donald Biddle K.

Jacqueline Logan is one of the most interesting young players because she is so surely marked for big things in the future. On the opposite page is an interview with her by a writer noted for his clear-cut and truthful personality sketches.



# The "Prom" Girl

Jacqueline Logan is blessed with luck and beauty and grace in real life—but she is even better looking on the screen.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

ANY college man will tell you what a Prom Girl is. Easy to look at, easy to talk to, easy to dance with. So that seems to be sufficient reason for calling Jacqueline Logan a Prom Girl. And in addition to that, she is promising. So the title becomes a rifty.

"Gosh," she probably told her director, "I'm going to get interviewed to-morrow! What should I put on to look like a movie actress? I haven't been done before, you know."

Then, whether George Melford advised her to or not, she climbed into a black velvet suit, with ermine touches, and stood under a picture hat of velvet, with more ermine touches. Then she looked exactly as she supposed she should look. To me, she seemed, as you have probably guessed, a trifle "prepared" for the ordeal.

It was warm the day I first met her. Warm days in New York are little short of hot. I felt sorry for Jacqueline. She reminded me of an actress wearing a fur overcoat in the studio, for a scene, and I couldn't help feeling like the camera. My sympathy mounted when I realized that she had just had an interview, and a cold. She still had the cold. Yet she tried her best to be vivacious. If you ever want to try "stunting" yourself, let Jacqueline and me suggest that you register personality through the fog of a cold. It is not unlike chinning yourself with rubber boots on. After the third time it becomes a distinct effort.

She is the pliable type that all directors welcome with cheers. Her features are ideal for the screen, permitting her to be cast in almost anything from a South Sea melodrama like "Ebb Tide" to a breezy farce like "Gay and Devilish." She has played a wide range of parts during her two years on the screen, doing everything from cabaret dancer to village vamp, from dusky native to society bud. This adaptability will, with additional experience, groom la belle Logan for stardom in due time. Her subtle sex-appeal will make hers a box-office name to conjure with. And somewhere in Jesse Lasky's little red book I'll wager he has made a notation that has something to do with starring J. Logan along about 1924.

If you prefer past performances to misty futures, you will be more or less interested to know that Jacqueline was born in Texas on the thirtieth day of November twenty years ago, she speaks French much better than I do, and her hair is worth comparing to a Colorado sunset. Most of her childhood, by the way, was spent in Colorado Springs, where, as a schoolgirl, she played in brief stock-company versions of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Poor Little Rich Girl." At the age of eight she traveled in England with her mother—a singing teacher of note—and at nine she toured Mexico, again with her mother.

"All I remember about those trips," she assured me, "is that England was too foggy and cold, and Mexico too sunny and hot. And most of the time I was sitting in hotel lobbies, waiting to leave them."

In 1917 Jacqueline entered Colorado College.

"You were young, weren't you?" I remarked.

Then she modestly explained that she was the youngest freshman in her class. Her mother's interests brought them East shortly after, however, so Jackie chose National Park Seminary for her next school.

"I always was crazy about the stage," she confessed. "I used to meet the different musical comedy stars who came to take lessons from mother, and they fascinated me. But movies lured me even more. So I determined to enter movies via musical comedy. I read how so many girls made the step that way, I thought I'd try."

So during her Easter vacation in New York, in 1920, she decided to "break in."

"Instead of returning to school in Washington, I went to the Shubert office. They said, 'Who d'ya wanta see, Jake or Lee?' They had mentioned Jake first, so thinking him the more important I asked to see him. A dozen or more girls were waiting to see him in the anteroom of his office. I sent my card in. I don't imagine he ever saw it, but in half an hour or so he came out, and everybody flocked toward him. He began pointing at different girls, saying, 'You'll do.' Finally he pointed at me and said, 'You, too.' Then, after the disappointed ones had departed, he said to us, 'Chorus of "Floradora." Rehearsal at eleven to-morrow.' I waited until the girls had left, then I again sent in my card. Mr. Shubert came out, and asked what the joke was.

"I came for a part, not chorus."

"He asked me what experience I had had. I told him not any. 'Then you have to begin in the chorus,' he said. After coaxing and pleading, I persuaded him to let me understudy Margot Kelly, who played *Angela*. Reluctantly he consented."

That is the way one self-possessed boarding-school belle broke in. Luck stayed with her to the extent of giving her her chance in the rôle of *Angela*, two months after she had joined the show. For three months she sang the rôle, then left to lend her luster to the loftier realms of the Midnight Frolic, hanging high over Broadway, atop the New Amsterdam theater.

"I led two numbers there," said Jacqueline, "and liked 'em."

She found time also to make her picture début opposite the pocket-size Johnnie Hines, in one of his *Torchy* comedies. Then one night she attracted the eye of Allan Dwan, in New York on business—in the New Amsterdam on pleasure. The roof show revealed to him a possible film charmer in Jacqueline Logan, and before he left he had induced her to sign a Hollywood contract for "The Perfect Crime," in which she made an unmistakable impression. From Dwan's studios she went to Lasky's, and thence to Goldwyn and Robertson-Cole and Universal, always in leading parts. Extradom never was her lot. Recently she signed a three-year contract with Famous Players-Lasky, the first picture under which was "Java Head."

In common with many a beauty of the screen, Miss Logan is not the same eye-filling sight in a stuffy lobby on a close day that she is on the silver-sheet. And although I am willing to predict her a star of the future, I am at the same time forced to report that she displayed, upon the occasion of our meeting, nothing electrical in the way of personality. The poorly timed séance just preceding, coupled with the handicap of a cold, must be duly considered in placing such a report on the minutes. She is a pleasant, genial sort of girl,

Continued on page 98



# A Confidential Guide to Current Releases

NOTE: Only distinctive pictures appear in this list. It does not aim to be a comprehensive survey of all pictures now showing throughout the country, as such a list would occupy too much space. Program pictures will be included in it only when they are genuinely distinctive. Pictures reviewed elsewhere in the same issue will not be mentioned, but aside from those this list will comprise those generally considered as the most important of the current film offerings.

## WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

**"Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood"**—United Artists. A magnificent transcription of an old legend abounding in splendid scenery but never dominated by it. The star frolics through this as gayly as he would a story unsanctified by age.

**"When Knighthood Was in Flower"**—Cosmopolitan-Paramount. An equally elaborate and massive spectacle, this one centering around *Henry VIII.* and his sister. This is beautiful and sometimes moving.

**"Peg o' My Heart"**—Metro. This hardy veteran of the stage has at last reached the screen with Laurette Taylor as spirited and impish as ever as Peg. A cute little show.

**"One Exciting Night"**—D. W. Griffith-United Artists. The introduction of harrowing murder-mystery dramas to the screen. Thrill on thrill interspersed with low comedy as only Griffith could do it, with Carol Dempster as the girl in the case.

**"Oliver Twist"**—First National. Jackie Coogan's contribution to the bigger-and-better-films movement. An impressive production of Dickens' well-loved story with Jackie Coogan, Lon Chaney, and Gladys Brockwell all doing their best.

## THE BEST OF THEIR KIND.

**"Tess"**—United Artists. One of those very Mary Pickford affairs that bring joy to the hearts of her ardent fans. A composite of all the irresistible pranks she has ever indulged in. A rags-is-royal-raiment rôle.

**"The Flirt"**—Universal. An amusing and touching tale of a small-town family and the troubles their flirtatious daughter brings down upon them, sincerely done. Eileen Percy and Helen Jerome Eddy in delightfully natural characterizations.

**"Omar the Tentmaker"**—First National. A smoldering tale of Persian loves and hatreds with Guy Bates Post in the rôle he long played on the stage. It contains many beautiful and interesting effects.

**"The Beautiful and Damned"**—Warner Brothers. A glad, mad tale of the jazz age through which Kenneth Harlan and Marie Prevost whirl. Those with fond memories of the book are invited to leave just before the finish.

**"Toll of the Sea"**—Metro. The most successful of the color films yet introduced. It tells a *Madame Butterfly* tale with a Chinese heroine, and the cast includes Kenneth Harlan and Anna May Wong.

**"Kick In"**—Paramount. A crook melodrama whose plot hinges creak now and then, but it isn't the fault of Bert Lytell or Betty Compson, both of whom act with vigor. If you haven't seen a lot of crook plays recently, this one has a big kick.

**"Breaking Home Ties"**—Associated Exhibitors. A Jewish home drama inspired by the poignant strains of "Eli,

Eli," with the usual generous-hearted mother and some interesting bits of Yiddish local color.

**"Lorna Doone"**—First National. A beautiful presentation of the story of the uncivilized *Doones* and the lovely girl they kidnaped, such as only Tourneur could make. Some of its drama is far-fetched, but it is always beautiful to look at, particularly when Madge Bellamy is on the screen.

**"To Have and To Hold"**—Paramount. A swashbuckling romance of the seventeenth century, glamorous, lively, and beautiful. Betty Compson at her loveliest, supported by Bert Lytell, Theodore Kosloff, and W. J. Ferguson.

**"Trifling Women"**—Metro. A fantastic and horrible tale done with finesse under Rex Ingram's direction. Barbara La Marr, Ramon Novarro, and Lewis Stone all play their colorful parts with gusto.

**"East Is West"**—First National. Pep, bunk, and sticky sentiment in settings that look like chop-suey parlors. Constance Talmadge is at her best in it, though, and she can hypnotize you into forgetting what drivel it all is.

## WORTH THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

**"Outcast"**—Paramount. Elsie Ferguson, tasteful settings, and a clever director—but the result is far from what might have been expected. Still, it is Elsie Ferguson, and that is a good deal.

**"Broken Chains"**—Goldwyn. Melodrama, crude, harsh, and violent. If you like your villainy hectic and theatrical, you will love this. Colleen Moore does what she can for this film in her wistful, appealing way.

**"Quincy Adams Sawyer"**—Metro. The most imposing galaxy of players in one of the most unimpressive films shown this month. It is one of those rural drammers, but by way of originality the city feller is the hero. And Blanche Sweet is the appealing heroine.

**"The Dangerous Age"**—First National. One of those things where the drifting-apart husband and wife are united by the kiddies, but as the kiddies are quite grown up and attractive it isn't as bad as it sounds. If you don't like to get all excited about what is going to happen next, this is a good picture to see.

**"Thirty Days"**—Paramount. A cheerful lot of nonsense with Wallace Reid seeming to enjoy himself thoroughly in it. The hero is supposed to keep from flirting for thirty days. Even if you can guess what happens then, the picture is amusing.

**"A Blind Bargain"**—Goldwyn. An excellent addition to the film chamber of horrors. Lon Chaney fairly outdoes himself in sending shivers up your spine. It is a story of a doctor who experiments on human beings in an effort to find the secret of eternal life.

**"The Hottentot"**—First National. A

race-track comedy with gags that, though aged, are not yet infirm. Douglas MacLean and Madge Bellamy are good looking and amusing in it.

**"Singed Wings"**—Paramount. This is just about as silly and ineffective as they come, but Bebe Daniels, Conrad Nagel, and Lucien Littlefield are so magnetic that they manage to make the fool thing attractive. Check your brains outside when seeing this one.

**"As a Man Lives"**—Achievement Films. Lurid apache atmosphere, a vivacious sweet young thing played by Gladys Hulette, and a doctor with a freak theory about operating on people's characters. It keeps you guessing.

**"Heroes of the Street"**—Warner Brothers. Hoodlum comedy and pathos of the popular-song variety, with Wesley Barry playing the part of a policeman's son who avenges his father's death.

**"A Daughter of Luxury"**—Paramount. Agnes Ayres is radiantly beautiful to the eye in this, but her rôle is one of those dumb lay figures that merit little sympathy.

**"The Jilt"**—Universal. A triangle story of a blind man, a girl, and another man with the blind man exquisitely played by Matt Moore.

**"Making a Man"**—Paramount. Suave and sophisticated Jack Holt in one of those things where the millionaire hero gets stranded and learns that gold is not everything.

**"Shadows"**—Preferred. A slow-moving New England study in consciences with Lon Chaney in a splendid Oriental characterization.

**"The Town That Forgot God"**—Fox. Featuring the most terrific flood that has yet been seen on the screen. The story is just maundering trash, but Raymond Bloomer exalts it a little.

**"The Light in the Dark"**—First National. A story of the discovery in modern times of the Holy Grail. The mysticism is unconvincing, but there is some beautiful color film which shows Hope Hampton in all her glory.

**"The Headless Horseman"**—Hodkinson. Will Rogers in a disappointing version of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," but Will Rogers nevertheless, so of course there are funny moments.

**"When Love Comes"**—F. B. O. If you can overlook a flat and unoriginal story for the sake of the excellent acting of Helen Jerome Eddy, this picture will appeal to you.

**"Love in the Dark"**—Metro. Six reels of Viola Dana looking cuter and cuter in every scene. Occasionally Miss Dana moves away from the camera and lets you see Cullen Landis.

## FAIR WARNING.

**"You Never Know"**—Vitagraph. South American stuff with Earle Williams, Spanish dancers, and fights—all so stereotyped that it seems like a picture one has seen dozens of times before. The perfectly titled picture.



Continued from page 60

**Almost Without Publicity.**

Film stars generally manage to acquire a great deal of publicity along with their divorces, but film directors are not always so unfortunate. Lois Weber had six months of peace before the newspapers unearthed the fact that she and Phillips Smalley were legally separated. However, they achieved the distinction of bigger headlines because of the long wait. It seems that their case was handled "very quietly," and, at Miss Weber's request, with the "least possible publicity."

Strange to say, Miss Weber herself has made many photo dramas dealing with the problem of making a happy home. Lately she has been making a revival of "Jewel" for Universal, which some years ago starred Ella Hall.

**The Always-busy Claire.**

The beautiful Claire Windsor—who, you know, was originally discovered by Miss Weber—is a featured member in practically every prominent cast. She lent dignity and regal splendor to the rôle of *Countess Helga* in "Rupert of Hentzau," and more recently has been appearing in Marshall Neilan's "The Ingrate." In this same picture will appear Hobart Bosworth, as the lead; Raymond Griffith, who played in Neilan's "Fools First," Bessie Love, Tom Gallery, and George Cooper. Neilan is introducing an innovation in "The Ingrate," which compares with the rehearsals of a stage drama, in that all the principals, and the staff, including assistant director, camera

man, cutter, et cetera, will know what the story is all about beforehand. Lots of times they never do—not even afterward, you know.

**Our Movie Forecast.**

The following events and circumstances may be worth watching for: Lon Chaney's portrayal of the *Hunchback of Notre Dame*.

George Fitzmaurice's first picture on a new independent contract with Samuel Goldwyn.

Charles de Roche's first screen appearance in "The Law of the Lawless," starring Dorothy Dalton.

The new crop of Latin lovers, among whom is Ricardo Cortez selected as a potential picture star, when he won a dance contest at the Coconut Grove. (We only included this out of courtesy to the producers who are breaking their necks to fill Valentino's place.)

Bull Montana's cauliflower ears in "Rob 'Em Good."

**The Lovely Corinne.**

Corinne Griffith has completed her rôle in "The Common Law," and is now preparing to start her own independent productions. She expects to do now the kind of stories she has always wanted to do, and which no doubt the fans have hoped that she would do. Well, we shall see. Anyway, we wish her all kinds of good fortune.

"The Common Law" afforded her a really good opportunity. Conway Tearle plays *Neville*, the artist, and Elliott Dexter, Phyllis Haver. Hobart Bosworth, Marjorie Daw, Harry Myers and Wally Van complete the

cast. Tearle is doing the *Neville* rôle for the second time. He played it five years ago opposite Clara Kimball Young in an earlier version of the Robert W. Chambers story. According to Tearle, the prototype for the character of the artist was Hugo Ballin, the picture director. Both Chambers and Mr. Ballin are friends of Tearle.

**This Feministic Age.**

A man who is something of a public figure, and supposedly well informed on all subjects was visiting the Pickford-Fairbanks studios the other day. He admired the "Robin Hood" sets which are still standing and turning to Mary Pickford, said very interestedly: "Have you started work on 'Robin Hood' yet, Miss Pickford?"

A moment later, Douglas Fairbanks was seen chasing a brightly colored butterfly.

**Another, and Better One.**

During the Christmas holidays Doug visited the county jail for the purpose of bringing some cheer to the prisoners. After a series of less pretentious formalities, the warden brought out a particularly hard-looking individual, who was up for murder, or mayhem or something. The prize criminal looked at Doug through a thicket of bushy eyebrows, upon being introduced:

"This is Douglas Fairbanks," said the warden.

The man stared hard at Doug, bitterly, venomously.

"Don't know him. What's he in for?"

Continued on page 99

## The Screen in Review

Continued from page 55

and the great open spaces. Elaine Hammerstein is a very captivating figure in aviator's suit and is alternately sulky and furious with a charm which is fatal to the males of the audience. I haven't seen this young woman for some time, and she seems to be improving greatly.

**"Drums of Fate."**

When a film opens with the beautiful heroine giving a party and asking all the men who have ever proposed to her, I am off that film from the start. It is too silly. However, in perfect fairness to "The Drums of Fate" I must say that Mr. Maurice Flynn—who evidently doesn't mind being called "Lefty"—wanders through most exciting adventures in Africa with the greatest ease and grace. He is an explorer and is obliged to leave his young wife for

Africa and of course gets lost and nearly eaten up by savages. Mary Miles Minter is the wife in question; it is a mild marshmallow part, and she contents herself with playing it very prettily. It's a very foolish story with exciting moments—but these are not the work of the author.

**"Secrets of Paris."**

The secrets of Paris aren't what they were in the days when Eugene Sue wrote his famous "Mysteries of Paris" which shocked, delighted, and horrified the good people of Main Street in this country. Somehow we have become used to apache dances and absinthe fiends and the siren who creeps up an alley with a rose in one hand and a knife in the other—we have seen so many of them. Here is another company at it again, with the brisk and imaginative Buster Collier at its head. He

makes a very picturesque Frenchman, does young Buster, and he sweeps the film through its old and somewhat creaky action with surprising fire and vigor. In fact the entire company is excellent, with Gladys Hulette as the fair and fragile *Mayflower* and Montagu Love, Effie Shannon, Dolores Cassinelli, Lew Cody, and assorted villains and heroes who haunt the dark streets of Paris. It is astonishing what a few good actors and a skillful director can do to a plot which has long since served its time.

**"The Marriage Chance."**

Here is another impossible story which is saved—at least in spots—by excellent direction and acting. But the plot gets so absurd that finally the author himself can't go on with it, so he stops suddenly and

Continued on page 104



Continued from page 51

when reading about her. In fact, we met in New York, quite removed from her studio. It was after "The Miracle Man," and she was on holiday bent, with her mother. The late George Loane Tucker, under whose guidance she was graduated from comedy into the miracle girl, quietly and with obvious pride introduced me. His pride, of course, was in his protégé. They were theatergoing nightly, daily, that she might see every play and study acting of all kinds. I thought her a lucky girl to listen to his comments and instructive criticism, for not only did he have an acute mind, but was generous and warm in his desire to show her all that might be profitable, improving.

She came in for dinner, a small flowerlike girl in black, her light coloring all the more like a rose. It was her first visit East, and she stood laughing at the window, fascinated by the electric chewing gum signs. She proved herself a true Californian, though born in Utah, by ordering fresh peas, fresh asparagus and fresh strawberries, while December's snow reminded New Yorkers that canned goods were in season.

Yes, I must say it of her: she was shy, and her mother was shyer, and in his way I'd always thought George Loane Tucker the shyest celebrity of all. Dinner went on, however, none of us hiding shyly behind a serviette. When Betty Compson's first starring picture was shown I read that it had been "personally produced" by the shy rose. Though late in admitting it, I begin to suspect that all my "shy" stars were only so because I hadn't the power to make them jump through the ring. There's always some one who can, though, so let us believe that no star is ever at a loss for words when the occasion is worth a little extra mental pressure. Stars' mothers usually make up for any silence that may weigh upon the air. The most animated parent I ever met belonged to Mary Anderson, at one time herself an actress, but quite recovered from any silence her work may have imposed. Mother Anderson and daughter Mary ornamented a dinner table and placed me, so to speak, between two temptations. For while mother told me how wonderful daughter was, and passed picture post cards of herself in a dozen rôles ranging from *Nancy Sikes* to a *Grand Duchess*, my eyes forever strayed to Mary's wrists. Banded with black velvet on which, if you please, were sewn bouquets of natural flowers. I wondered at the skill and patience of this needlework, all for a few hours' impression. Not on me, oh, dear no! but surely on her young

husband wed after his gallant rescue of her in some film hazard.

Soft music now, please, while memory's album turns to a page of beauty. Under the picture is the name of Madge Bellamy. Imagine it written in a fine, old-fashioned hand, and between the leaves there should be pressed flowers, mignonette or lemon verbena, tied with ribbon of faded blue. Fragrance of the long ago clings to Madge Bellamy, like a Confederate soldier's sweetheart seen in the flashback of a moonlit garden. . . . She uses a type-writer, reads PICTURE-PLAY and wants to make her first trip abroad in an airplane. The limpid loveliness found in Greuze portraits is hers, and also the 1923 girl's independence and passionate eagerness to be up and doing. From the moment we met I felt in her the indefinable vibration of ultimate success. Then she had not been seen on a film, but very much wanted to. How this was brought about in competition with hundreds of others equally desirous, is an interesting example of large issues hinging on trifles.

Thos. H. Ince's scout came to New York in search of a future star for that Caliph of Culver City. By every possible means he scrutinized girls—in agencies, theaters, on the streets, and in the homes of friends who thought their choice should be his. Quite unaided he found a photograph of Madge Bellamy, sought her out, and knew that she fulfilled his hopes. But all were entitled to an equal chance for the camera's judgment, so she and others were dated for a test. Unluckily, yet luckily for me, he was ill on the fateful morning, and asked me to convoy the bevy in his stead. Miss Madge, bronze curls flying and eyes brown as autumn leaves dancing in a brook, emerged from the ordeal with the aplomb of a veteran. But her costume I thought unfortunate for her future, salvaged as it was from her stage "Pollyanna." Would the Caliph in California see in this child the potential leading woman? A friend added his suggestion to mine and the stricken scout ordered another test for Miss Madge, this time in mature garb. She appeared in crisply ruffled yellow, her hair piled high, wept bitterly while the camera registered some mimic heartbreak—and the Caliph signed the contract. I hope she is thankful as I am for that buttercup muslin.

It interested me in her, too, though that is less important, and instead of offering the child of yesterday a lollipop, raspberry ice and ladyfingers at the Claridge, no less, were pressed upon the future star and her mother,

and all my arts were employed to make her use her Southern voice for the pleasure of my ears, while eyes sought pleasures apparently quite unknown to her.

Papa, formerly professor of English in a Texas college, joined his darlings, and privately answered searching questions about his creamy-faced offspring, adding biographical data rather different from any talk I'd had with doting parents. Reading the Bible at six years, and when it was forcibly taken from her, refusing to speak to those who denied Madge her rights, was one of the stories. At fifteen announcing her plan to go upon the stage in New York, and changing her parents' amazement to consternation when she added if she wasn't taken she'd go alone. They came, and at sixteen Daniel Frohman's confidence got her an engagement as "Pollyanna," followed by a season with William Gillette in "Dear Brutus" and a spell as "Peg o' My Heart." Few have made beginnings more favorable. Most would be content and trust an "arrival" to carry them on. Madge Bellamy's ambition permits her to indulge in no such half measures. It is almost fierce. She wants to do everything—sing, dance, write, and of course act—act surpassingly. Frivolities of the young girl do not appeal to her because she has never known them. Her goal is beyond. She throbs to reach it. She will.

To me she is more than a symbol of beauty, delicate, ethereal. She stands for what is needed in a profession where beauty, solely, garners rewards fairer than any art has ever given neophyte and adept alike. It is the moral and cultural basis of gentle upbringing by parents who share the traditions of the American home, not the restaurant, the tea dance, and the petting party. This affectionate twain—the scholarly father and a mother wise and clever—centering around a daughter ambitious to achieve, is more than a picture for the reader to contemplate as my story's happy ending. It is one of the forces working steadily toward betterment of motion pictures. You will grant that the strength of any movement is in ratio to the character of those in it. With many others Madge Bellamy indicates the coming of the new element and the passing of the old, in the movies. So end these reminiscences at a moment happy for me, and for the fans hopeful.



Continued from page 21

aters. I tried to make myself as small as possible, but at last his remarks made me so uncomfortable that I turned around to explain why I just didn't dare take my hat off—and I found it was a friend of mine, teasing me!"

One tiny hand with its long, almond-shaped nails was almost lost in the folds of her rich purple kimono; the other held a small volume which she demurely showed us. Shades of frothy French romances that actresses are said to devour! This was a copy of "Hamlet."

I couldn't help showing my surprise. First Miss Brady discussing the psychology of "Java Head," and then Miss Joy enthusiastically admitting that she had learned nearly all of *Hamlet's* speeches. "Now," she said, "when I hear Barrymore declaim I can really follow his interpretation."

So you see, fans, it isn't merely by masquerade and face powder that Miss Leatrice Joy intends to achieve stardom.

"Didn't you love Ethel Barrymore in 'Rose Bernd?'" she exclaimed. "She made the most marvelous picture of a peasant girl—that strong, beautiful body and those powerful hands grappling her knees in agony."

"It was wonderful," I agreed, "but I want you to know how every one adored your acting in 'Manslaughter.'"

Miss Joy toyed with an exquisite ivory fan. "I enjoyed being *Lydia Thorne*," she reminisced. "I read and reread the story until I even thought like her. And then—you'll laugh at this, honey—I tried out *Lydia's* personality on my milliner! I swept in haughtily and demanded what her idea of a rose-colored hat could possibly be, judging from the atrocious mess she had sent me. I held my chin high and blazed at her until she wilted. Oh, it was funny from little me, for I've always

meekly accepted whatever was offered me." Miss Joy's eyes flashed fire as she reenacted the scene with the chastened milliner. From a crowd of extras who were avidly watching us one bewhiskered Chinese trader achieved recognition. He brought an object of luxury—an arm chair—and moved it toward Miss Joy.

"It would be a shame not to use it—let's each take an arm." The sweet courtesy of her! We sat and laughed about her make-up—the tiny crescents for lips, the dainty nose flattened almost to the vanishing point. But the tenor of her conversation grew serious again and I gazed at her in amazement and admiration. Fans, she is so beautifully sculptured and so charming in manner that she could be a De Mille supercreation for years. But one can readily see that work is life to Miss Joy. Common sense keeps her always studying; ambition and determination glow in her conversation.

From the twilight zone came with unusual pathos the strains of *Ming Toy's* song: "A ripple I seem, on life's troubled stream." It blended with Miss Joy's musical, Southern voice. "I am right at the crossroads," she confessed. "Whether to be always known in essentially the same style of acting or to try my real self out in characterizations is an enormous question. It's so hard to decide."

That had never occurred to me. "You mean it would be easier to be the fashion-plate type, but that creating rôles would be more satisfying to the best in you?"

She nodded. "My model is Sarah Bernhardt. She could unleash enough emotions to feel any part she was playing, yet she had such control and reserve that when she stepped off the stage, and every one might naturally expect her to be torn to pieces she was already laughing and telling a joke. That is art."

My head was swimming. To hear this ornamental Chinese lady talk so seriously. I forgot all about the divine Sarah's reserve and blurted: "You beautiful little Celestial! Won't you have to have your heart broken before—"

She gave an enormous, healthy "Ha, ha," grasped my arm, and we slid down into the capacious armchair. "You talk like my violin teacher in New Orleans," she chuckled. "He used to tell my mother: 'It is no use. She will nevaire learn'—in guttural French accents—'she is too old for one, two, three, four'—Miss Joy's arm made staccato bowings—and she is too young to have her heart broken. I can never teach her.'"

"Perhaps I could play the violin now. I know that it's tears in the eyes that make rainbows in the heart."

"I adore that," I murmured. "It reminds me of what you said in 'Manslaughter' about keeping tune to heartbeats."

"Miss Joy!" some one called. The music stopped; everything looked dismal. The flash of a brilliant smile, a tiny, warm hand to which I clung with both of mine—and she was gone!

I walked into a freight elevator, still feeling the glow of those dark eyes. The day was over for me!

And now to leave the Pied Piper's mountain forever! For one day I had been a privileged mortal, and I was grateful. As I stepped into the snowstorm of the world outside two resolutions formed themselves from the rich chaos of pictures in my mind: I would search through every Oriental curio shop in the city until I could find earrings made of tiny coral baskets, and I would change the studio kitten's name to—only one guess necessary!

## Over the Teacups

Continued from page 48

ances with it. The name of it is one of those question affairs—you know, should a wife do this or that, or what's wrong with this picture?"

"Oh, I know what you mean. It is 'Should Men Forgive?'"

"Yes, I guess that is it," Fanny admitted. "I never can remember the names of those things. That is, except the one Hedda Hopper has just made. It is called, 'Has the World Gone Mad?' I'll never forget that because when she finished it she said she guessed she would try to find out if the world really had

gone mad. And Paris seemed as good a place as any to find out in so she has gone over for a six weeks' vacation. When she comes back she is going to stop drifting from stage to screen and back to the stage again. She is going to devote all of her time to pictures. You know, I've always thought that if she would only do that she would become one of the biggest stars in the business.

"And have you heard," Fanny gasped, "that Constance Talmadge is going to play *Dulcy*? You remember *Dulcy* on the stage, of course." And she didn't even stop to find out if I

did. "She was the bromidic wife whose every thought was a platitude. She thought that 'home was the best place after all' and that 'it never rains but it pours,' that 'the world isn't such a big place after all,' and that 'even the darkest cloud has a silver lining.' The picture ought to be great."

"I wish I could dash off to Europe as casually as these picture players do. I wouldn't go to Paris, though. I'd go to Rome or Naples, wherever Lillian Gish is now. She is awfully homesick because this is the first time she has ever been away



from her mother, but she is having some wonderful experiences. She has been to see Duse three times. Think of going to see Duse after having dramatic critics all over the world compare your acting with hers. Lillian must have been simply swept off her feet.

"On the boat going abroad she met a bishop who was going over to be made a cardinal and he discussed 'The White Sister' with her and gave her lots of advice about playing the part. He told her that the convent most like the one described in the play was Our Lady of Lourdes so she has been studying the rules of that order to help her in her characterization. She has had the most wonderful assistance from the Catholic clergy in Italy. But then, who wouldn't help Lillian if they had a chance?"

"Lucy Fox was in Naples making a picture when Lillian arrived there, you know. She wrote me the loveliest letter, hardly mentioning herself, and just telling how excited she was over seeing Lillian.

"With so many of our players going abroad, it is rather nice to have some of theirs come over here once in a while," Fanny rambled on. "Of course, you've heard about *Trilby*."

I was about to say that I'd read it, but it is always best to wait and

hear what Fanny has to say before admitting that you've heard anything.

"Richard Walton Tully, the producer, has been looking for months for a girl who would fit the rôle of *Trilby* and at last he has found her. She is French and her name is Andree Lafayette. She is very young and ravishingly beautiful. It will be interesting to see her. She is coming over very soon.

"Of course, you've heard that some motion pictures made by the Moscow Art Theater company are to be released in this country shortly. Next to seeing their company on the speaking stage, seeing them in pictures ought to be about the most thrilling experience any theater could offer. They are recognized the world over as the greatest repertory theater there is, you know," Fanny went on just as though every one didn't know that. "Their first picture to be released will be 'Polikusha,' from the novel by Tolstoi. I've never read it, but I hope it is gloom from start to finish because no other actors in the world can bring out the fine shadings of every degree of misery the way they can. Only I hope that the men who sell the pictures won't feel that they must rename it 'Passion in Petrograd,' or something similar.

"Nazimova used to be a member of their company years ago in Mos-

cow, and when she heard that they were going to come here early in January she postponed the opening of her play so that she could see them when they first came. I really think she is the only person in New York who understands what their plays are all about, but even if you don't understand a word of Russian, their acting is tremendously impressive. Every picture actor in New York goes to see them as often as he can because so much can be learned from them."

"Between going to that and 'Merton of the Movies' I shouldn't think picture actors would ever have time to make pictures," I remarked.

"Yes," Fanny agreed. "Isn't it funny? Every one loves Merton so. People go to see the play over and over. Betty Compson said she felt so sorry for him in the play that she wanted to go right up on the stage and adopt him. By the way, as soon as Glenn Hunter finishes two more pictures for the Film Guild he is going to have a company of his own. And perhaps 'Merton' will be the first picture he will make.

"I hope it is," Fanny sighed conclusively. "Because when motion pictures reach such a state of sophistication that they can satirize themselves then people will have to stop saying they are in their infancy."

## Why is Screen Acting "So Different"

Continued from page 45

truthfulness. And when she came back for the second test she preferred to run the risk of "nerves." The consequence was that she photographed with an agreeable naturalness that won her the job.

Every new player who comes before the camera has a battle with self-consciousness. The symptoms are akin to stage fright. Most players overcome this before they go far in their work. Whenever the shaky feeling comes over one it is good night, however, because a person photographed in this condition will generally look as if he or she had just tasted a very sour grapefruit.

I think that the outstanding problem of the screen player is the sustaining of a rôle. On the stage a performance lasts three hours, at the most. Here the rôle is played and finished. A portrayal may be ragged one night in the week and good the remainder without greatly damaging the success of the show. But on the screen the three hours are turned into three months sometimes, or even as in the instance of "Foolish Wives" a whole year or more. Allowing for the retaking of bad scenes and all

that sort of thing, it is a guaranteed fact that a player must manage in general to get the same image and the same character on the screen for the full length of time the picture is in the making.

What is most astonishing is the way natural defects in the player, such as mannerisms, and affectations, can be overcome and utilized by steady application. On the stage these mannerisms would probably be simply a part of the actor's personality. On the screen they are a horrible liability. They show up worse than a wooden leg or a snag tooth.

About the first thing that you discover on appearing before the camera is that you have a barrel of pet failings. They all come out in the first washing of the film. And they mean a terrible session of self study and aggravating restraint.

Colleen Moore is one actress who has had many to combat. And she has done it with remarkable care, and inevitable success.

"Why," said Colleen, "when I used to express surprise I'd make a face like a rabbit. I don't know where I got it, but it was there.

"To this day," she continued, "I

have fits every time that I have to walk toward the camera. I would rather ride a horse over a cliff than to try to bluff the screen head on. I've studied dancing to overcome what I consider my awkwardness, and though I am gradually gaining security and poise I still have to fight this peculiarity."

Maybe you have never even detected this or Colleen's mannerisms. She's put so much time and study into their eradication that now when they do creep in they are considered her cutest tricks.

Similarly Agnes Ayres confesses to having been extremely self-conscious about her hands, which are now in their grace and beauty a silent feature of her acting.

And Gloria Swanson! Would you ever think that Gloria, who is the essence of poise now, had troubles to overcome? Hardly. Would you ever have believed that she was once bashful and shy as a thirteen-year old schoolgirl? No. But it's a fact. It took her two years of concentrated will power to forget herself in character, and to "let herself go" in an emotional scene.



# The Growth of Charm

Out on the Goldwyn lot an amazing transformation has taken place.

By Edna Foley

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull

WHEN Eleanor Boardman first came to the Goldwyn lot a few months ago, the other players shook their heads wisely and remarked, "She'll never do." But the casting director, the scenario editor, and the Goldwyn talent scout believed that she had possibilities. Despite the fact that many of the other girls who sought engagements were better groomed, more poised, Miss Boardman interested them more. And they figured that a girl can learn grace and poise and a certain amount of style if she only has the priceless gift of personality. They were right, as these pictures will prove to you.

In the large photograph Miss Boardman doesn't even look unusually pretty. The general effect is of sloppiness and stolidity. Her hand is inexpressive.

But look at the smaller one! After she had been around the Goldwyn lot for a while and watched Claire Windsor, Mae Busch, Colleen Moore, and Helene Chadwick there was quite a change in her. Embellished by the art of the Goldwyn hairdresser, whose art really should be recognized, she began to show real charm.

And then suddenly, Eleanor Boardman seemed to find herself. She acquired dignity and poise that was reminiscent of Maxine Elliott in her best days.

Even this dignity was not to be the lasting phase, however. When Marshall Neilan cast her in "The Stranger's Banquet" she became an insouciant, self-assured girl of to-day—tingling with suppressed energy.

To-morrow there may be a new Eleanor Boardman. Hugo Ballin has selected her to play *Amelia* in his big production of "Vanity Fair," so Miss Boardman must have proved to him that in a blond wig she could look as naïve as Thackeray himself would have wished.

How does she do it? That is what every one is ask-



ing, and no one really knows. She takes dancing lessons, riding lessons, and all that. She has an expert hairdresser and dress designer at her command. She has the assurance of a brilliant career if she applies herself. And I think that is what has transformed Eleanor Boardman.

To-day she is one of the most attractive and charming girls to be found on the Goldwyn lot, and far from being nervous, she is as self-assured before the camera as a veteran. She watches others but she does not imitate them; she has been in the studio long enough to learn the value of originality.

If she continues to progress at her present rate, her record of achievements will rival any veteran player's within a year or two. For having acquitted herself creditably in "The Stranger's Banquet" and "Vanity Fair" she is now to attempt the trying rôle of *Remember Steddon* in Rupert Hughes' "Souls For Sale." Many players were considered for this part, but Miss Boardman proved most satisfactory.

A novice yesterday; a big success to-day. Miss Boardman has gone far. But watch her—she is likely to go much further.



Continued from page 57

She is an artistic dynamo of nervous coils, always at high tension. She is restless, vacillating, expressive in every gesture. When she stages a new picture or a new play, she is active in casting, in arranging settings, in deciding the action of each character. Many critics argue that she attempts too much. Perhaps they are right.

Nazimova is returning to the articulate drama in "Dagmar."

"It is done in an odd manner," she advanced. "The stage is used only to suggest each scene, not to illustrate it. We give a corner of a room—a settee and chair to indicate a living room—a wicker table and chair to convey a sun room, so." She sketched rapidly on an envelope to illustrate. "And, see, all action takes place on a dais in the center of the stage. Neutral screens extend from it to the wings. The audience will be looking at a sort of iris-in effect. And I should tell you, too, that throughout the play the conversations are between two people at a time. Never more than two occupy the stage at once."

Vivaciously, humorously, madame detailed the woes and worries of casting the piece, the arguments over inserted lines, the trials over tardily arriving scenery.

"You know," she said, "when I speak lines, I must feel them, or it is effort wasted. For me to mouth a lot of inane speeches simply because a stupid man wrote them is ridiculous. I cannot say grandiose things—rubbish!—as though I meant them. Perhaps it is that I am a poor soldier. I cannot say silly lines in any other than a silly way."

Our talk veered back to "Salome." Whenever that was mentioned Nazimova seemed to assume new enthusiasm. We talked of public taste and censorship and other unpleasant things.

"In doing the dance," she said, "I have simply eliminated the sensual—no, the fear of the censor was not in my heart—but, to me the idea that *Salome's* dance was of the conventional cancan variety is absurd. *Herod* had any number of concubines and dancing girls whose sole task was to amuse him. He had seen hundreds of dances, one more

abandoned than the other. *Salome*, who was only a girl of fifteen or so, fascinated the king with her naïve innocence, her virginal freshness. She did not realize the lure of her body. The physical was unknown to her."

Consequently the National Board has been more than pleased with the Nazimovan rendition of what has, in the past, been anathema to the bluenoses. Indeed, they recommended "Salome" highly.

"If people decide that this 'Salome' is the sort of thing they really want, producers of pictures will give it to them, won't they?" Her eyes gleamed excitedly. "And if it should create an actual place for truly imaginative art on the screen, we could feel that we had made a lasting contribution!" Her arms spread wide in a gesture of triumph.

Nazimova will continually make lasting contributions so long as she follows the dictates of her artistic conscience. And so long as she dares to attempt such imaginative things as "Salome" on the screen, regardless of its reception, the screen will be the richer for reflecting her magnetic figure.

## Wallace Reid as We Knew Him

Continued from page 29

Ibbetson," he remarked to Emma-Lindsay Squier who was interviewing him for PICTURE-PLAY:

"I'm glad to be able to do this picture; it's a chance for some real acting. You know if you can do a variety of stuff, you'll last longer. We all have to flop sooner or later, but with a fling at dramatic stories now and then I hope to keep going for some little time."

But perhaps the best index to his character is his reception of Ethel Sands, the motion-picture fan whom PICTURE-PLAY sent to California to write up her impressions of the movie colony.

"Come on Ethel, I want to show you my house," he said in his warm, friendly way, putting this inexperienced young girl right at ease when she met him.

"He is every bit as good-looking as he appears in pictures," she described him. "Though his hair is nice and slick as any matinee idol's, his hands are rough and calloused, and he is a sort of combination of mischievous boy and a man's man—all in all, a regular fellow as every one always says."

And what better tribute could be paid to him than that?

Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. His father was Hal Reid, a noted writer of melodrama, and his mother was Bertha Westbrook Reid, a popular actress. He made his debut as an actor at the age of four, in "Slaves of Gold," in which his mother and father were both appearing. When he was about ten years old his family moved to a little town in New Jersey and there he received his early education. Later he went to the Military Academy at Freehold, and while there he developed such a talent for writing that he decided to make that his profession. He worked as a reporter on a New Jersey newspaper for a time, but his father persuaded him to give that up and go on the stage. He made a great hit in vaudeville in a playlet by his father, but acting didn't really appeal to him, so when he had an opportunity to go to work for a motion-picture company as a sort of general assistant, he took it. He learned to operate a camera, wrote stories, assisted in direction, and invented many of the light effects used in studios to-day. But his good looks were fatal to his technical ambitions. He became more and more in demand as an ac-

tor. For a time he wrote, directed, and acted the leading rôle in comedies for Universal, but finally he became so popular that he had to devote his entire time to acting.

He played in support of Dorothy Davenport, who later became his wife, in several Universal pictures. He was one of the members of the Griffith stock company that made pictures under the old Fine Arts banner. His big success that launched him as one of the most popular players on the screen was in "The Birth of a Nation" in the rather slight rôle of the fighting blacksmith.

Soon after this he signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky to appear in Paramount pictures and remained with them until his death in spite of tempting offers from other companies. Some of his early pictures with them were "To Have and To Hold," in which he appeared opposite Mae Murray, and "Carmen" and "Joan the Woman," in which he supported Geraldine Farrar. Since then he has made many pictures, several of the most successful ones featuring him as an automobile driver. His last picture was "Thirty Days," and just previous to that he appeared in "Clarence" and "Nice People."



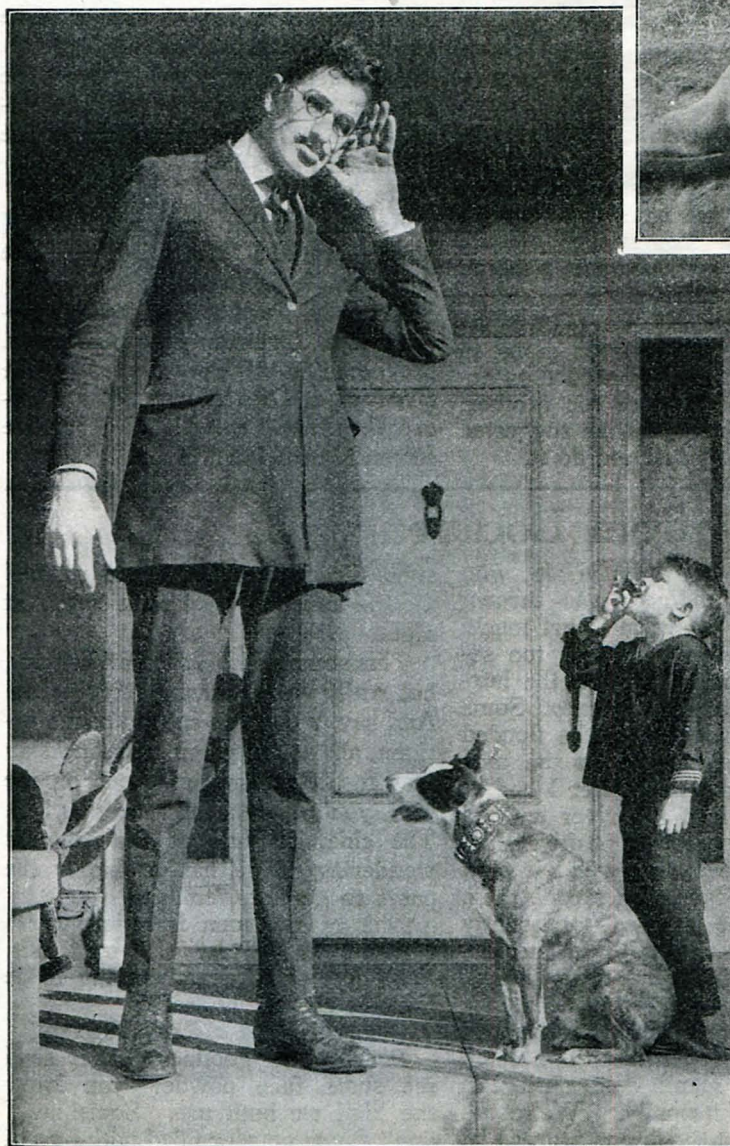
# His Size Got Him In

But it is the unexpected comic ability of giant Jack Earle that probably will make him popular with the fans.

By Edna Foley

**O**UT on the Century lot at Universal City there is a seven-foot-three comedian who was all but begged to take his first part in pictures. Jack Earle was not particularly interested in movies, but came up from his home in Texas to join a circus as a freak. While in California he was spotted by Julius Stern, president of Century Comedies, who had been wondering where he was going to find an actor big enough to play the giant in the Baby Peggy comedy, "Jack and the Beanstalk." And the circus lost to the movies.

Although totally inexperienced and chosen only for this particular picture because of his size, Jack soon discovered that he loved to act, the Century people discovered that he unconsciously was developing humor, and that in spite of his ferocious make-up and false beard he was funny. The



screen found another comedian. Jack has signed a long-term contract to appear in Century Comedies, and even the prospect of fulfilling his circus dream by trying for the job left vacant by the giant of the Ringling Circus who died recently, leaves him cold. He became an actor by accident, and he has decided that nothing short of an accident can tear him away from the movies, which have become not only his business, but his greatest pleasure.

While the business of being a giant may be profitable sometimes, it has its inconveniences, too. For instance, it is said that Jack ordered a coupé automobile, but could not use it when it arrived because his knees doubled up to his chin and he stuck behind the steering gear. He never travels by train when going on location at night because he can't fit into any berth, and when he uses the railroad in the daytime he sits in the baggage car, where he can have room to rest comfortably. And as for clothes, Jack has his troubles there, too. Of course, he has to have most of them made. Then, one pair of suspenders—Jack is old-fashioned in some things—isn't large enough, so he buys two pair, and the wardrobe woman at the studio sews them together for him.

Although rather startled at first, the people of Hollywood have grown used to having a giant around, and when the children see a huge, ferocious-looking creature stained with yellow ochre, partly covered with a leopard skin and armed with a big club, they are no longer terrified, but realize that it is just a "movie."



Continued from page 65

matinee idol. I want to act." Which was a novel and refreshing viewpoint compared with that of some of the film fraternity I have known in the past, whose chief concern is to steer clear of acting parts that might spoil their "looks," or "hurt" them with the public.

I surmise that this ignoring of self is in part responsible for the headway this young Minnesota gentleman has made on the road to fame and fortune.

It also probably explains the success which he and Helene Chadwick have achieved as costars. Dix played football at school, and he knows the value of team work. So does Miss Chadwick.

These two made one of the most idea film couples the screen has ever sponsored—the dark hair and dark eyes of Richard contrasting with the pretty blond, bobbed head and brown eyes of Helene. Neither was worried while doing a scene over who would get the most out of it. Directors will tell you that such a spirit is practically unparalleled in the studio.

It isn't due to sentiment. It is simply the consideration of a well-bred man and woman toward each other. When he left Goldwyn and went to Marshall Neilan it didn't seem possible that Dix could find again such an ideal partner. But he did—Claire Windsor, and then came Mae Busch. But in real life Dick hasn't found the right girl yet.

Soon he is to have some big opportunities on the screen, for Famous Players have given him a five-year contract. He will be tried out in varied rôles. His path to recognition hasn't been strewn with

roses. After that first performance at high school, he became completely inoculated with the stage virus. His father, austere and severe, disapproved of such ambitions. He wanted his son to become a doctor. But a mother's love and understanding secretly aided the boy in his heart's desire. With her connivance, he attended dramatic school two nights a week in St. Paul.

"I literally kicked my way into my first job on the stage," Dix reminisced as the Catalina boat followed a glorious Pacific sunset.

"I was just recovering from a broken nose which I had received in a football game, when a company playing 'The College Widow' came to town, and sent to school for a football player to appear as a super in their show. I got the job."

Eventually, he accumulated eighty dollars and set out for that Mecca of all the stage-struck—Broadway. There Dix learned to make new notches in his belt—and keep on grinning. Just when his grin was becoming pretty forced and set, he was offered a part with a stock company in Pittsburgh at thirty-five dollars a week. The next year he went to Dallas, Texas, as a leading man at fifty dollars.

"The first time I thought of pictures was in Montreal," Dix confided. "Everybody in the stock company said I looked like Francis X. Bushman, then the biggest bet on the screen. One day Bushman came to town, and I met him."

"He also advised me to try the 'movies,' said he was soon going to start a new picture and needed an actor to play the part of his brother. Since I resembled him, he suggested I come to New York and do it."

"I went, but I didn't see Bushman. Day after day I haunted his studio. Then once, when the man at the door told me for the ninety-ninth time that he was out, he bumped into me coming out of the hallway."

Dix laughed reflectively.

"His memory was as short as my bankroll. He didn't remember ever having seen me."

It may be just as well, however, that the famous Bushman forgot his protégé, for Dix turned again to the stage, and there followed years of training which mark him now as an actor of thorough technique.

Arthur Hopkins cast him for a part in Gorky's "Night Lodger," and later he played an important rôle in "The Song of Songs." Then Oliver Morosco saw him and sent him to Los Angeles to play the lead in "The Cinderella Man." Two years of stock followed there, and then back to New York to appear with Walker Whiteside in "The Little Brother." Mr. Goldwyn, searching for "new faces" discovered him one day, and the present contract is the result. Great things are expected of him in "The Christian," which he made abroad.

As his popularity grows with the number of his pictures he undoubtedly will be hailed by many as the Bushman of to-day.

He isn't.

As he himself has said, he will never become a "matinee idol." He is essentially a man's man.

True, he has all the romantic appeal of a Bushman—but remember, his name is "Dicky Dix"—a *Dick Deadeye*, a *Dick Merriwell*, a *Richard the Lion-hearted*, and a possible screen Mansfield all in one.

## Two Letters from Location

Continued from page 23

Baker, Nevada. Tully Marshall, who plays *Jim Bridger*, argued that he should be godfather, as the baby arrived at "Fort Bridger," but the parents named him for Jesse Lasky, and Mr. Lasky wired congratulations, and we had a party to celebrate.

After the snowstorm we awoke to find everything "friz up." The autos wouldn't work, so they built fires under the engine manifolds. Thus far no gasoline tanks have blown up—but there is no telling what tomorrow will bring.

It's pretty hard to make up, for the grease paint freezes and we have to thaw it out. Then in the day time it gets blistering hot and the darn stuff—melts!

While we've had a number of accidents, fortunately no one has been

injured seriously. Alan Hale, who plays *Sam Woodhull*, was thrown from a horse, but wasn't hurt much. I must say I don't feel any too secure in my hoop skirts, on the hurricane deck of a wild mustang. Some oxen nearly drowned in the flooded lake, but were rescued in the nick of time. Immediately after I had to drive a team into the river and do you know those horses positively refused to get their feet wet. It took us two whole days to persuade them they would be rescued—apparently they haven't much faith in the rescuing abilities of us human beings.

Oh, the dust and the wind, the great stretches of alkali, the chapped hands, the blistered feet! I've eaten and breathed alkali dust until I'm well coated internally. We're all very jolly about the discomforts and

smile through cracked lips as we peel off the sunburn—and then freeze at night.

This sounds like a tribulation story, but really we do have a peck of fun. And say, when you see Warren Kerrigan all dolled up in his buckskin that fits him like the paper on the wall, you'll have a heart-beat or two. The chief pastime of the camp is wondering if he has to butter the pants to get into 'em.

One of the men is going up to Milford, so I'll let him mail this. With lots of love and hoping to be back in civilization soon,

LOIS WILSON.

P. S.—For goodness sake, send me some face powder—you know the kind we both use. Somehow I don't fancy powder filled with—ants!



# 90,000 People Have Learned to Dance This New Way

Let those who have actually learned to become good dancers at home—without music or partner—through Arthur Murray's new method, tell you how quickly they mastered all of the newest steps and dances—how they surprised their friends and increased their popularity.

**M**ANY people who never knew the joy of having more than one invitation a week to an affair, are now sought after—in fact, coaxed to attend every party or social affair in sight. The secret of their sudden popularity is simply because they have become good dancers and everyone wants them for partners. Best of all, they learned at home—without music or partner—in a surprisingly short time and at a price that is within the easy reach of everyone.

But let some of them tell of their own experiences:

Peter Saunders, of Amawalk, N. Y., was always considered an outsider whenever his friends were going to hold a dance. They never thought of asking him because they knew he would only be in the way and no one wanted to sit out a dance to entertain him. After he had learned at home in a few evenings, through the Arthur Murray method, he wrote: "Then I came across your advertisement and I sent for your course, and I must say it was wonderful. The lessons were so clear and simple that a child could learn—why, it was altogether too easy!"

"The rest has been one pleasure after another, thanks to you! I have even learned to dance better than some of my friends who used to pass me by."

Good dancers always acquire self-assurance, poise, ease of manner and perfect mental and physical control. They are always at home in any crowd and think nothing of teaching others how to dance.

P. Voytek, of Derby, Conn., recently wrote: "I have had some wonderful times at dances. I have taught a great many people how to dance. My friends have advised me to open a dancing class. I teach eager pupils every evening, but will not accept pay as I do it for the pleasure which I give others and also enjoy myself."

"I would rather learn your way than go to a dancing teacher. Anyone can quickly learn from such an easy course as yours and it is not embarrassing."

Even if you don't know one step from another you can quickly learn to dance in a single evening through Arthur Murray's new method. In fact, you don't need to leave your own home to learn—you can master any dance in your own room after a few practice steps.

J. M. Mealy, Flatwood,

W. Va., says: "Your lessons in dancing are very simple and easy to learn. I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night. Tonight I danced a number of times with a good dancer to the music of a phonograph. I had no trouble in leading or balance."

Besides being a source of great pleasure, a thorough knowledge of dancing will enable you to earn money teaching others to dance. For most folks are "just crazy" to learn and will pay a liberal fee to a first-class teacher.

Gladys Franz, Astoria, Oregon, by teaching 40 children two hours a week, earns \$200 a month. She recently wrote: "I cannot be loud enough in my praise of your wonderful system. I started on Saturday with 40 children present. I taught my class with an assurance that I never had before. I am following the instructions you sent to me and am beginning with the One Step. I am giving two lessons a week for \$5 a month (from each pupil)."

## Learn Without Partner or Music

Through his new improved method of teaching dancing by mail, Mr. Murray is now able to give you the same high class instruction in your own home that you would receive if you took private lessons in his studio and paid his regular fee of \$10 per lesson. And not only you yourself, but every other member of your family can quickly learn to dance from the same set of lessons.

Through this remarkable system you easily learn the Correct Dancing Position—How to Gain Confidence—How to Follow Successfully—How to Avoid Embarrassing Mistakes—the Art of Making Your Feet Look Attractive—The Correct Walk in the Fox Trot—The Basic Principles in Waltz-

ing—How to Waltz Backward—The Secret of Leading—The Chase in the Fox Trot—The Forward Waltz Step—How to Leave One Partner to Dance With Another—Etiquette of the Ballroom—How to Learn and Also Teach Your Child to Dance—

What the Advanced Dancer Should Know—How to Develop Your Sense of Rhythm.

Arthur Murray is recognized as America's foremost authority on social dancing. Such people as the Vanderbilts, ex-Governor Locke Craig, and scores of other socially prominent people chose Mr. Murray as their dancing instructor. In fact,



"Arthur Murray, Dancing Instructor to the Vanderbilts and many other fashionable people."



"I have some very wonderful times at dances. I very seldom sit out a dance." — PETER VOYTEK, Conn.

dancing teachers the world over take lessons from him. And more than 90,000 people have successfully learned to become wonderful dancers by mail.

## Special Proof Offer

If you want to see for yourself how quickly this new course by Arthur Murray can teach you to dance right in your own home without music or partner, all you need to do is just fill in and mail the coupon—or a letter or postcard will do enclosing \$1.00 in full payment, and the special proof course will be promptly sent to you. Keep the course for five days. Practice all the steps, learn everything these 16 lessons teach you and prove to your full satisfaction that you have found the quickest, easiest, and most delightful way to learn to dance. Then, within five days, if you desire to do so, you may return the course and your dollar will be promptly refunded. But if you keep the course—as you surely will—it becomes your personal property without further payments of any kind.

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Arthur Murray guarantees your complete satisfaction or he will refund every cent you deposit. All you need to do now is to simply sign and mail the coupon and the course, as advertised on this page, will be promptly mailed to you. Send the coupon today—NOW.

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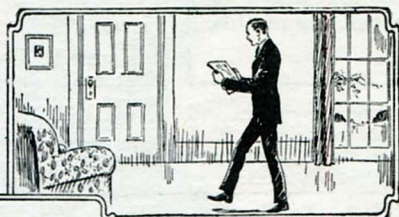
To prove that I can learn to dance at home in one evening, you may send the sixteen lesson course. I am enclosing \$1.00 in full payment but it is understood that this is not to be considered a purchase unless the course in every way comes up to my expectations. If, within five days, I decide to return the course, I may do so and you will refund my money promptly and without question.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Price outside U. S., \$1.10 cash with order.)

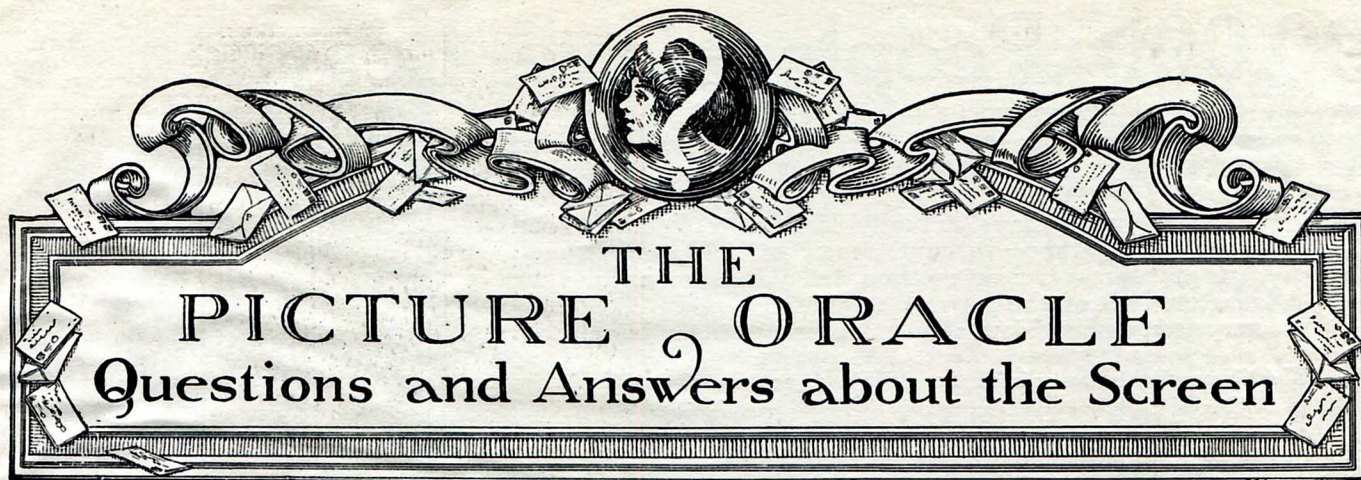


"I practiced yesterday and learned the Fox Trot through the night." — J. N. MEALY, W. VA.



"I started Saturday with 40 children present." Gladys Franz, Oregon. By teaching 40 children two hours a week, Miss Franz earns \$200 a month.





# THE PICTURE ORACLE

## Questions and Answers about the Screen

**Irene.**—Of course I am glad to answer your questions, Irene! The idea of thinking that I "would look on them with disdain." I wouldn't be an Oracle if I felt that way. You're awfully keen about Von Stroheim, I see. Well, he is with Goldwyn now, you know, and his first picture for them will be "McTeague," from the novel by Frank Norris. Then he will direct "The Merry Widow," from that famous old operetta, and will probably play the rôle of the *Prince* himself. And, of course, he seems to have a pretty good chance of getting "Ben Hur," though the Goldwyn officials are still keeping every one guessing both about the cast and the director.

**Curious Fan.**—That scene in "Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood" where *Sir Guy of Gisbourne* sends a falcon to intercept a pigeon carrying to *Maid Marian* news of her lover's homecoming seems to have excited the wonder of many other fans, too. This was really remarkable photography on the part of the camera man, who shot the scene from the ground with a telescopic lens, catching faithfully all the twistings and dodgings of the birds in flight, the capture of the pigeon, and the return of the falcon with it to *Sir Guy*. As a matter of fact, this scene was said to have been filmed more than a hundred times before it was made sufficiently realistic to meet with the approval of Douglas Fairbanks. The falcon used was brought from England especially to appear in this production and cost sixty English pounds. It was insured by Lloyd's during the voyage and after it arrived in Hollywood was always carefully cared for by an attendant, who kept it constantly in the dark, fed it only on raw meat, and bathed it every day.

**I. I. I.**—Charles Chaplin's latest picture is "The Pilgrim." In this he plays the part of an escaped convict who steals a minister's clothes and masquerades as a clergyman. It's more than the usual short comedy but not exactly a feature production; it runs about four reels, I believe. Charlie's next will be his first production for United Artists, which every one has been waiting for, and which, it is expected, will be really unusual. No, I don't know the title—no one else does either, so far as I can find out; in fact, I don't think Charlie knows just what he is going to do himself. Yes, he will direct Edna Purviance's first starring picture, but whether he will devote all his time to finishing that before starting on his own, I can't say.

**R. D.**—Mary Miles Minter's next picture will be "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I understand that this is the last

she will make under her present Famous Players contract. Mary is five feet two.

**Pussy.**—What a courageous girl, to call yourself that! It is true that many of the players wear eyeglasses in the studio when not working before the camera. They are mostly of colored glass and are worn to rest the eyes from the intense glare of the lights. You know, it is almost impossible to work long around the strong lights in the studios without having your eyes weakened, and sometimes injured severely. You have heard of "Klieg eyes," haven't you? This is a condition of severe eyeburn, and sometimes temporary blindness, which comes from long exposure to the powerful Klieg lights. Almost every player has had a

**THE ORACLE** will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to **The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.** The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

touch of it at some time or other, and players will continue to experience it, I suppose, as long as these strong lights are used in photographing studio scenes.

**Kenneth Harlan Fan.**—You are almost as bad as the Valentino victims, glad to send you a photo if he knew how. Well, your "adorable Kenneth" was born in 1895. I think that he would be very much you'd prize it. His address is at the end of *The Oracle*. There was a picture of Kenneth in the rotogravure section of *Picture-Play* for January. If you didn't happen to see it, you can get a copy of the magazine by sending twenty cents in stamps to the Circulation Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh

Avenue, New York City. Also, we expect to have an interview with him in an early issue, so watch for it. Do I think Kenneth would be *thrilled* if he saw your letter? Well, I can't say. He's used to admiration, you know, but I'm sure he always appreciates it when it's genuine.

**Marie of Wilmington.**—Colleen Moore was born in Port Huron, Michigan, and educated in Tampa, Florida. Her real name is Kathleen Morrison. Beth Sully was Douglas Fairbanks' first wife, and they had a son.

**Babette.**—No, you don't have to live in California to belong to the Agnes Ayres club. They have members living in all parts of the world, and are always glad to add new ones. Write for particulars to the Agnes Ayres Club, 1311 Hayworth Avenue, Hollywood, California. Alice Terry is married to Rex Ingram, the director, in most of whose pictures Alice plays. Their romance grew out of their several years of picture-making association. Alice was born in Nashville, Texas, in 1896. "The Passion Vine" will be her next picture, and Ramon Novarro will play opposite her in it.

**Marjolaine.**—The yearly subscription price for *Picture-Play Magazine* in Canada is \$2.36. It is \$2.00 in the United States. The addresses you want are in this issue. I shall try to think up some more "funny little bits" to put in the answers since you like them so well. I always try to give the fans what they want. (This is not a "Merton.")

**A Movie Lover.**—No, Priscilla Dean and Leatrice Joy are not related. Gloria Swanson's daughter's name is Gloria, Junior. Marjorie Daw, Elaine Hammerstein, and Viola Dana are not married, but Thomas Meighan is the husband of Frances Ring and Helene Chadwick is married, too.

**Heleen L. J.**—The actor who played the aristocrat in "The Kentuckians" and whom you thought might be Bert Lytell is Bert's younger brother, Wilfred. They look very much alike. The last I heard of Wilfred he was appearing in the stage play "The Goldfish," with Marjorie Rambeau. Well, you certainly were lucky to receive four photographs from Harrison Ford! I know some fans who say they have great difficulty in getting one from him, but I suppose you were fortunate enough to have your letters reach him personally, which I think does not always happen, especially when players move around as much as Harrison does. I am keeping your interesting description of yourself in mind, so that I shall know you the next time you write.

Continued on page 110



## Jackie Tells About His Circus

Continued from page 24

He wanted to tell them that he was going to die brave. I helped him with the letter but the story was fixed so Sambo didn't have to go in the cage after all.

There was a colored jazz band too and oh how they could play! When we quit work every day I would take the leader's stick and would play that I was the leader. They sure could play and lots of times we would go over to the little town hall and have a dance. All the folks that worked in the circus. The fat lady would dance with the skeleton man and the tattooed man would dance with the midgets and I would dance with Peaches Jackson. She plays the girl that gets sick and is going to get fired if somebody don't ride bareback like she does, so I do it for her you see. Peaches is all right even if she is a girl, but she can't help that, she says she'd like to be a boy. But she plays with dolls all the time and I can't see that stuff.

The dogs were fine. They had some dogs that could jump over a high fence. One was a fine jumper. His name was Jerry and the man that owned the dogs gave Jerry to me for a present and now Jerry spends his time jumping over the fence in our back yard and my daddy's auto driver gets awful sore because he has to go and chase Jerry home again. Last night Jerry slept on the foot of my bed. Nobody knew it not even Mrs. Newell, my tutor, who came with us on location. Tonight I am going to sneak Jerry in my bedroom again.

I had to sell peanuts in the story. I sold them from a big basket. I ate a lot of them too and then I had to take castor oil, because I ate some candy too. They were real peanuts only I didn't eat as many as Nellie did. That elephant could eat a sack at a time if I would of let her, but then she has got a bigger stomach than I have.

If you see Charlie Chaplin you tell him I broke my wrist watch that he gave me with my name on it. He gave me a ring too, I wouldn't mind having a new watch but you needn't say so right out. Peaches says she'll save her salary and get me one for my birthday but you can't always depend on a girl. Charlie gave me a billiard table too just before we came with the circus but I left it at home.

Well, I promised to write you this letter and now can I stop? I wrote it in pieces as Mrs. Newell said I could. Good-bye.

Your little friend,

JACKIE COOGAN.



## Ask Any Beauty

### How she beautifies her teeth

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Food stains, etc., discolor it. If not removed, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. And few things do more to mar beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

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Tooth troubles were constantly increasing. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now. So dental science saw the need for better cleansing methods.

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## Folks Around Our Studio

Continued from page 67

say she has been married for over five years and the real reason why she left pictures was because her double succumbed to influenza.

### Gordon Gresham.

I saw Gordon Gresham, our best-selling male star, in his dressing room the other day a few minutes before he was to go on the set and rescue the heroine of "Man or Beast?" the new Jacques De Lacey production, from the mouth of a lion. He is usually a very nervy chap, and I was surprised to find him pale and trembling. "Not afraid of the lion, are you?" I asked. "Lion—no!" scoffed Gresham. "Lions do not worry me, boy. I have got to make a personal appearance at the Rialto Theater this evening and I am scared to death."

### Sam Spink.

Old Sam Spink, who is the door-keeper at our studio, is a movie fan. He is very patriotic, too. One evening during the war he took a gun with him into the theater and shot holes into the screen when they showed a picture of the kaiser.

The other night at Sam's neighborhood movie theater the feature picture was one of those heart-gripping, tear-dragging "mother stories." The hard-boiled fellow who was next to Spink sat right through the whole eight reels without weeping or gulping once, and Spink was so sore at

him that he threatened to have the brute arrested.

### Thomas Ryker Parks.

For a long time Thomas Ryker Parks, the famous highbrow novelist, would have nothing to do with motion pictures. When he finally succumbed to a fat contract and came out to Hollywood to learn how movies are made at our studio, the whole town received him with open arms. Grayce Le Nard and her husband gave a big dinner and bridge party for him. A number of writers from our studio entertained Mr. Parks at the Ambassador to a very swell feed. He spent several pleasant, homelike evenings with the Gordon Greshams and played with the three Gresham youngsters. In fact, the best homes in Hollywood were thrown open to Thomas Ryker Parks.

Now that Mr. Parks has fulfilled his movie contract and is back in New York, I understand he is writing a new novel in which he will prove that all Hollywood people lead highly immoral lives.

### Marie Torquet.

Our imported French scenario writer, Marie Torquet, says it makes her positively ill to have her name mispronounced. "The last 't' is silent," she always explains, "like the final 'g' in a Bill Hart subtitle."

## She Danced at the Princess' Ball

Continued from page 43

Miss Marsh's first British-made production did very well in London and throughout England, so well that she is going back to make at least two more after she has finished with Mr. Griffith. After that, she has no definite plans, or if she has, they have not been disclosed. Much will depend, of course, upon the reception which the fans give to the pictures in which she is to be seen, for it is not unlikely that her British pictures, as well as the Griffith production, will be shown here.

Whether her return culminates in a sensational comeback for her or not, I doubt that it will have very much effect upon Mae Marsh. She is a person of unusual poise. Neither professional nor social success has ever robbed her of her interest in the ordinary, wholesome, normal things of life. Though she grew up in the studios during the boom days of the industry, her life has always been simple and free from anything sensational or ostentatious.

### We Can't Have Everything!

Though picture plots grow stale and thin,  
Though weird and wild types may creep in,  
Though screen scribes soar to Fancy's height,  
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## Being Bohemian in Hollywood

Continued from page 33

yes. He remembers you, and you enter. The room is filled, almost, with people—and smoke. Bohemia! "Who is the dark young man?" you ask a neighbor.

"That is Carleton de Miller," you are told. "He played the father with Charlie Chaplin in 'The Kid.' He is Finn Frolich's assistant now and sculps. A lot of the movies are taking up sculpting. Leah Baird and ZaSu Pitts are sculpting this and that. So are Tony Moreno and Conrad Nagel."

But you are caught in a whirl of youth. Bobbed hair flashes across your eyes. A piano tinkles, and a girl is singing. You sit on a cushion up against the wall. Louise Fazenda comes in. And Gaston Glass. Some one is playing a violin. A couple, off in a corner are dancing—slowly. There in the shadow of a Chinese lamp a bobbed head droops upon a tweed shoulder. You smell incense. Some one offers you a drink. You follow them out into another room and imbibe fruit punch.

Who are all these people here? There is Ella Buchanan, whom we have met before. There is David Grolle and Eduard Vysek, the painter. Mae Busch is there, and Arline Pretty talking with Christine Mayo and Leah Baird. Nell Craig is just coming in with her husband and Eulalie Jensen. Perhaps, if you stay long enough, you will see more of the movies. But the smoke is getting thicker, and the fruit punch is getting thinner. We will go.

*Vie de bohème*—what is it? Where is the life of bohemia? In the little pink bungalows up under the sycamores where sometimes they forget to have breakfast, in the gold room under the eucalyptus trees and in Ella Buchanan's sunlit studio, there I think is bohemia!

It is the real boheme, where artists are fighting for self-expression, where they have no time to be bohemian, where they paint and sculpt and plan. Scattered throughout Hollywood, in the shadows of the great motion-picture studios are scores of little houses where the players who are not yet great, but who strive and hope to be, there is bohemia.

It is a sturdy child, this bohemia of filmdom's Coast capitol, and it is really very real. It will endure, for it is without pose. Its head is bobbed, and it occasionally dons the flowing tie, and it hides its hurts with a Saturday night smile, but it is a serious affair—being bohemian in Hollywood.



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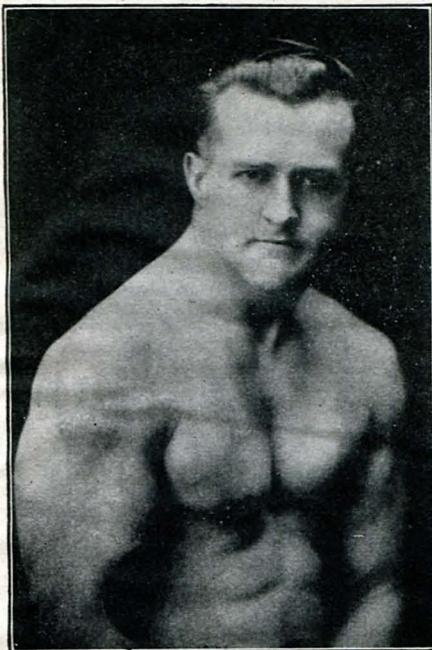
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## Cursed with a Comic Face

Continued from page 27

But to go back to his fear of pictures.

"I've been afraid of pictures; they are so merciless, and the actor is dependent upon so many factors beside his own ability. On the stage, if an actor fails, it is largely his own fault. And even if every one else does his work wretchedly the actor has a chance to distinguish himself. When you go out on the stage you don't care if the lights go out and the scenery topples over, you still can do your part. But in pictures the director, the continuity writer, or the cutter can ruin the picture.

"When you have been working for years on your voice, it is like running in an obstacle race to try to get an effect without it. But look at the advantages of acting in pictures. I've been on the stage for thirteen years and I am just beginning to be known to a few people in the bigger cities. But as soon as I made one picture, I became known to people from here to Kamchatka."

Mr. Hull bubbles with enthusiasm all of the time in spite of his many months' grind at working sixteen hours a day. He follows the never-say-die school of philosophers and is a glowing testimonial of the success of their teachings. Two years ago when Margaret Anglin was arranging a special performance of "Jeanne D'Arc" her leading man became ill the day before the performance. She sent for her young brother-in-law who accomplished the seem-

ingly impossible task of memorizing the part and the stage directions in time to give a performance the next day. And it was a good performance.

Mr. Hull lives in the old part of New York City called Greenwich Village where modern apartment houses have not encroached. He bought the house from its original owner and builder and is proud of its traditions. His house even boasts a back yard, which is as rare in New York, almost, as keeping a cow. There, he and his young son putter around in the spring tending a great patch of hyacinths which they later replace with other flowers and vines. He reads nothing more morbid than J. M. Barrie and Mark Twain. He has no use for the gloomy Russians.

Before he started this terrible sixteen hours of work a day schedule, he had time for gardens, and reading, and things like that. He even had time to write a play which he produced in New York last fall. "East Side, West Side" was one of those moderate successes; it brought the author neither the thrill of success nor the goad of failure. He has sold the motion-picture rights to it to Thomas H. Ince, so he may still become known as a playwright.

I have an idea, though, that you won't think of Henry Hull in just the way he expects; not as the young man with a comic face, not as the author of "East Side, West Side," but as a charming and magnetic young newcomer to the screen.

## The "Prom" Girl

Continued from page 83

and although we chatted agreeably enough for the better part of an hour, I can recall nothing that she said that was particularly clever or original.

In Los Angeles, she runs round chiefly with Edna Purviance and Teddy Sampson and Mabel Normand, avid movie fans all, she asserted. Jacqueline always has been.

"I thought I was the luckiest girl in the world when I found that in my very second picture I was Tom Meighan's leading woman! He is wonderful, and he's always been my favorite actor. Imagine what a thrill I had playing in the same picture with him!"

The naïve chatter that purred from the moist ruby lips didn't jibe with the movie-actress makeup. The ingenuous Jackie should never wear velvet and ermine. And never, never on a warm day in New York.

True enough, here is one girl who found her way into pictures, as a leading woman, in considerably less than a year's time. True, too, she has played nothing but leading rôles since her advent to the films. Yet it would hardly do to point her out as an example of What Any Girl Can Do If She Makes Up Her Mind To It. The Logan eyes are violet; the Logan hair is flame color; the Logan figure is distinctly arresting in its contours. In short, any casting director would take a chance on her ability to film. And she films beyond one's expectations. And there you have it.

If you are as well equipped, physically, as Jacqueline Logan, and if you screen as surprisingly beautifully as she does, go West, young girl, go West. And some day I shall find myself interviewing you.



## Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 85

### Charlie Hides His Mustache.

Charlie Chaplin has become so much interested in directing that the report recently circulated in Hollywood that he would give up his career as an actor. Of course, Chaplin promptly denied the rumor, but the fact remains that the comedian has indicated the enlarging of his plans for pictures in which he himself does not personally appear. He has been absorbed in the filming of Edna Purviance's starring film, at least when his romance with Pola Negri has not interfered.

For a time everybody said that everything was over between Pola and Charlie, because they weren't seen together, but the fact that they recently took a trip via auto to Santa Barbara for the week-end—properly chaperoned of course—revived the gossip concerning their possible marriage. As is our wont, we predict that the wedding may take place before this is printed. We simply have to be protected regarding this romance, because it is the most serious that has ever involved the heart of Hollywood's celebrated comedian.

### Nothing to Joke About.

Edna Purviance has suffered much for the sake of art. And we mean this quite seriously. Miss Purviance has recently had several sick spells that are directly traceable to her ambition to make a success of her starring picture.

At the time the film was scheduled, she was some pounds overweight for her rôle. She wouldn't delay the starting of camera work, and so she undertook a very strenuous program of reducing, almost starving herself to death, and going frequently to the Turkish bath to help remove excess weight. Her plucky efforts resulted disastrously. She was forced to quit work just after she had started on account of an attack of pleurisy. Later she suffered a relapse, chiefly due to her determination to get back on the set. The starring picture has consequently proceeded at a slow pace, but is probably finished by this time.

### Damon and Pythias.

Wherever Tom Mix goes, Tony goes, too. They simply won't be separated. Why, even aboard a new schooner-yacht Mix built a stateroom—that is, a very elegant stall—for Tony.

"Suppose Tony gets seasick," said Dustin Farnum, the king of movie mariners.

"Well," answered Mix, briskly, "then I guess we'll have to stay at home."

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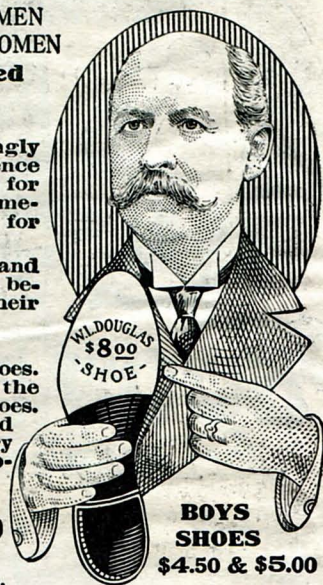
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# The Indiscretions of a Star

Continued from page 64

you run out to the studio to-morrow and see if there isn't something that you want? Her clothes would just fit you."

"But I couldn't afford them," she answered, though her eyes glowed at the thought; she needed clothes so desperately, if she was to look well dressed when she applied for work; clothes count more on Broadway than they do anywhere else in the world, I believe.

"Louise isn't in pressing need of money, and the things are really lovely; she brought most of them from Paris," I told her, resolving to call Louise that night and say a word to her privately. "Meet me at the Astor at noon to-morrow, anyway, and we'll talk it over." I knew that I could arrange things somehow for her. Louise was a more or less reasonable person, even though she did have to pretend to be unhappily married, though she and her husband adored each other, because the public preferred her that way; unhappiness fitted in better with her rôles.

I dined that night with Barry Stevens, who had come back to New York at last, obviously almost heart whole and fancy free, if not quite. But he had lost some of the frank boyishness that had characterized him before he met Pauline Stewart, I thought.

"Want to see that picture I did last summer, this evening?" he asked. "I'm sorry to bore you with it, but Jensen has a projection room over in the Candler Building—wants to run it off for some friends, and I'd like to see what it's like since they cut it."

I wanted to go, of course. There's a certain fascination about seeing a picture that way, before it's released; without music, or the audience, or anything at all but just the picture to hold your attention, a production

looks different than it ever does any other place or time.

While we were waiting I told him about Cecile Howard. He wasn't particularly interested until I came to the censorship part of my story. Then he got interested.

"That the New York board?" he demanded.

I told him that it wasn't; it was the censorship board of a neighboring State.

"Well—say, I know a fellow who has something or other to do with the government there; knows the governor and all that sort of thing. Perhaps I could do something about this," he said. Then the lights went out, the projection machine began its soft, whirring click, and the picture began.

Cecile didn't appear for quite a while. Then she was seen, walking down a country road, slowly, her face as radiant as I had often seen it, her arms full of roses. She looked very young and much lovelier than I had imagined she would. Like Lillian Gish and May McAvoy, she screened wonderfully.

I heard Barry draw in his breath sharply. After that, whenever Cecile came on the screen, I noticed that he watched her intently. And I smiled to myself over that fact.

It was not only physical beauty that she had; it was that inner loveliness that comes out so clearly on the screen, that beauty of character that Mary Pickford and Lillian Gish and some other actresses have. The little manicurist whom Lillian gave her chance as an actress has it—it was that which first attracted Lillian Gish to her.

And it was that quality that reached out and twined itself around Barry Stevens' heartstrings.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## A Bridal Bouquet

Continued from page 30

Paid For," which picture he "stole," in our parlance, from the star, that made officials regard him as stellar material.

One rumor seeping about Hollywood I should like to correct—that he played extra and starved his way, bit by bit, to success. Very pretty fantasy and encouraging to amateurs, but totally untrue.

"I never went hungry in my life," he replied when I eventually withdrew his attention from Miss MacWilliams, who at this writing is at home, in Syracuse, preparing her

trousseau. "Do I look it? I was born at Cordele, Georgia, and educated at the Savannah High School and at the Military Academy at Peekskill, New York. Was playing in vaudeville when I heard they wanted a fat boy to support Jack Pickford in Tarkington's 'Seventeen,' applied for the job and got it. That was my first screen part, made in New York for Goldwyn.

"Came out to Hollywood and signed up with Ince the second day after I hit the town, and have been working ever since."



## How the Director Knows

Continued from page 68

bands that were all the rage on Main Street a few years ago, he could probably hand you one in a minute or two from the midst of his collections.

That is the way his memories are stored, too, and that is the way he skips from subject to subject when he talks. He isn't particularly systematic, he isn't didactic. He is just the charming product of a very full and interesting life.

And when you look back at the pictures he has made—there were eighteen that starred his wife, Enid Bennett, you may remember—it seems almost as though you guessed all along that they were made by a man of such vision and vitality as that.

He has his own company now which releases through Metro, and under this arrangement he films only such stories as are of real interest to him. The first one is "The Famous Mrs. Fair," a delightful comedy-drama, and for the second one he promises "Captain Applejack," a pirate play that delighted Broadway.

## America's Beauty Market

Continued from page 74

moths, whose lives are sordid despite the expensive trimmings for which they've sold themselves. You go back to the theater, and wonder.

There's a gorgeous ballet, in which two young lovers get locked into an art museum, and the statues come alive to pursue them, and then dance with them. There's a mock meeting of the League of Nations, with Rogers presiding. You begin to feel tired, and then something so beautiful or so startling appears that your jaded mind is prodded into enthusiasm. The famous Coconut Grove at Palm Beach is reproduced on the stage, with lovely Allyn King singing "The Sunny South Begins to Call," and Gilda Gray appearing in blackface and an outrageously colored costume and singing quite as well as she has danced earlier in the evening. It's her second song of the evening. Later she'll go to the dance club which she has put on the map of Broadway and do a couple of song and dance numbers there. Where on earth does she get her energy?

You're ready for the finale, yourself. It's unusual, of course; this year it's so good that the producers of other revues all copied part of the idea, with one or two exceptions. The stage door of the theater is shown; as if part of the wall had been removed, you see one of the

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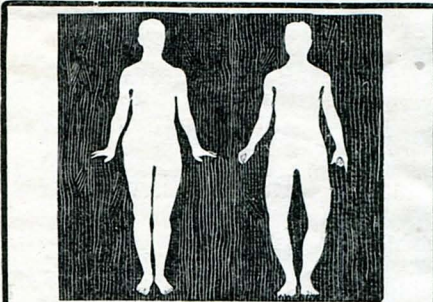




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dressing rooms, and several of the girls getting out of their costumes and into their street clothes. It's beautiful, but it is *not* art—you gaze, and shudder when you think of what's going to happen to that bit when the show goes on the road and local ministers pass judgment on it.

The headliners of the show come out, one by one, from the stage door, as the dressing room vanishes into darkness. They are applauded, in turn, just as the heroes and villains of the old melodramas were when they took their curtain calls. Will Rogers, with his sheepish grin, is the most popular of all.

There's a crush, getting out of the theater, and the sidewalk is jammed, while every one demands his motor or taxi immediately. A local movie magnate's car appears, with his last infant on a small, boxlike erection, electrically lighted from within, rising above the limousine's top. If your car is late in pushing its way through the throng, you have time to notice the men who have gathered to see the "Follies" girls leave the theater—men who look like down and outers, most of them, but who cherish this one illusion—that beautiful chorus girls are whisked away from the theater in beautiful automobiles, to sup on lobster and champagne. Did they but know it, Childs' restaurant at Columbus Circle, just across from Central Park, is a favorite eating place, and more than one of the girls travels to it by the subway. Yet after each matinee and each evening performance you can see a little group of men, waiting to see the girls go home, in state.

And you, yourself, "go on"—New York always "goes on" after the theater, to have supper and dance and perhaps suffer through a cabaret show. Perhaps you go to Ruben's for one of his famous sandwiches, that contains everything from turkey, cold slaw, and Russian dressing to a bit of cheese or perhaps a sardine.

Wherever you go, you have the "Follies" on your mind. It's a great show, beautifully put on. And yet the next day, as you splash about in the pool at the Biltmore Turkish baths, or take your early gallop in the Park, or lunch at a famous restaurant down near Wall Street where you can look out over the harbor, there's one question that will be asked of you. It will be asked of stenographers and clerks who sat in the gallery at the New Amsterdam last night, of suburbanites from Montclair and New Rochelle who sat in the balcony, of the celebrities who occupied the boxes, and of you.



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And the answer, from you and all those other people, will be, "Oh, it's the same as usual!"

After all, that's the highest tribute any one could pay the show.

## He Makes New Homes Out of Old Sets

Continued from page 34

carpenter who made a beautiful "antique" chair of early Renaissance period and, after it was used to ornament milady's boudoir in a film, sold it to a wealthy woman through a dealer for five hundred dollars.

But until this astute young Irishman got the idea, no one thought to utilize these discarded sets and properties in the building and furnishing of really livable homes. Jack's houses, therefore, offer a startling variety of architectural periods, ranging from the Spanish hacienda recently built for Mae Marsh's sister to his latest creation, a dove-cote chateau of Gothic design, made from properties and sets purchased from the Realart and Katherine MacDonald companies.

His "Winged Victory Gardens," the quaintest court in this township of unique bungalow courts, consists of six bungalows grouped about a central manor house in which Jack lives with his mother. The general ensemble is of early English design, though each tiny house is of different architecture.

Many of his houses contain odd mixtures. His latest one, for example, has a set of hand-painted carved doors which once graced a Katherine MacDonald picture and a sunken bath that was removed bodily from a set in which Wanda Hawley appeared as an exotic creature—I have forgotten the name of the picture, but recall the scene exactly. The front door, through which Bebe Daniels once tripped to meet her film lover, is fashioned of an enormous slab of oak, intricately carved, with the inscription of a crusader in bas-relief.

Lucky damsels, who live in such exquisite bungalows made from discarded sets, don't you think? But here's where Jack's chuckle comes in. "Some of the people living in them," he said, "don't know yet that they are discarded sets, and an actress who took one of them has never recognized parts of the house that came from a set on which she had worked!"



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# The Screen in Review

Continued from page 85

says, "The joke's on you—it was all a dream." It is an insane medley about a bride, a drug which throws her into a sleep like death, a vivisectionist who is about to operate on her in the interests of science, and the aforesaid dream. But, if you forget the jumble of the plot and only watch the actors, you will find much that is entertaining. Alta Allen alone makes the film worth seeing; she is lovely and unspoiled and worthy of a story which is better than a murky pipe-dream. Tully Marshall has a rôle as an eccentric bachelor, and Milton Sills, Mitchell Lewis, and Laura la Varnie are also in the cast. I must say that they have been excellently handled. As an author Hampton Del Ruth is a good director.

## "A Bill of Divorcement."

Nearly all the dramatic critics in New York listed this play by Clemence Dane as among the best of last season on Broadway. It was a vigorous, thoughtful study of English divorce laws and their effect on a small family, especially on the girl of the house. It also brought a new star to Broadway, for Katherine Cornell in the rôle of this English flapper made her reputation as an actress of the first rank almost overnight. In the film version, Constance Binney tries to duplicate this success. It was a hopeless attempt from the start. Miss Binney is not the type to play this lean, eager, nervous girl with her dark heritage of insanity. She only succeeds in being the cozy, plump little kitten of a débutante without a care in her head. In justice to Miss Binney, it must be added that she was working against fearful odds, for the picture was very badly mounted and directed. I think it was taken in England; there was something oddly unlike our own films about it. There is one point, however, which is greatly to the credit of the adapters of the play—they kept to the story, tragic as it is, and didn't attempt to reconcile the entire family by way of rounding up the last reel.

## "The Third Alarm."

Ralph Lewis can be most pathetic and touching as an old father in distress, but I serve this warning on him now; if he gets into any more trouble, I for one, am through with him. It doesn't matter whether he is a policeman, a chauffeur, a watchman, or a plumber; sooner or later he loses his job and begins to starve and then we all have to start weeping again over the woes of poor old

dad. This time he is a fireman who can drive horses only, so when motors come in, he's again in the bread-line. To add insult to injury, he is arrested for stealing his old fire horse, and he has to rescue a girl from a burning building to get in right with the plot. Johnnie Walker plays his son, and he is just as noble as the father. In fact, the entire cast is so unreasonably noble that when we went out of the theater we were filled with a desire to kick a helpless old beggar and steal pennies from a blind man. That sort of picture always affects me that way.

## Among Other Things.

Don't miss the head hunters if you want a real thrill from the South Sea Islands instead of from a Hollywood lot. The camera of Martin Johnson has caught a race of strange dwarfed beings who live in trees like monkeys and who seem to be the Darwin's "missing link" found at last. The cannibal scene alone is worth waiting for—if your nerves are strong. I could watch the antics of these strange beings all day on the screen. Another excellent adventure scenic is the African big-game hunters, as recorded by H. A. Snow, who hunted with his camera as well as his gun. I have a letter from an experienced explorer praising these films, but complaining that Africa was really more exciting and picturesque than anything shown on the screen. Of course that's a natural view when you've been wandering over the globe for a while, but I've never been anywhere but San Francisco and New York and way stations which have their exciting moments, but not exactly in an African way.

A curious new invention called the "televue" was shown this month at a New York theater. It is a disk with a revolving shutter which you hold to your eyes like the old-fashioned stereoscope that used to be part of the best parlor accessories. It gives the picture three dimensions which is interesting, but the distraction of the instrument makes the film lose in effect what it may gain in dimensions. I make it a point not to be too positive about any invention, remembering what every one said about the first steamboat and locomotive—and look how foolish the poor scoffers seem now! But all I can say about this new film appendage is that it is even more in its infancy than the films themselves.

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# What the Fans Think

Continued from page 14

tive days have so roused my ire in one respect that I have at last the boldness to write.

With the "Connecticut Yankee" I have the smaller quarrel, so I shall discuss it first. Much of its humor I enjoyed. The settings were good, the cast all one could desire. The picture might have been one long to be remembered for beauty and fun but for one bit which took away the bloom.

In the scene in which *King Arthur* and *Sir Boss* are to be hanged in the presence of *Morgan Lefay* and the assembled multitude a device is employed to heighten the element of suspense which, to my mind, is in very poor taste. It is the hanging of several poor wretches, two of them very old men, who are shown to tremble violently and display great agony of mind for a few seconds before the trap is sprung, and their poor, skinny legs are seen dropping into the square block hole in the floor. It is truly a horrible scene, and while perhaps it is in keeping with the story and is a plausible circumstance, it is a poor scene to visualize thus realistically to an audience composed, as the one I remember was, of women, numerous children, and a sprinkling of men. If the children present experienced the same revulsion of feeling which I experienced, their nervous systems received a jolt the effects of which only several days of patient care and complete quiet could efface. So much for the "Connecticut Yankee."

Now for "Orphans of the Storm." It may seem to be heresy to criticize Mr. Griffith, but no one should be such a target for criticism as the man who sets himself up to be the greatest of his class and who, among directors, does this so thoroughly as he? When he claims for a picture that it is the greatest ever, he invites the most searching and candid criticism.

"Orphans of the Storm" is a great picture. But it has faults which are all the more glaring for that reason. Several of them I will try to enumerate. First of all, was the terrible scene in which molten lead is poured into the veins of the poor old father of *Jacques Forgetnot*. Some may say that this scene was necessary to supply the motive for the deed which resulted in the sending of *Henriette* and the *Chevalier de Vaudrey* to the scaffold. Nevertheless, the scene might have been less revolting to the senses and still have been effectual. It is this sort of thing which calls for the scissors of the censor, rather than some of the scenes which are now eliminated for the sake of morality. When did acts of torture and wanton and fiendish cruelty become more moral than a gracefully sensuous dance or the sight of an expectant mother sewing on tiny garments?

Mr. Griffith evidently considers suspense to be the greatest dramatic element. Time and again he prolongs the action until the spectators either shout, inwardly at least, "For God's sake, move!" or laugh at the absurdity of the scene. When *Henriette* stood on the balcony shouting to her sister below, and stayed there, and stayed there, and stayed there, instead of rushing down to get to her before any one might come, I lost all sympathy. That was the poorest bit I have ever seen in a Griffith picture. To have rushed immediately to the door, only to be confronted there by the soldiers, would have been far more dramatic and realistic.

The scenes at the guillotine were in the main well handled. Here the fault was again that inevitable suspense. Why executioners are always so hesitant about killing the hero and heroine I cannot imagine. But they are always. They dispatch some poor extra quickly enough and then go at the leading lady with all the deliberation of the proverbial molasses running uphill on a winter's day. If *Danton* and his followers had started after the death cart when it was about a half mile from the guillotine and then *Lillian Gish* had been put through the preliminaries to decapitation with the usual speed, or if she had not been led up the scaffold until *Danton* was fighting at the gate, the effect would have been more tremendous even than it was, for then the audience would have had less time to say to itself: "She is the heroine so she cannot die. She will be saved, all right."

Now, to prove that I am not a crank I should like to say something in praise of "Orphans of the Storm," but there is not space to enumerate its excellencies.

MABEL DERRY.

25 Deerfield Road, Portland, Me.

## She Doesn't Like Lillian Gish!

I rarely see an English film fan's opinions represented in your interesting discussions, so I hope I may say a few words.

In discussing the stars, may I suggest that, in the loyal and heated defense of their favorites, the fans sometimes forget that one can have more than one favorite; in fact, several, though probably we all favor some one particularly.

Firstly, I am a Pickford fan, and as I have seen thirty-one of her pictures I may claim to have seen a wide range of her capabilities—and I do lay stress on her versatility. Some say that she can only play child parts really well, but does any one remember her in "Madame Butterfly"? To my mind, she is equally capable of comedy or tragedy, and to each character of a different country she gives marked individuality.

I admire very much Miss Frederick, the Talmadges, Mae Marsh, and Vivian Martin—seldom mentioned—and, of course, Nazimova—but a word of complaint about "Camille." Modernize the story by all means, but what a pity to go to the extreme of bizarre settings! I consider that Nazimova triumphed in spite of eccentricities of make-up and surroundings.

Now for the deluge—I don't admire *Lillian Gish*! Her technique is fine—though not in the "Orphans"—but she fails to make any appeal to my emotions, even in "Broken Blossoms." Mary Pickford's tremendous personal appeal seems to me lacking in *Lillian Gish*, and I have no use at all for Gloria Swanson and her dresses.

I must pay tribute to the high standard of characterization attained by W. S. Hart and Sessue Hayakawa—unrivalled artists of restrained acting—and to Conway Tearle in a lesser degree.

Richard Barthelmess I consider a long way ahead of the others—but, in spite of being greatly prejudiced beforehand by the deluge of press stuff about Rodolph Valentino, and being prepared to dislike him, I have been converted by his fine performance in "The Four Horsemen" and—why so little praise for his beautiful work in "Camille?" So far that is all we have



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## More Power to Monte Blue!

Why is it that more of the fans do not mention Monte Blue in their lists of the screen's good actors? After his portrayal of *Danton* in "Orphans of the Storm" no one can say that he doesn't know how to act. I have followed his work from that delightful picture, "Pettigrew's Girl," with Ethel Clayton, through "For Better, for Worse," "A Cumberland Romance," "Johanna Enlists," "Romance and Arabella," "Something to Think About," "The Affairs of Anatol," "The Jucklins," "Peacock Alley," "My Old Kentucky Home," "The Perfect Crime," and, as I said, "Orphans of the Storm," and I am convinced that he is an artist in every sense of the word. He never fails to be natural, and so completely immerses himself in the rôle which he is portraying that he makes the character seem a living, breathing person. His versatility certainly cannot be denied, either. He can do the society man, the patriot, or the mountaineer with equal charm and realness. Of course, it was a shame to cast him in such pictures as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Peacock Alley," as he deserves something so much better; but he proved that he could make the best of even such rôles as those. Given a fair chance, this actor has a great future before him, and he deserves it. More power to Monte Blue!

EOLINE SPRAGUE.

Lucknow Farm, South Norwalk, Conn.

## Praise for Charles Ray.

I saw Charles Ray in "A Tailor-Made Man" and liked it so well that I had to write about it. I have been looking upon Ray's pictures as something to go to when there is nothing else to do. But if they were all like the "Tailor-Made Man" I wouldn't miss one. I never saw any one fit into a dress suit so perfectly as Mr. Ray. But the big point was the absolute novelty of seeing Ray make a success of himself without being an awful boob three quarters of the picture. "Smudge" was pretty good that way, but this last one was a knock-out. I think it can be classed as an artistic success, for I agree with what Pearl White told Malcolm Oettinger. I don't believe that art lies in sad endings or dream plays, which is the only claim I can see that "Broken Blossoms" and "Smilin' Through" can have to being "artistic." Of course, I expect a great many people were pleased beyond words by these, as I gather from reading your magazine, but my sense of art or understanding of art does not include that type.

RAYMOND KEELER.

1443 Elate Street, Denver, Colo.

## From the Photograph Collectors.

I read in your December number that some one had over six thousand pictures of stars clipped from magazines and newspapers. She thinks this is a large collection. I wish to say that I have twenty-one thousand eight hundred and eleven pictures to date, having three hundred and twenty-two of Mary Pickford. I have more of her than of any other star, Norma Talmadge running a close second with three hundred and sixteen pictures. I started collecting in 1916 and have kept it up ever since. If any one has a larger collection than this I would like to know how many they have. Yours truly,

JENNIE GHRIST.

823 South Mill Street, Kansas City, Kan.

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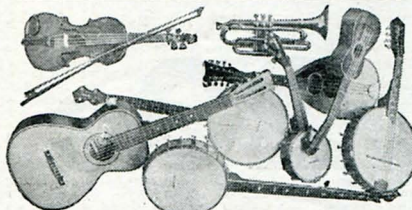
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I want to join the picture-gathering contest the PICTURE-PLAY fans are having. I only started gathering pictures in February, and now I have two hundred, and thirty-nine eight-by-ten-size photos, where more than one of the actors and actresses appear in the same photo.

Ten of the single pictures are autographed. They are of Rodolph Valentino, Viola Dana, Agnes Ayres, Mae Murray, Norma Talmadge, Doris May, Richard Barthelmess, Gene O'Brien, Shirley Mason, and Robert Frazer. All were sent to me free of charge, except the illustrious Rudie's.

MARIE HUTCHINGS.  
2242 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn, N. Y.

John Zellner made a bad mistake; I haven't five hundred pictures; I have over eight hundred at a counting a few days ago. But what do you think of this, all you picture collectors? I have a dear friend in New York who has over twenty-five hundred pictures sent by actresses that are autographed! My pictures are all personally autographed ones the stars have sent me.

Doris Kenyon sends lovely letters to her fan admirers. And just a line to say I'm one for Helen Ferguson and for Madge Bellamy, the ideal Lorna Doone, even if the picture wasn't like the book.

DOROTHY BROWN.  
5839 Nicholson Street, Pittsburgh, Penn.

I was just reading in the PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE what John Zellner wrote to Dorothy Brown about her pictures, asking her if they were autographed photos or not. It might be possible that she has five hundred autographed photos if she has been collecting them for quite a length of time, because I have a hundred and eighty-three autographed photos which stars have given me, and for which I have been offered as much as a dollar apiece, and it took me not quite two years to get them. Besides that, I have over one hundred thousand pictures cut from movie books of only real popular stars, so you see, John, you have quite a way to go yet to catch up with me even in magazine pictures.

VERNA CLARK.  
395 East Holt Avenue, Pomona, Cal.

I have written a great many players, and I find that where you make an inclosure you do not always get the best results. To Virginia Valli, Mildred June, and Kathryn McGuire about six months ago I mailed a quarter each, and to date I have not received their photographs. It took me six months to get Jacqueline Logan's, so I have patience yet. I have received some wonderful photos from players to whom I sent no fee, and some came from California in fifteen days and others from New York in seven days.

So many of the players are free-lancing that it is very hard to know how to reach them at the correct studio. Take Helen Ferguson, Edith Roberts, Colleen Moore, and Barbara Bedford, for instance. It is almost impossible to address a letter so it will reach them.

I wish that one of the players who occasionally writes to this department—Helen Ferguson or Mabel Ballin, for example—would write a letter on their fan mail so we fans might know how a player really regards it. I think most of the players regard it a burden, and sometimes I can hardly blame them.

JOHN E. THAYER.  
Box 25, Northwood, N. H.

I am surprised at a complaint against Norma Talmadge's courtesy. I have written to her studio several times for information about pictures, her birthday, et

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cetera, and have always received the most courteous replies, and in acknowledgment for a tiny gift she sent me an autographed picture of herself which has been hanging in my room ever since.

I notice in every case where there has been a complaint about not receiving pictures the fans have sent money. May that not be an incentive for some one to destroy the letters? Certainly a quarter is easy to distinguish in an envelope. I advise the fans to use stamps instead of coins.

DICK E. EDWARDS.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Criticism Should Be Confined to Acting.

Of course, criticism helps a lot when given in the right spirit. But such criticism as some of the fans offer concerning the way actresses dress, comb their hair, talk, and other things connected with their home life, is absolutely unnecessary and is utter foolishness. The film folk would appreciate it so much more if the fans were to offer more criticism on their acting, and less on their mode of living.

Personally, I am partial to all the film folk, and although I have my favorites, I certainly give them all credit for doing their level best to please.

Before closing, I want to tell you that through this column I started a very interesting correspondence with a girl and boy in Adelaide, South Australia. I have been corresponding with them for two years now and nothing is more precious to me than my letters from Australia.

THELMA E. FAHRMANN.

Box 31, Harvey, La.

### A Hoosier Critic Expresses His Opinions.

It seems to me that the fan critics are overdoing the thing, contradicting them-

selves as well as each other, instead of helping or urging on good motion pictures. If we have more praise and less knocking, our column in PICTURE-PLAY will be more interesting.

Any one who achieves real success usually has a long grind of it, even though born with a gift which manifests itself early. It is true enough that Theodore Roberts, Seyffertitz, and Wyndham Standing are all good actors in their places, but put them in the coming plays of today, a play wherein a young hero is needed, and—well, as actors of to-day they would make good tennis players.

The producers have to be very alert now to pick plays that will please show-going people. The original plays are pleasing the largest per cent. If we want to hear the language of Shakespeare or Stevenson, let's attend a good theater where the spoken play is acted. But let us not confuse stage and screen acting. Let us leave the stars where they are and watch them progress. The motion-picture industry is like any other; where the good is needed, that's where you will find it. I'm sure that every one agrees that in "Blood and Sand" and "The Four Horsemen" the leading rôle was played by a star who was capable of filling it. Had he not been, some other more worthy players would have been chosen.

Let us also live the pictures of to-day, and not of years back. For we all know that the producers and directors are doing all in their power to bring us good pictures. So let's all praise them and travel right along in the time to come, watching for developments, and I am sure we will all see them. The largest per cent of screen fans are of the younger class, so why waste time discussing people who flourished before your time?

A HOOSIER CRITIC.

Bedford, Ind.

## Clayton Hamilton Explains a Jest

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE:

It might seem that any one must lack a sense of humor who would cavil over the misinterpretation of a jest; yet, after reading the editorial remarks of "The Observer" in your February issue, I feel that I may claim from you the privilege of risking dullness to explain a joke.

My eye having naturally been arrested by the prominent subtitle "Clayton Hamilton Expresses His Views," I proceeded to read what purported to be a report of an impromptu address which I had recently delivered at a meeting of the Actors' Equity Society in New York; and in this report I discovered the following astounding sentences: "Mr. Hamilton is severe on the subject of motion pictures. Not only is he intolerant of the faults of the films—he couldn't be blamed for that—but he seems to be opposed to movies as an institution. Among other things, Mr. Hamilton said condescendingly that movies were made for servant girls. Upon attending the showing of a popular picture, Mr. Hamilton said that his wife remarked that she didn't know there were so many servant girls in the country." In these sentences I was accused directly of being both "intolerant" and "condescending" and Mrs. Hamilton was inferentially accused of being an unconscionable snob.

You will understand, I am sure, that accusations of this sort are somewhat difficult to bear good-humoredly—especially when they are printed in a magazine whose circulation is nation-wide in its extent. Yet—after mature consideration—I cannot find it in my heart to pick

a quarrel with your "Observer" because I know, from long experience, how difficult it is to seize the point and catch the mood of a remark that has been made, in the course of an impromptu speech, for the deliberate purpose of awakening the audience to laughter.

In the particular address that has been criticized by your "Observer," my main thesis was the serious point that the problem of affording entertainment grew more and more difficult in proportion to the size of the public that the artist attempted to entertain. I stated that a painter like Velasquez was happy in the fact that he was not required to appeal to more than a very small minority; and I explained that the problem of the movies was more difficult than the problem of the stage, by reason of the fact that the public of the movies was measured in millions, whereas the public of the stage was measured only in hundreds of thousands. Then, fearing that so serious a dissertation might have a soporific effect upon the gathered audience, I suddenly decided to throw in a "laugh" that would not be impertinent to the discussion. I said that often, in the studios, when we were planning a new story, we checked ourselves up with the awful phrase, "Remember that we must make this point intelligible to a million servant girls," and then I added that once, when Mrs. Hamilton had overheard one of these technical discussions between a collaborator and myself, she interjected the remark, "Where are these million servant girls? Whenever I apply for one at an employment agency I am

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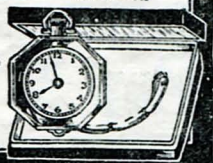
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told that they no longer exist." This just seems rather sorry, as I now am forced to set it down in writing; but I still remember that it served its purpose of awakening my immediate audience to a ready laugh.

You will observe that the attitude which I ascribed to Mrs. Hamilton in this attempt at a humorous anecdote was not snobbish, but almost plaintive in its humility, and that your "Observer" was in error in turning the story upside down and drawing the inference that Mrs. Hamilton would loftily refrain from embracing a servant girl at sight, wherever, in Browning's phrase, a servant girl might be discerned. And, though this secondary point, of course, is minor—I find that your "Observer" has likewise erred in the endeavor to deduce my "views" from his unfortunate interpretation of this jest. I am neither "supercilious" nor "sneering" in my attitude toward any branch of the show business—a business to which I have devoted seven tenths of my time for twenty years; and the mere fact of my appearance as an honored guest of the Actors' Equity Association should have indicated that I am not regarded as a "doubter" by my hundreds of friends among the actors of the stage and of the screen.

How could your "Observer" possibly imagine that I am "opposed to movies as an institution?" The world is so full of a number of things that no sane man would devote a major share of his time and his energies to a constructive effort to better an institution to which he was opposed. For two solid years I served at Culver City as an associate editor for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation; and every day of those two years I did my utmost to make Goldwyn pictures as fine as my colleagues and myself ever hoped or

dreamed that they could be. If we fell short of achieving our ideals, it was merely because we were not great artists; it was not because we were not utterly sincere. At present, as motion-picture editor of the *Theatre Magazine*, I am striving every month, by constructive criticism, to foster the slow but steady progress of the movies toward their ultimate goal of a great art. Also, in my new capacity as director of education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, I am devoting whatever knowledge and experience I have acquired to an earnest effort to improve an educational course that was already excellent, because I believe that the future of the movies depends mainly on the training up of a new group of authors who must be taught to write directly for the screen. If I were "opposed to movies as an institution," I should not be striving to discover and to educate new authors to follow my colleagues and myself into the actual service of the industry. I am, I must confess, a man of two loves, for I care no more about the movies than I care about the speaking stage; but one of the main points which keeps me attracted toward the movies is the enormous opportunity of carrying a great message to a public that must be counted by the millions.

As I have stated before, I have no wish to pick a quarrel with your "Observer" over so little a matter as the misinterpretation of a jest; for I am undeniably fat and forty, and I may as well endeavor to complete the phrase by being fair. Yet I must beseech you to set me right in the opinion of your many readers, and not to allow them to regard me as a supercilious snob. Very sincerely yours,

CLAYTON HAMILTON.

142 East Eighteenth Street, New York City.

## The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

**RUTH M.**—I am sure that the players would be glad to accept the pictures of them which you drew. You know, they always prize these little personal gifts from their admirers highly, so don't hesitate because you think they might not like to receive the pictures.

**NITA.**—You sound sort of distraught, Nita. Does your enthusiasm for Eugene O'Brien always make you incoherent? I wish I could get people all excited about me, but then I'm not a screen Adonis. The last picture Eugene made was "A Voice From the Minaret" with Norma Talmadge. Now he is going back to the stage and probably will be playing before the footlights by the time you read this. So you'd better make the most of this latest picture, because from what I hear Eugene is glad to get back to the stage, and may not make pictures again for some time.

**F. A. M.**—Awfully sorry, but I cannot tell you anything about Betty Nanson, as I do not answer questions about stage players. I have just about all I can manage to keep track of the doings in my own particular field, the screen.

**A PATERSONIAN.**—Sorry I cannot give you the name of the policeman in "The Woman Who Walked Alone," but he is not listed in the cast and I didn't happen to see the picture personally. He was probably just an extra.

**MARIQUITA.**—Yes, Creighton Hale played in "Orphans of the Storm." Didn't you recognize him as *Picard*, who furnished most of the humor? Joseph Schild-

kraut was born in Budapest. He is five feet eleven, weighs one hundred and fifty-eight pounds, has black hair and brown eyes. So far Joseph has played in only one picture, but he is expected to play in the Eve Unsell production, "The Dance of Life."

**I. I. I.**—Nita Naldi is still vamping. She is under contract to Famous Players, you know, and will play in their productions right along. "Glimpses of the Moon" will mark her next appearance. Nita is about five feet eight, weighs about one hundred and forty-five pounds, has black hair and eyes. She is about twenty-seven, of Italian descent, and was born in New York City.

**THEMISTOCLES.**—You're very ambitious. Why, the one and only Rodolph was Carmel Myers' leading man in "A Society Sensation." This picture was made in 1918, but I understand is being reissued, as well as most of the other early pictures in which Valentino played. There was no *Tom Mason* in "Silk Hosiery." Geoffrey Webb was Enid Bennett's leading man in this picture, and his rôle was that of *Sir Leeds*. Outside of the three pictures you mention I don't know of any others that have been titled "The Trap," so far, but there are hopes for a long and useful career for this title. As a rule, a title that has already been used for a picture is not used for another screen production, though I do not believe there is any law about it, but a title such as "The Trap," that is not especially distinctive and could fit any number of different pictures is sometimes repeated.



**GODDESS.**—Of what, fair one? Of the hunt, perhaps—for movie information? Anita Stewart is not making pictures now, and has not announced any definite plans for future productions except that she wants to make good ones. So you will have to be content to wait a while before seeing Anita "smile straight at you" from the screen again. Beverly Bayne and Francis X. Bushman are back in pictures, making a production for Whitman Bennett. Conrad Nagel was born in 1896, in Des Moines, Iowa. Monte Blue goes back and forth between New York and Hollywood according to his picture engagements. At present he is on the coast, where he is appearing in Warner Brothers productions.

**DUP.**—Miss Dupont has no Christian name—at least on the screen. After leaving Universal, she didn't make any pictures for some time, but now she has a part in "The Common Law." Here is the cast for "Foolish Wives:" Andrew J. Hughes, Rudolph Christians; Helen, his wife, Miss Dupont; Princess Olga Petschnikoff, Maude George; Princess Vera Petschnikoff, Mae Busch; Count Sergius Karamzin, Erich von Stroheim; Maruschka, Dale Fuller; Pavel Pavlich, Al Edmundsen; Casare Ventucci, Casare Gravinga; Marietta, his daughter, Malvine Polo; Doctor Judd, Louis K. Webb; His Wife, Mrs. Kent; Albert I., Prince of Monaco, C. J. Allen; Secretary of State of Monaco, Edward Riinach.

**DOROTHY M.**—Sorry your last letter wasn't answered personally, but you probably had asked questions that were already printed in an answer to some one else. You know, I can answer only a limited number of persons in the columns, so naturally I select the questions that will be the most interesting to the greatest number of readers. Also, when a question is answered once in an issue, I do not repeat it, of course. William Fairbanks is not related to Douglas Fairbanks. Douglas has a brother, John, who is his business manager. Edward Burns is not a star: he is a leading man, who is not under contract to any particular company, but works at various studios by the picture only. Robert Warwick hasn't made any pictures since his starring contract with Famous expired a couple of years ago, but has been playing on the stage.

**HARRY.**—You should know me well enough by this time, Harry, to realize that I don't pass out my opinions of the comparative beauty or ability of the different players. Of course I have my favorite actors and my favorite beauties, but I can't put my opinions of them into print. The "What the Fans Think" department is the place for your ideas on that subject. You know, you can't expect to have those questions answered definitely once and for all—they will always be a matter for discussion, and there always will be many irreconcilable opinions on them. If you write to the Fans' department, you will find lots of people to argue the questions out with you.

**T. E. C.**—Pola Negri is still in Hollywood, and probably will stay there for some time, as she is scheduled to make at least two more pictures for Famous Players-Lasky. "Bella Donna" was her first, you know. You will probably be able to see it in April. Next she is going to appear in "The Cheat" with Charles de Roche, and then is scheduled to make "Declasse" from the play in which Ethel Barrymore starred. Pola is about twenty-eight, is five feet four, and weighs about one hundred and twenty pounds. Her eyes are not black, but dark gray; her hair is black, though.

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**JANE.**—No, Rodolph Valentino did not play in either "The Trap" or "The Furnace." Agnes Ayres' eyes are blue-gray. Gloria Swanson's most recent productions are "Her Husband's Trademark," "Her Gilded Cage," "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," and "His American Wife."

**IRENE S.**—I'm getting to be quite a referee. Almost every day I get at least one hectic appeal to settle a life-and-death argument about the movies. No, Helen Ferguson is not related to Mabel Julienne Scott. The nearest they got to it was facing each other in the gallery of Picture-Play for February. And Mary Pickford has not bobbed her hair. She arranged her curls in that bobbed-hair effect long before short tresses became popular. Cullen Landis' hair is naturally curly; I'm sure he'd be heartbroken if he thought that you ever suspected him of deliberately curling it. Cullen is not of the clan of male permanent-wavers.

**JENNIE E.**—So Lon Chaney is your favorite actor? It's rather unusual to get enthusiastic letters about the character actors—most of the fans, especially the girls, get all thrilled only about the young and handsome matinee idols. Well, Mr. Chaney was born in Colorado Springs in 1883. He went on the stage as a dancing comedian, and also directed and produced for a while. In 1912 he made his debut in pictures—as a slapstick comedian. Now, of course, everybody recognizes him as among the greatest character actors, especially in weird and gruesome rôles. "A Blind Bargain" is the latest picture in which he appears. He gives a pleasant little performance of an ape man that will make you shiver for a whole week after seeing it. We expect to have a story on Mr. Chaney soon, so watch for it.

**T. B.**—That report that Barbara Bedford and Irvin Willat were married was a mistake. Mr. Willat directed Barbara in several pictures, and they are very good friends, but as for being married—well, Barbara is married to Albert Roscoe, the actor, and the wedding took place on April 26, 1922, if you are strong for details.

**LUCY.**—Thanks for the Christmas card, Lucy. It was awfully kind of you to remember me. Mary Pickford was married to Owen Moore before she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks. Bebe Daniels is not married to Jack Dempsey, nor to any one else at present. The rumors about Bebe's engagements have been rather dormant lately, and she doesn't have to spend most of her time denying matrimonial intentions. I am sending the casts you want by mail, as they are too long to print here.

**DIMPLES.**—I bet you are small, and have brown curly hair and red cheeks. How do I know? Well, I can't imagine a girl named "Dimples" looking any other way. Amiright? Forrest Stanley was the handsome Charles Brandon in "When Knighthood Was in Flower," with Marion Davies. Jacqueline Logan has auburn hair and dark-blue eyes. She has been in pictures about two years, and has never played anything but important parts and leading rôles. How did she do it? She came from the Follies.

**BILLIE ANN.**—Just to fool you, I am not going to throw your letter in the waste basket—I wouldn't anyhow. Pauline Garon is not married. William Duncan and Edith Johnson have left Vitagraph and are going to make some serials for the Universal Company. The addresses you want are in this issue, in the usual place—which is at the end of The Oracle.

**EILEEN.**—I don't know why you haven't seen Monte Blue lately. He has been working right along. But don't miss these when they come out: "Brass" and "Main Street," because Monte plays in both of them. Mr. Blue—we're getting formal now—was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on January 11, 1890. He was on the stage in vaudeville for two years, then went to work with D. W. Griffith as an extra, and has been making pictures ever since.

**KANSAS SUNFLOWER.**—Both "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" have been filmed, the former by Fox in 1918 and the latter by Goldwyn in 1920. Shannon Day has been in pictures about two years, and was in the Ziegfeld Follies before that. Shannon is a free-lance, and she has not made many pictures recently, so that is why you do not see her more often. No, Bebe Daniels does not play in Western pictures often—Bebe is one of the screen's most decorative creations, so the producers probably figure it would be a shame to waste her in rough Western clothes. "North of the Rio Grande" was about the only Western Bebe made that I can remember. Since she left Metro, Alice Lake has only appeared in a few pictures. You will be able to see her soon in "The Spider and the Rose," in which she plays opposite Gaston Glass.

**CHERRY.**—I'm sure that Richard Dix would blush if he could read all your ardent ravings. But I suppose you wouldn't care—you mean them, don't you? It is true that Richard is under contract to Goldwyn, and it is also true that he sometimes makes pictures for other companies. Whenever a producer has a certain actor in mind for a rôle, and that actor is tied up with another company, it is sometimes possible to secure him from the company for just one picture, provided the actor is not doing anything at the time for his own company. This is the case with several of the Goldwyn players, notably Richard Dix and Claire Windsor. The Goldwyn studio is the best address for Mr. Dix, because he stays at the other studios usually only for the shooting of one picture. I am sure that he would send you a photograph, especially if he knew how much it would mean to you.

**F. S. R.**—Glad you find The Oracle interesting. That is praise enough for me. So people keep pestering you about going into the movies? Well, every one should know by this time that just being pretty is not sufficient cause for running off to Hollywood. There are so many qualities that are far more important, that most people never think of. Five feet seven is rather tall for a girl with movie ambitions, though several stars are that height, notably Katherine MacDonald, Barbara La Marr, Nita Naldi, and Betty Blythe. Five feet three seemed to be the ideal height for a screen actress with a weight of about one hundred and fifteen to one hundred and twenty pounds, but now, with so many statuesque girls making good, and stories calling for other types than the sweet little ingénue, the tide seems to be changing and the tall girls are having their chance. So if your height is the only thing that is keeping you back, forget it. I think, though, that it would be a good idea for you to read our booklet, "Your Chance as a Screen Actor," before making any plans. When you have finished that, you will know pretty well whether or not it would be worth while to try. The booklet costs twenty-five cents, and you can get a copy by sending to the Subscription Department, Street & Smith Corporation, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City.



T. E.—Hallam Cooley has a rôle in "The Tinsel Harvest," in which Madge Bellamy is starring. Hallam had an accident recently, when, during a fire scene in which he was supposed to rescue his crippled brother, John Bowers, a burning building collapsed and both of them were hurt, though not very badly. But calm yourself—Hallam's "cute little mustache" was not affected—he only bruised his shins.

LILLIAN S.—Theodore Roberts did not play in Mabel Normand's "Molly O." George Nichols played the part of Mabel's father in this picture. Mr. Roberts and Mr. Nichols resemble each other somewhat, and they play pretty much the same type rôles. That is probably why you confused them.

## Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Kenneth Harlan, Marie Prevost, Wesley Barry, and Monte Blue at Warner Brothers Studio, Sunset and Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Charles Ray and Enid Bennett at Charles Ray Studio, 1425 Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Lon Chaney, Patsy Ruth Miller, Norman Kerry, Mary Philbin, Maude George, Jane Miskimin, Priscilla Dean, Virginia Valli, Reginald Denny, Art Acord, Estelle Taylor, Jack Mulhall, Wallace Beery, Baby Peggy, Herbert Rawlinson, Gladys Walton, Mabel Julienne Scott, and Louise Lorraine at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Richard Barthelmess, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, care of Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Viola Dana, Barbara La Marr, Clara Kimball Young, Alice Terry, Ramon Navarro, Mae Murray, Malcolm MacGregor, and Allan Forrest at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Glenn Hunter, care of The Film Guild, 281 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Richard Dix, Helene Chadwick, Claire Windsor, Lucille Ricksen, Eleanor Boardman, Mae Busch, and Colleen Moore at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Marion Davies, Alma Rubens at International Studios, Second Avenue and One Hundred and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City.

Charles Chaplin and Edna Purviance at Chaplin Studios, 1420 La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Pola Negri, Gloria Swanson, Thomas Meighan, William Boyd, Jacqueline Logan, Agnes Ayres, Betty Compson, Lila Lee, Elliott Dexter, Milton Sills, May McAvoy, Theodore Kosloff, Conrad Nagel, Walter Hiers, Julia Faye, Jack Holt, Lois Wilson, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Raymond Hatton at the Lasky Studios, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Pauline Garon, Nita Naldi, Bebe Daniels, Rubye de Remer, Leatrice Joy, Elsie Ferguson, and Alice Brady, care of Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Mabel Normand, Mildred June, Ben Turpin, Phyllis Haver, and Billy Bevan at the Mack Sennett Studios, Edendale, California.

Mae Marsh, Carol Dempster, and Ivor Novello at the D. W. Griffith Studios, Orienta Point, Mamaroneck, New York.

John Barrymore, Percy Marmont, and Walter McGrail, care of The Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

Norma and Constance Talmadge, Elaine Hammerstein, Niles Welch, Jackie Coogan, Owen Moore, Guy Bates Post, Bert Lytell, Lew Cody, Bryant Washburn, Marjorie Daw, Corinne Griffith, Conway Tearle, and Dorothy Phillips at the United Studios, Hollywood, California.

Theda Bara, care of Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Harrison Ford, care of Meniffee I. Johnstone, 206 North Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Edith Roberts and George Arliss, care of Distinctive Productions, Incorporated, 366 Madison Avenue, New York City.

William S. Hart, care of William S. Hart Company, Bates & Effie Streets, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, Harold Lloyd, Marie Mosquini at the Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.

Mary Pickford, Evelyn Brent, and Douglas Fairbanks at the Pickford-Fairbanks Studios, Hollywood, California.

Madge Bellamy, Florence Vidor, and Douglas MacLean at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

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